Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

AUGUST

15¢

GEORGIA CARROLL

I BELONG TO YOU—The Love Story of a Woman's Brave Answer

Exciting Color Pictures of LONELY WOMEN • DEAR JOHN • THE THIN MAN

OVERHEARD

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH

The new safe method of making childbirth painless—continuous caudal anesthesia—has been used in 255 cases in general surgery with only three failures . . . is adaptable for use in the treatment of casualties in both civilian and military practice where it is desirable to have a safe, prolonged absence of sensibility to pain.

The new anesthetic method consists of continuous injection near the base of the spine of a pain-killing chemical, metycaine, which temporarily blocks the nerve pathways for pain below the level of the umbilicus, but does not cause unconsciousness.—Watson Davis, Adventures In Science, CBS.

BRING HOME THE BACON RIND

Conservation tip for bacon is the bacon rind, believe it or not. You just clean the rind well and use it in cooking to flavor soups and vegetables . . . as a substitute for ration-hit butter to season peas, beans, spinach, etc.

Ham hocks make a marvelous soup stock for lentils, navy bean or split-pea soups.—Adelaide Hawley's Woman Page Of The Air, CBS.

GIVE ME A GARDEN

Thomas Jefferson loved planting of any sort: flowers, vegetables, trees. In 1814 he wrote to his friend Charles Wilson Peale, the artist, saying, "I have often thought that if heaven had given me a choice of my position and calling, it should have been on a rich spot of earth, well watered, and near a good market for the production of a garden. No occupation is so delightful to me as the culture of the earth, and no culture comparable to that of the garden . . . I am still devoted to the garden. But though an old man, I am but a young gardener."—Dr. Edwin M. Betts, University of Virginia, Adventures In Science, CBS.

WHEN GRAPEFRUIT DOESN'T GET IN YOUR EYE

To remove brownish water stain from the inside of your refrigerator bottle or water bottle, empty it and put in a grapefruit, cut up peel and all into small pieces. Finish filling the bottle with water and let it stand overnight. Remove grapefruit pieces and you remove all stain . . . leaving the inside of your bottle perfectly clear. —Household hint prize winner, Mrs. Nora Helms on Meet Your Neighbor with Alma Kitchell, the Blue Network.

DO YOUR TOMATOES WILT?

What causes tomatoes to wilt . . . and what makes the blooms and small tomatoes fall off?

That problem is one the agricultural experiment stations have been working on. But we know this much: tomatoes need sunshine and water in dry weather. Water the soil, not the foliage. That's one thing that's conducive to wilt.

If you will get wilt-resistant strains—the Pan-American, the Breakaday, the Louisiana Dixie, the Louisiana Gulf State—that will help a lot in solving your problem.

Damp seasons—when air is heavy and moist—you'll find that almost any tomato will wilt a little. But most of them will come back.—Garden Gate Program from Nashville and Washington, CBS.

How to pick a Summer powder that's right for YOU!

If you're a rosy-tan Blonde—

stay away from ordinary yellowish sun-tan powder shades. Choose the new-type summer shade that has a rich, velvety *rosy* tone—Pond's new Dreamflower "Dusk Rose." Blonde Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle says, " 'Dusk Rose' is heavenly with my summer tan!"

If you're a bronzed Brunette

a richly golden powder shade does most for you—Pond's glowing Dreamflower "Dark Rachel." Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt says, "The minute I smooth on 'Dark Rachel' my tan looks fresher and softer—but the powder itself doesn't show a bit!"

Five smooth-and-seductive shades. With your luscious Pond's "Lips", wear the matching shade of Pond's "Cheeks"—new compact rouge.

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer!

Pond's new Dreamflower Powder comes in 6 exquisite shades . . . Dusk Rose and Dark Rachel, Natural, Rose Cream, Rachel and Brunette. 49¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Pond's Lovely New Dreamflower Powder

"Will I use Mum after this bath?

Of course I will!"

Lovely girl, clever girl,

She knows this Charm Secret—

Baths take care of the past, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor!

EVERY GIRL knows ways to heighten her appeal to a man! Her pretty clothes, her flattering make-up and hair-do—are chosen to catch his eye—perhaps help win his heart!

What a tragic mistake then, if she forgets this most important rule of charm: Never give underarm odor a chance! Why expect after-bath freshness to last without help—underarms need the added protection of Mum!

Baths just take care of the *past*—Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes. Mum keeps you nice to know—fun to date! Start today with Mum!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Gentleness, safety, dependability—make Mum ideal for this important purpose. Thousands of women use Mum this way, too!*

Flower-fresh daintiness is a *must* for dates! So, every day and after your bath—smooth on Mum. It takes just half a minute—yet Mum prevents risk of underarm odor, all day or all evening long!

"Lovely you!"—will his thoughts say this after an evening of dancing? *Dependable* Mum guards charm so faithfully, you're *sure* of never offending. That's important if a girl wants to stay popular!

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration!

Product of Bristol-Myers

AUGUST, 1943

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

VOL. 20, NO. 4

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ON THE COVER—Georgia Carroll, singer on Kay Kyser's program on NBC, color portrait by Tom Kelley

Did you know?

It is estimated that there are several hundred thousand bicycles in the country which might be used to carry workers to their jobs or for bicycling vacations, if they were reconditioned. Take a look around the attic, cellar or garage to see if that old wheel hasn't a lot of mileage still left in it with a little repair work.

* * *

"Get a big wood pile for next winter," Uncle Sam says. In some parts of the country permits are being granted for cutting wood for fuel in the national forests. Farmers are urged to cut wood on their own land for their winter needs, and a number of high school and 4-H clubs have organized "cut a cord for Victory" campaigns.

* * *

If your retailer charges you more than the "dollar and cents" legal price for staple commodities, here is the procedure you should follow: Point out that his price is over the legal one. If he refuses to lower it, ask for a receipt bearing your name—you are legally entitled to this. Send the receipt, with your address, to your local War Price and Rationing Board. If you are refused a receipt by the retailer, report that to the Board. Retailers must, under the regulations, supply the actual selling prices of all items on the dollars and cents list—display them separately on each product, shelf, tray or bin, in their stores. Not to do so is a legal offense.

RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General Business, Advertising and Editorial Offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President; Harold A. Wise, Vice President; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office, 221 North La Salle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast Offices: San Francisco, 420 Market Street, Hollywood, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Lee Andrews, Manager. Reentered as second-class matter September 17, 1942, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price per copy in United States and Canada 15c. Subscription price $1.50 per year in United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, $2.50 per year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and, Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. All other countries $3.50 per year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine (Member of Macfadden Women's Group) may not be printed, either wholly or in part without permission. Copyright, 1943, by the Macfadden Publications, Inc. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Copyright also in Canada, registered at Stationer's Hall, Great Britain.
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Spell "IT" to the Marine

With Your
Evening in Paris Make-up

The marines *love* trouble . . . and this exquisite make-up, perfumed with the Fragrance of Romance, can spell heart-trouble in any man's language!

Evening in Paris face powder to create a misty veil of beauty . . . delicate flush of feathery rouge . . . bright accent of Evening in Paris lipstick . . . surely this is a loveliness combination to storm the heart of the most devil-may-care hero!

Face Powder, $1.00 • **Lipstick,** 50c • **Rouge,** 50c • **Perfume,** $1.25 to $10.00.
(All prices plus tax)

Evening in Paris

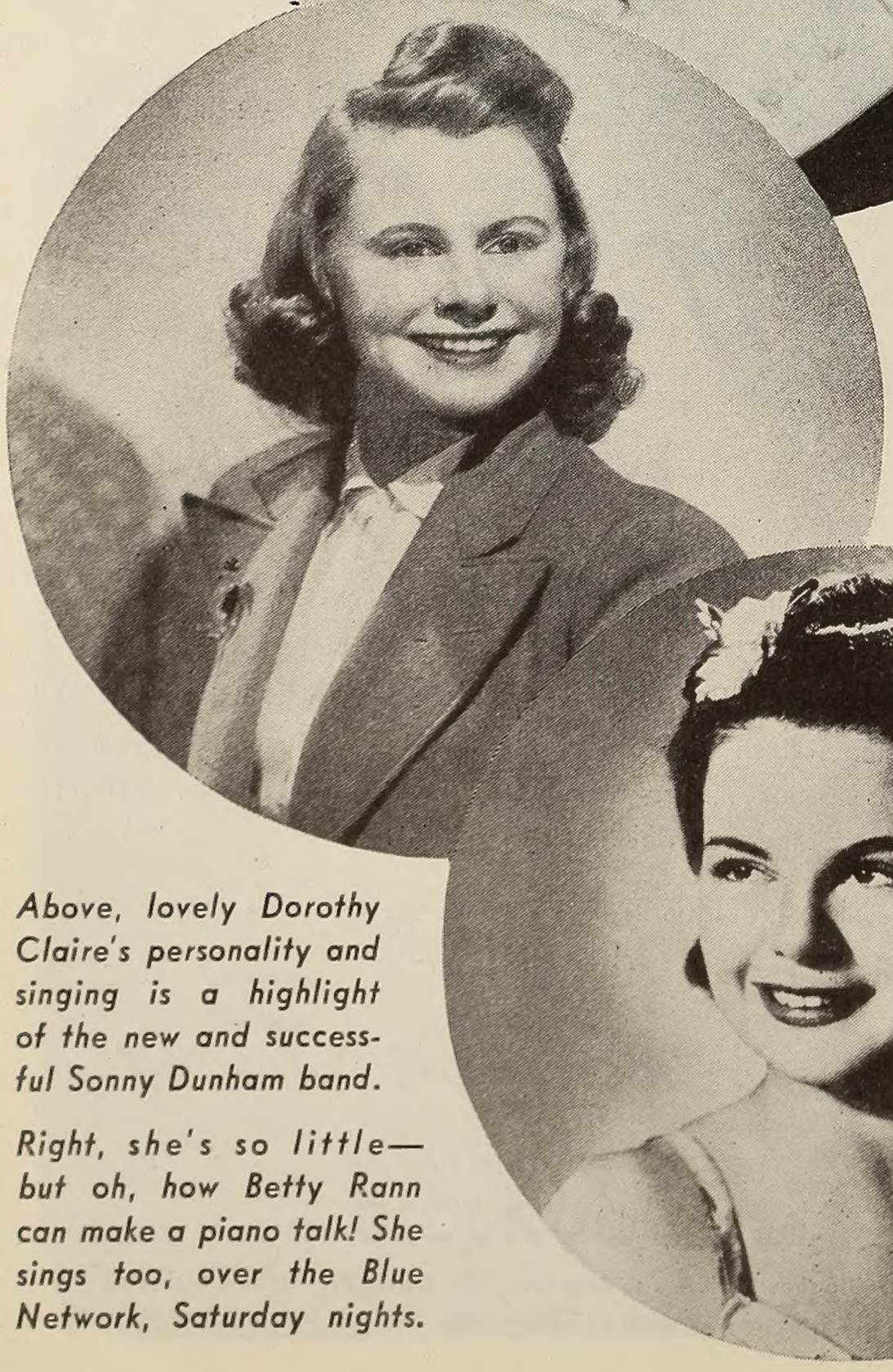
Distributed by

BOURJOIS

Listen to the new Bourjois radio show, "Here's to Romance" with David Broekman's orchestra, the songs of Buddy Clark and Jim Ameche as Master of Ceremonies, Sundays over the Blue Network.

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



Sonny Dunham's first attempt at band-leading was a costly one, but he's tried again, and this time Sonny's made the grade. He's still unmarried, girls.

Above, lovely Dorothy Claire's personality and singing is a highlight of the new and successful Sonny Dunham band.

Right, she's so little—but oh, how Betty Rann can make a piano talk! She sings too, over the Blue Network, Saturday nights.

CONNIE HAINES, pert songstress on the CBS Comedy Caravan, is a girl of many moods. When she isn't singing at Ciro's, swank Hollywood night spot, she is singing at the Hollywood First Presbyterian Church.

* * *

Dale Cornell, Sammy Kaye's trumpeter, recently became the proud papa of a baby boy.

* * *

Maxine Andrews of the Andrews Sisters, finally owned up and announced she has been married to her manager, Lou Levy, since 1941.

* * *

Bandleader Sammy Kaye who reads poetry on his Sunday Serenade show on the Blue, has found a poet and an opera star in his midst. The poet is George Gingell, Sammy's road manager. Gingell's works—often read by Kaye—will soon be published in book form. The opera star is Don Bradfield, a member of Kaye's Glee Club. He formerly sang with leading civic opera companies.

* * *

Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., a not-for-profit organization of the nation's leading musical artists, has announced that its second nationwide house-to-house drive to collect old or unwanted phonograph records will take place July 3 to July 31.

The old records collected (it is estimated that there are still more than 200,000,000 old broken or unwanted discs accumulating dust in America's attics and cellars) will be sold to phonograph record manufacturers as scrap at ceiling prices. With the funds thus obtained, Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., will continue to purchase hundreds of thousands of newly released recordings at lowest factory prices for distribution to our fighting forces, here and overseas, in cooperation with Army and Navy authorities.

As in the first drive, held last summer, the chief collecting agents will be more than 1,500,000 men and women who comprise the membership of the American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary.

Enough scrap records were collected during last year's drive by Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., to enable the purchase of more than 300,000 new popular and classical discs, to date, for shipment to Army Camps, Naval and Coast Guard stations, and Marine bases on several continents.

Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., was chartered in the State of New York on June 1, 1942. Its first officers were Kay Kyser, president, and Kate Smith, Gene Autrey, Sigmund Spaeth and Fritz Reiner, vice-presidents.

The Board of Directors of Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., includes Marjorie Lawrence, John Charles Thomas, Mischa Elman, Charlie Spivak, Lawrence Tibbett and Sammy Kaye.

* * *

It's nearing eight months now since brown-eyed, petite Betty Rann was launched on her radio career. In that brief span, Betty has become a Broadway night club and theater attraction, but she is still bug-eyed and bewildered by all her success. She's a whiz at the keyboard and when she plays boogie woogie, her feet just can't behave. Betty's currently heard at 10:45 P.M., EWT, Saturday nights on the Dixieland Capers show.

* * *

Skinnay Ennis has reported for duty as a U. S. Army Warrant Officer at the ordnance base at Santa Anita, California. Ennis' function will be to direct the base's 28-piece band.

(*Continued on page 6*)

DO YOUR BEST . . . AND

Be At Your Best

ON the production line, or in the home, wherever you serve, today you have an added obligation to "Do your Best . . . Be at your Best."

America needs you strong and well. So don't neglect those daily precautions so important for health and well-being. Dress properly. Eat protective foods. Get plenty of sleep. Watch out for colds. Now, of all times, it's your duty to care for *yourself* . . . for your country!

Yes, America needs you healthy . . . *but she also needs you cheerful, friendly, cooperative.* So put on a smile. Cultivate old friends and make new ones. Look your neatest! Be your sweetest! Friendly ties will help keep us all *pulling together!*

On the job, and in your relationships with others, *Do your Best . . . Be at your Best.*

* * *

Today, more than ever, it is important to have always on hand a safe, trustworthy antiseptic and germicide for prompt use in the thousand minor emergencies that continually arise. As you undoubtedly know, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent in the field of oral hygiene for more than half a century.

* * *

It is hardly necessary to add, that with so many fastidious persons who know the meaning of halitosis (bad breath), Listerine Antiseptic is the delightful precaution against offending this way when the condition is not systemic. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, so often a cause of the trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *for Oral Hygiene*

More Swimming Days!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax is a real vacation help

GONE are the days when a woman would not go near the water at certain times of the month . . . For the user of *Tampax* has discarded entirely the external pad and belt worn beneath the swim suit and has adopted instead the principle of *internal absorption* for her sanitary protection . . . Whether the suit is wet or dry, Tampax remains invisible, with no bulging, bunching or faintest line!

Tampax has many other advantages, too. Handy to carry. Speedy to change. No chafing. Easy disposal . . . Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty one-time-use applicator, for quick, easy insertion. No belts or pins are required and no sanitary deodorant, because Tampax is *worn internally* and no odor can form. Invaluable for the sensitive woman who cannot bear to feel conspicuous . . .

Sold at drug stores and notion counters in *three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package lasts 4 months, average. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

R M

Dinah Shore made a recording recently but only one copy is available and right now it's in Persia. Several weeks ago Dinah received a letter from a soldier stationed in Persia, requesting her to sing on her broadcast the words to a song he had written. Dinah's show is off the air for the summer but that didn't stop Dinah. A melody was composed to fit the soldier's lyrics. Dinah sang and recorded the number and mailed the single record to the lad.

* * *

Duke Ellington has been held over at the Hurricane Restaurant in New York until mid-September, broadcasting over Mutual. Off the bandstand the Duke is writing the score for a contemplated all-Negro musical.

* * *

Bob Allen has formed a vocal quintette for his band. Members include Bob, Paula Kelly, Paul Clement, Milt Norman and Bill Scaffi.

* * *

Barry Wood, who just won a new NBC commercial, purchased an old distillery in East Haddam, Connecticut, remodeled it, named it Twin Brook Farms, and stocked it with 5,000 chickens.

* * *

Yes, we need a good, popular patriotic song and you may be the one to write it. NBC, in cooperation with the National Federation of Music Clubs, now has a contest going which we heartily support. You have until October 31st to get your song in and remember to keep it simple, but make it stirring. Too many of our popular patriotic songs are weak and, we hate to say it, but almost silly. The best so far, we think, is "Praise The Lord and Pass the Ammunition."

* * *

The Blue network has commissioned American composer Roy Harris to compose his sixth symphony. Another long-hair note is the fact that CBS has a sponsor for its pride and joy, the New York Philharmonic—U. S. Rubber.

* * *

Duke Daley, who disbanded his orchestra more than a year ago to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force, is reported missing. His wife is Paula Stone, daughter of the famous Fred.

* * *

D'Artega's new all-girl orchestra consists of 20 outstanding female musicians. Over 600 girls were auditioned in 22 different cities. The girls were chosen on the basis of musicianship and beauty. Currently the orchestra is making a limited tour of army camps for the USO. In mid-summer the band leaves for Hollywood to make a film. The band's theme song, "In the Blue of the Evening" was featured recently as the song of the month by RADIO MIRROR.

D'Artega is the popular radio bandleader who was just organized a new, all girl orchestra. The band is now touring the country's Army camps and will return in September to begin a new commercial show. Right, a view of the trumpet section, reaching for the high notes.

SONNY'S DISPOSITION

WHEN good-natured, trombonist-trumpeter Sonny Dunham quit the relative security of the prosperous Casa Loma cooperative band in 1937 he was determined to organize an orchestra that would play a spectacular brand of music, unspoiled by commercialism.

It was a noble but costly experiment, that lasted five months and absorbed the $15,000 its originator had accumulated as a Casa Loma stockholder. But Sonny blames no one but himself for the failure.

"It was my fault," admitted Sonny. "I should have known that you can't play music strictly for musicians and hire inferior men just because you feel sorry for them."

Broke and broken hearted Sonny rejoined Casa Loma, but this time as a paid employee. He bided his time until he could try again, capitalizing on his earlier mistakes.

Today, Sonny Dunham has another orchestra that is rapidly gaining favor. The band is now on a theater and ballroom tour, following a successful engagement in the Hotel New Yorker, Manhattan, from which it was heard over CBS. Next month Sonny turns up on the Universal lot to make another picture.

Sonny attributes four factors responsible for the present organization's ac-

ceptance by a shrewd dancing public.

"Our highly styled four-trombone choir, the personality of singer Dorothy Claire, an abundance of romantic ballads, and capable management."

The new band was organized in 1940, but for a while it looked as if Sonny would have to throw in the baton for a second time. Easy-going Sonny was still letting his men cut noisy capers strictly for their own amusement and as a result, theater and hotel managers turned deaf ears to their unorthodox cavortings. The band made twenty records, all flops. Desperate, Sonny turned for advice to veteran dance band operators. They went to work immediately. Personnel changes were made, books were put into order, more conventional arrangements were made. Then the band started to go places—in the right direction.

"By September we'll be in the black," Sonny told me happily, "and for the first time since I left Casa Loma I feel confident."

That Sonny still possesses a sunny disposition that has won him many friends, is amazing because ever since he was a youngster, the road has been hard and long.

THE six-foot brown-haired and blue-eyed leader was born thirty-one years ago in Brockton, Mass. He and his two older sisters, Louise and Mildred, hardly ever saw their father. Their parents had an unhappy marriage, separated early in life. Mrs. Dunham and a kindly uncle helped keep the little family together by working in a shoe factory.

Sonny first played the trombone when he was seven.

"Somebody owed my uncle Al money. Instead of cash he was given an old valve horn and my uncle gave it to me."

Sonny went to high school for only two years.

"The family needed all the money it could get. I worked at night playing with a local band. But then I was so tired I couldn't get up in the morning to go to school."

When Sonny was seventeen his sister Mildred, working as a reporter on a New York theatrical paper, got her kid brother a job with a Ben Bernie unit. A job with Paul Tremayne's band came next. It was while with Tremayne that Sonny learned to play the trumpet. In 1932 Sonny, by now an accomplished musician, hooked up with the fast-riding Casa Loma band.

Meanwhile his sister Louise became quite a musician in her own right, holding down a saxophone spot in Ina Ray Hutton's band. In 1940 Louise became very ill.

"The night she died I quit Casa Loma for the second time," Sonny recalled. "You see Louise was awfully close to Mom. Because my married sister was busy with her own family, it was up to me to take care of Mom. It was partly because of this that I decided I could do it better by trying to be a bandleader again."

Sonny is very attached to his handsome mother. She lives in a comfortable New York apartment and when Sonny is playing in town she usually occupies a table near the bandstand.

The tall, good-looking trombonist is a bachelor. Although now classified 1-A there's little likelihood of Uncle Sam calling him. Sonny can't buy life insurance. An enlarged, over-active heart, the result of more than twenty years of playing wind instruments caused that condition.

BEAUTY NEWS FOR BUSY HANDS!

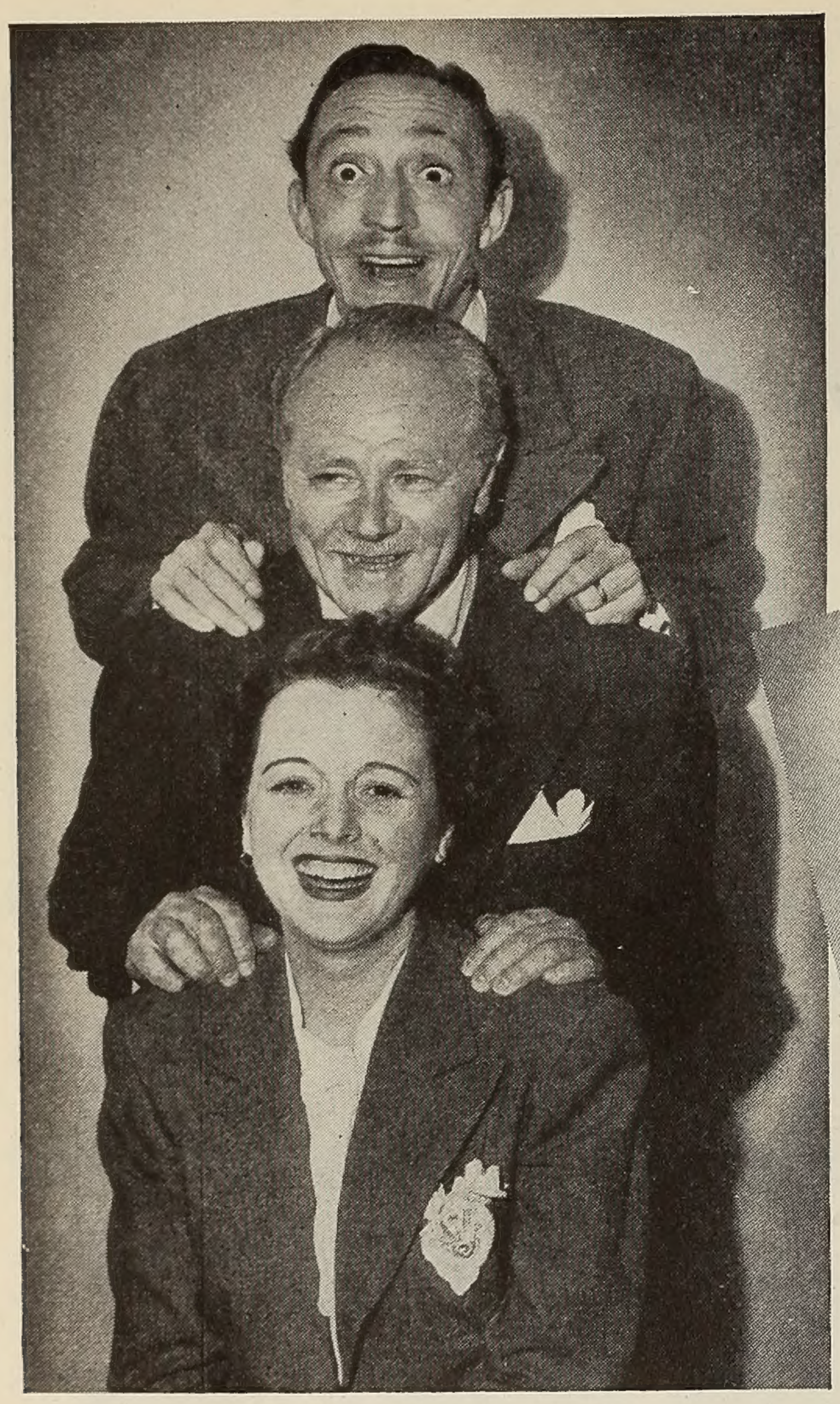
TOUSHAY

"Beforehand" Lotion Guards Hands in Hot, Soapy Water

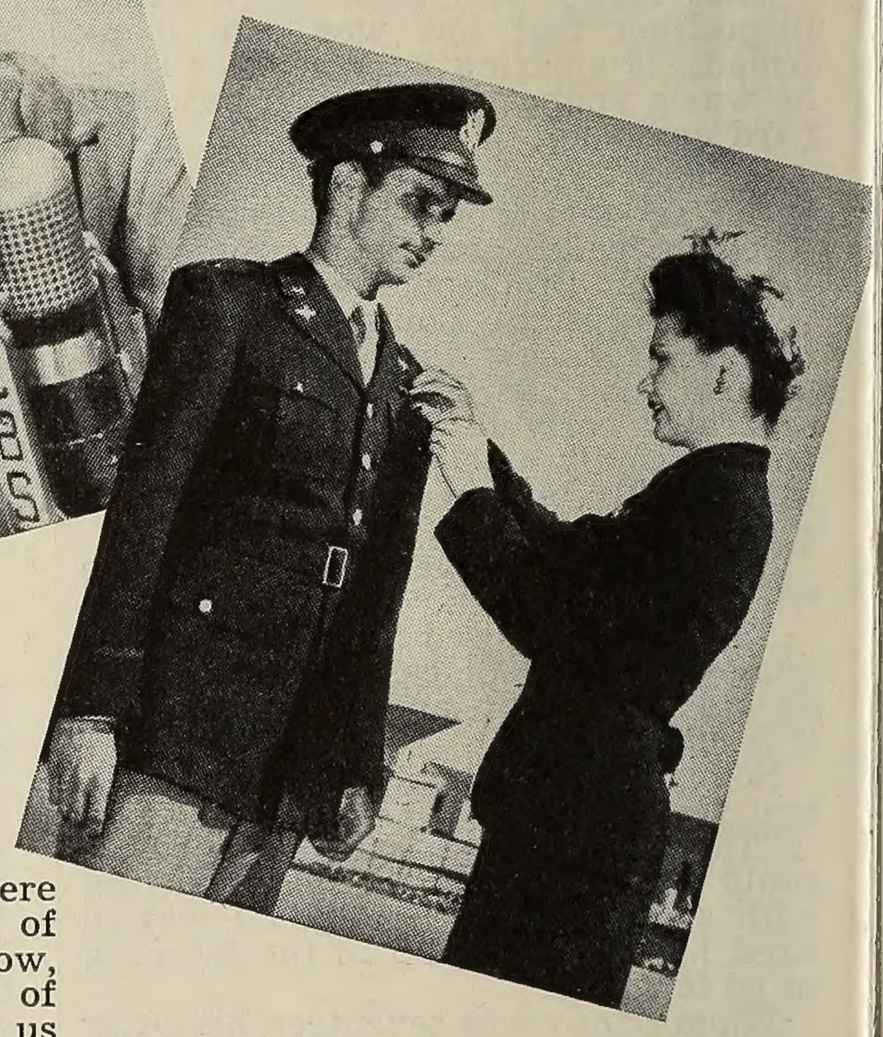
Soft hands are doing extra little soap-and-water chores! Let Toushay guard their loveliness. *Before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water, always smooth on this rich "beforehand" lotion. See how it defends against dryness and roughness, helps smooth hands *stay* smooth! Inexpensive. At your druggist's.

Trade-marked Product of Bristol-Myers

What's New from Coast to Coast



Their mad antics make up the new CBS show heard on Thursday nights. They're Mary Astor, Charlie Ruggles and Mischa Auer.



Below, former NBC production man, Lt. Bill Patterson, gets his wings. And it's his wife, Marcia Neil, NBC songstress, who pins them on. Left, Elizabeth Bemis has the distinction of being CBS' first woman newscaster

BEFORE Bob Hope became a celebrity, he was one of New York's most absent minded young men. He was always losing laundry tickets, forgetting where he left his shoes, forgetting to pay his rent, even when he had it to pay. Becoming famous hasn't helped the Hope memory. Recently, when he left Hollywood to tour the army camps, he got aboard the train only to discover that he had forgotten his wallet, his watch, his check book and his fountain pen. He had exactly eleven cents in his pocket and, for some reason, a three-cent stamp. He had to borrow money from the members of his cast, who ribbed the life out of him. By the time his tour was almost over, he had left two suits in a Texas hotel room, a pair of shoes in Florida and his wallet, which had been sent on to him, had been left on a train. All of these possessions haven't caught up with him yet. Bob is now planning a tour of the world's battlefronts to entertain the soldiers and has asked the War Department to permit his wife to go with him.

* * *

Frank Morgan is a pretty swell guy, as one sailor will tell you. The comedian struck up a conversation with the sailor, who was sitting on the steps of NBC's Hollywood Radio City. Morgan discovered that the sailor was lonesome, so he asked the sailor why he didn't call home and talk to his folks. The sailor was broke, so Morgan paid for a phone call to Ohio—insisted the sailor talk for a full fifteen minutes.

* * *

Phil Spitalny won't have the only all girl orchestra before long. We were talking to Nat Brusiloff, conductor of the Mutual Double or Nothing show, and he tells us that he is thinking of putting girls in his band. Nat tells us that many gals play almost as well as men and, with a few years of experience, will probably equal men in musicianship. There are plenty of girl violinists and pianists, but what's needed are some really good gal trumpet players.

* * *

Fred Allen may not be with us on the air next year as rumor has it he is going to take a full year's vacation. That's been a rumor about Allen every year, but this time it seems to be true. Fred's health is none too good and he is probably the hardest worker in radio, writing all of his own material, in fact, practically the whole show. "Maybe," he wise cracks, "while I'm resting I'll knock out a few gags for Benny. That hadn't ought to tax anybody's brain too much."

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—There are those who hitch their wagon to a star . . . and reach their promised land. But WBT's Baby Ray (George Dixon Stewart) hitched a remarkable set of vocal cords to the wailing cry of a baby . . . and now rides right up in the driver's seat before a WBT mike!

A dozen years ago, a 15-year-old South Carolina farm boy, sort of bashful, extra tall, and not a little ungainly, started hanging around the only community entertainment group in Greenville, South Carolina—the Gibson Ramblers, a group of half a dozen hillbilly singers and a couple of "gittars." Seemed as if the Ramblers just couldn't shake the lad—he liked music, people and rhythm—and figured he could play a "gittar" too, if he could just get his hands on one. And so, in sheer desperation, somebody showed him a chord or two, put a guitar in his hands, and said "sing us a tune, son." Just like that the Gibson Ramblers of Greenville South Carolina added another music-maker to their group—young George Dixon Stewart.

Then came radio. After a couple of years as star performer of the Ramblers, Stewart became a regular member of the studio audience at the Fisher Henley programs over station WFBC in Greenville. One day the script for Henley and his hillbillies called for a crying baby. The Henley-men could cry, but it didn't sound like a baby crying. George Stewart took a chance. He auditioned for the wail, and thereby became "Baby Ray" of the Fisher Henley Hillbillies.

Four years later, Baby Ray left Hen-

Continued on page 10

By DALE BANKS.

What to do with a Victory Garden

by **BOB HOPE**

1. Of course, you know what a Victory Garden is. That's a little garden where you go out and putter around for a while, and if you can straighten your back again it's a victory. It's fun, though. I have a beautiful patch ...on my right hand where the blister broke!

2. Mother Nature is really wonderful. For instance, suppose you want carrots. Well, you just drop a seed in the ground and in no time at all up comes a rabbit. Of course, if you want a bright smile, some Pepsodent planted on your brush does wonders every time.

3. After your garden has started to grow, it's very important to use Pepsodent—the film-removing tooth paste. It puts a bright gleam on your teeth . . . so if the sun doesn't come out one day, you can walk around with a big smile and shine on your vegetables.

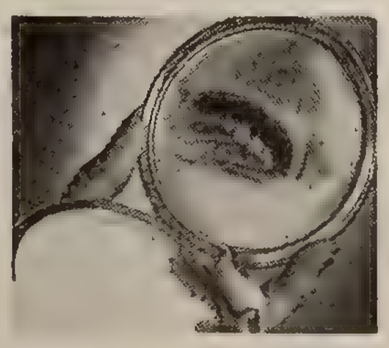
4. Watch out for pests. I'm not bothered with birds any more . . . since I tossed a tube of Pepsodent into their nest. Now they haven't time to do any damage—they're too busy brushing each other's teeth and singing, "Oh, it floats away film with the greatest of ease!"

5. Well, that's all. Just don't forget the tomatoes. I find the best way to remember them is to keep their phone numbers in a little book. You know, the same book you write in when you want to remember to buy Pepsodent...the only tooth paste containing Irium.

Only Pepsodent contains Irium

How IRIUM in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.



This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.

But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural cheery brightness of your smile . . . safely, gently.

SAYS *Kim Gerlach*
Popular Chicago Model

"Gentlemen may think they prefer blondes, but if you ask me, it's not the color, but the sleek, trim perfection of a girl's hair-do that really attracts attention! I ought to know! That's why I depend on HOLD-BOB Bob Pins to keep my hair beautifully in place and glamorous at all times."

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There's never a let-down with HOLD-BOB Bob Pins! They secure loveliness of coiffure —they're stronger, they're firmer—therefore *hold more securely*. They're satin-smooth—and *don't show*, thanks to rounded *invisible* heads.

• Bob Pins are limited. Now, more than ever, use HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. They last longer. Genuine HOLD-BOB Bob Pins come on a card as shown —plainly priced at only 10c.

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ley's organization, and formed his own band of entertainers, Baby Ray and His Country Cousins.

In January, 1943, Baby Ray and His Country Cousins came to WBT Charlotte, took an audition, and were forthwith added to WBT's Briarhopper group. At present, Baby Ray has lost his "country cousins." He wasn't content with "cousinship" for the one girl in the group (she's now Mrs. George Dixon Stewart), and Uncle Sam claimed the others.

Baby Ray himself, now singing star of WBT's Briarhoppers, CBS Dixie Farm Club, Sunday Farm Club, and CBS Dixie Jamboree, is 27 years old, six feet, one inch tall, dark and on the handsome side, and—still a little shy.

* * *

Went over to the Capitol Theater in New York recently to see Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson, appearing there. Both of them seem to get younger as the years, or rather, as time goes by. The numbers they sing together are still fresh and cute and Harriet now ribs Ozzie in a casual, ad-lib way that is delightful to hear and see. She's one singer who knows how to act, which is a happy thing to report.

* * *

Quizmaster Fred Uttal keeps a sharp eye out for "repeaters" on his CBS Good Listening show. They're the ones who make a business of attending quiz shows in the hope of winning prizes. Fred spotted one the other night, said. "You've been on this show before, we can't use you."

"Why not?" the man said indignantly, "I gave a good performance, didn't I?"

* * *

NASHVILLE, Tenn—Eddy Arnold . . . Marco Polo with a Guitar.

The motto used to be "Join the Navy and See the World." A smiling lad from Henderson, Tennessee, has his own version of how to go places. For a homegrown product of that friendly little Tennessee community he's done his share of globe trotting, and in the space of the last two years. This wandering minstrel's name is Eddy Arnold, and the way he puts it is this: "Play a Guitar and see the world."

He knows what he's talking about for when the Camel Caravan Grand Ole Opry Unit made its recent tour of Uncle Sam's military camps one of its most popular entertainers was Eddy Arnold. Eddy played in over 250 Army and Navy camps. Traveling with the Caravan Eddy played in thirty-six states in this country. The unit also played at military posts in the Panama Canal Zone and in Guatemala. Eddy says that in all his experience playing before audiences of every description, in small towns and large, none were so nice to play to as those boys in uniform.

Not content with playing the tunes he learned while a youngster on the farm, Eddy Arnold has lately begun writing his own songs. How well he has succeeded is attested to by the flood of mail that deluges the WSM mail rooms after Eddy's morning broadcasts over that station.

Although Eddy is a comparative newcomer to the nationally famed Grand Olé Opry, he is an experienced entertainer. Already, at 25, he has been in radio for seven years. For many of those years he played in well-known folk music and cowboy groups. Lately he has branched out on his own with a solo act that is increasing in popularity with every appearance. He stands five feet eleven, has blond hair and gray eyes.

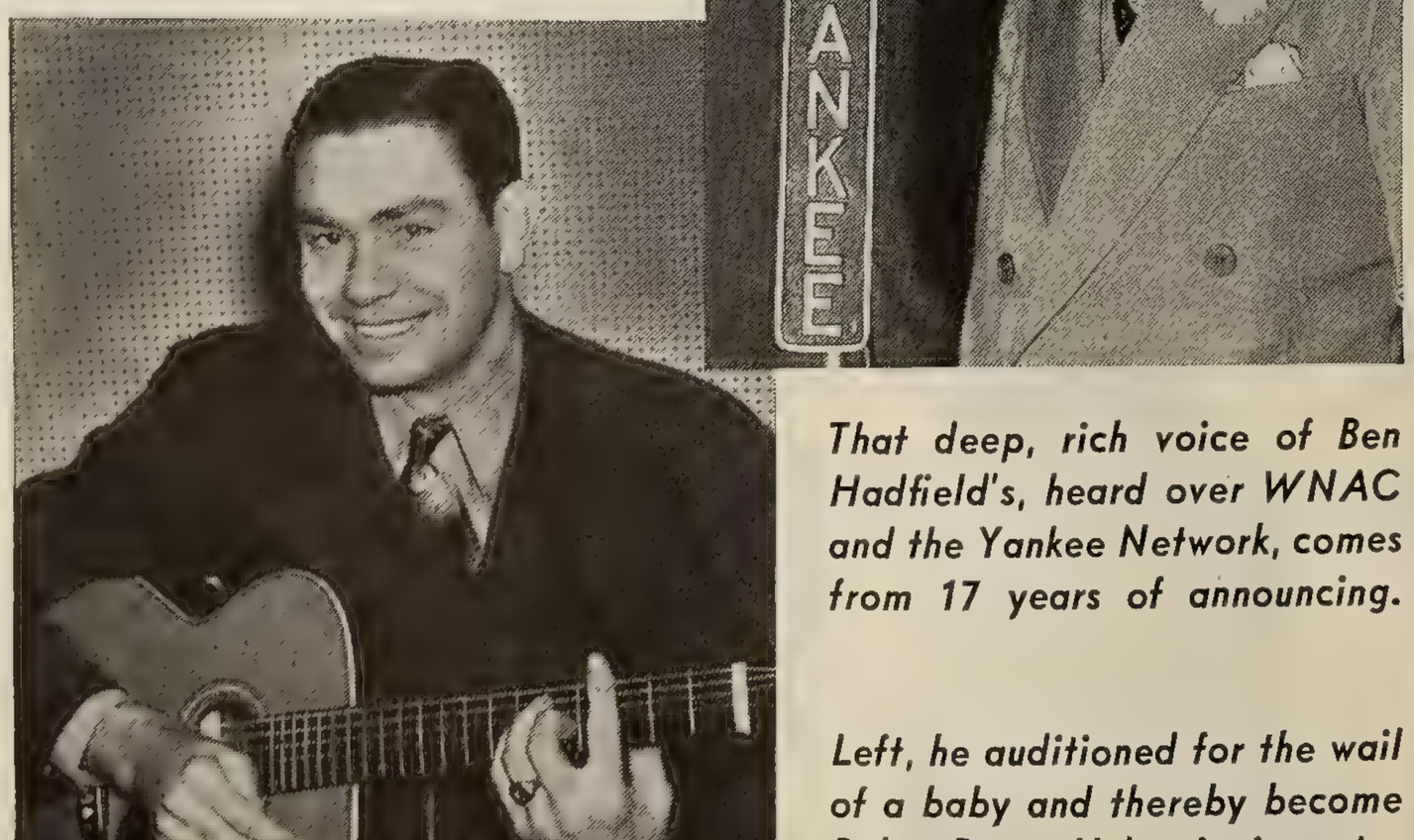
Fellow entertainers on the Grand Ole Opry will tell you that the really up and coming star is Eddy Arnold.

* * *

Over in England there is a Flying Fortress named "Miss Dinah." It was named after Dinah Shore and inside it is covered with pictures of her. "Miss Dinah" has already made four trips over Axisland. Dinah corresponds with the crew members of the bomber, has congratulated them after every trip.

* * *

Kathleen Wilson plays Claudia Barbour in NBC's One Man's Family show. Kathleen has taken the AWVS mechanical course and completed her Red Cross first aid course. She wondered what else she could do to help the war effort until script writer Carlton E. Morse helped her out. He had his



That deep, rich voice of Ben Hadfield's, heard over WNAC and the Yankee Network, comes from 17 years of announcing.

Left, he auditioned for the wail of a baby and thereby become Baby Ray. He's singing star of WBT's Briarhopper group.

Fellow entertainers on the Grand Ole Opry, heard over WSM, will tell you that the really up and coming young star is Eddy Arnold.

heroine enroll in a course of engineering drawing at the University of California. Kathleen promptly went out to the campus of U.C.L.A. and signed up for the same course she plays on the air. "As Claudia Barbour," she says, "I hope that I may interest our women listeners in this important war work, and, as Kathleen Wilson, I'm trying to do my part in it, too."

* * *

BOSTON, Mass.—There's a nostalgic thrill in the rich, deep voice of Ben Hadfield for an earlier generation of playgoers who still regard him as an actor despite his 17 years as an announcer with WNAC and the Yankee Network. He began his career with WNAC on March 12, 1926, just after finishing a season with the Somerville Theatre Players, which at that time was a flourishing stock company.

One of Ben Hadfield's great thrills of his radio career came back in the early days of broadcasting. It came in the form of a fan letter. For some inexplicable reason, a woman who had been stone deaf all her life was able to hear his voice on an earphone set. She listened to him and wrote him regularly for many years. His was the only human voice she ever heard.

Last year, Ben was awarded the degree of Doctor of Oratory from Staley College in recognition of his meritorious record. His talented wife, Rose Huber Hadfield, actress and elocutionist, was also made a Doctor of Oratory at the same commencement.

During Ben Hadfield's early days in the theater, he and Mrs. Hadfield were in the Far West when the show closed for lack of funds—and no funds for the players. Ben telegraphed back East for openings as they hopefully waited in this isolated small town for an engagement. One sweltering evening Mrs. Hadfield expressed a great desire for some ice cream, but said they just didn't dare spend the last of their money for such a luxury. Ben insisted that they buy some, arguing that they couldn't get back East on the price of a dish of ice cream. So the Hadfields went off to the ice cream parlor in the town and settled down to a heaping plate of ice cream. While they were enjoying the remnants of their money a boy came in paging Ben Had-

I Know a "30 second" secret...and it keeps me *Fragrantly Dainty* all evening!

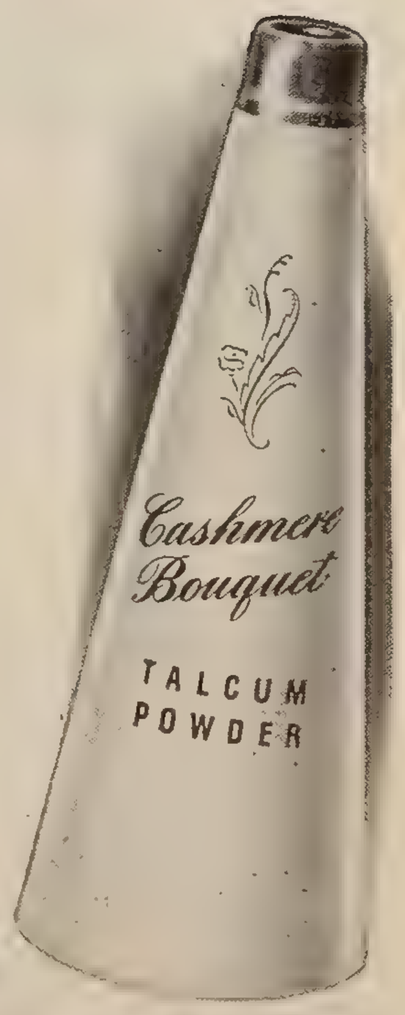
"DO YOU EVER stop to think that loneliness can come to you simply because you don't suspect yourself of body staleness? I know...for that's how heartbreak came to me! But I've discovered a lucky secret...and now in just 30 seconds I can always make sure I'll stay fragrantly dainty the whole evening through! Listen...

"FIRST, after my bath, I dry myself *gently*... barely *patting* those easily irritated "danger zones" that might chafe!

"THEN, I delight my whole body with the silky caress of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! How quickly its soothing coolness absorbs all the tiny traces of moisture I missed. How deliciously smooth my skin feels. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over... understanding why they call it—*the fragrance men love!*

"OH, HOW luxurious my clothes feel now! No chafing or binding...now *or* later! And I'm confident, completely at ease, for I know that Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection will last the whole evening through —and so will the fragrance men love!"

Let Cashmere Bouquet Talcum bring *you* this "30 second" secret of daintiness! Discover its long-clinging softness, its alluring fragrance—all its superb qualities that have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all leading toilet goods counters.



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Cream Deodorant
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5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.

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MODERN SCIENCE offers new hope if your hair is gray, faded or off-color—without the use of dyes or drugs. A lack of certain vitamins in your diet may cause your hair to turn gray. Adding extra supplies of this pleasant tasting, anti-gray hair vitamin to your system may show remarkable improvement in returning natural color and hair beauty.

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Valuable 24 page Vitamin Booklet included Free

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She'll take Jack Benny's place for the summer. Lovely Nan Grey, below, is the heroine of Those We Love heard Sundays over NBC. Left, pretty Joan Tighe, who was heard in Backstage Wife and other shows, joined the SPARS.

field. He had a telegram with the good news of a theater engagement . . . and the Hadfields really enjoyed that plate of ice cream.

* * *

RADIO AND THE ARMED FORCES * * * Hanley Stafford, who plays Daddy on the Baby Snooks show, has a son who was an aerial gunner in the RAF. His son's name is Graham and recently left the RAF to become a gunner in the U. S. Army Air Force. Graham was once shot down over the North Sea, spent several days on a life raft. His father, the famous "Daddy," fought in World War I and was wounded at Ypres. And *his* father gave his life in the Battle of the Somme . . . The first musician known to give his life in this war is the late Lieut. Eddie Tompkins, once with Jimmy Lunceford's band . . . Kate Smith has given an English Bull pup named "Boots" to the Marines at San Diego . . . Artie Shaw and his Navy band will tour overseas for the next six months . . . Alvino Rey and his thirteen men may soon be drafted from those war jobs they took in the California defense plant . . . Red Skelton may be in uniform very soon, maybe before you read this . . .

* * *

Shirley Mitchell, the giddy radio sweetheart of Rudy Vallee, is fast becoming one of the most sought after actresses in Hollywood. She now appears on the Great Gildersleeve show and also works with Red Skelton when that show is in Hollywood. Groucho Marx also uses her as a regular on his program and two other shows are writing in parts for her. She's very happy about this, but hopes her voice holds out.

* * *

Hats off to Fred Waring and his entire organization. During an interval in a rehearsal, Fred suggested that they conduct a war bond drive among themselves. He stated that he would match any sum his entire organization donated for war bonds. In the space of ten minutes, the boys in the band raised $66,000, averaging way over one thousand dollars a man.

* * *

Elizabeth Bemis is CBS's first woman newscaster. That would make most women happy, but Elizabeth still wants to be a doctor and has wanted to be one since she was a little girl. Her parents sent her to an exclusive girls' school, which did nothing but give her an inferiority complex. The school reported to her mother: "She is a very nice girl, but below average intelligence."

By way of showing them, Elizabeth went back to a plain, ordinary high school and subsequently won scholarships to the University of Colorado, the University of Wyoming and the University of Paris. She has studied medicine in Paris and has traveled all through Europe. She was on her way to Prague at the beginning of the war and the train she was on was machine gunned—she slept through it!

* * *

NEWS NOTES: Lou Costello is expected to be well enough to return to his program this Fall . . . Cecil Brown has just been awarded a Doctor of Letters degree for his magnificent reporting . . . The Cal Tinneys are expecting a visit from the stork . . . A rose to Bill Downs for the fine job he is doing telling us about the Russians at war . . . Dennis Day is romancing Barbara Hale, the screen actress . . . Lyn Murray, the musical director, is the proud poppa of a baby girl . . . Jimmy Durante has had six movie offers in the past month . . . Sponsor has reprinted in booklet form the verses written by Fred Allen for his Falstaff Openshaw characters. And Alan Reed who plays "Falstaff" has just been signed by MGM to play "Nero," the meanie, in "Quo Vadis" . . . Glen Gray and band have been signed by Columbia pictures . . . Rudy Vallee's Doberman-Pinscher has been taken over by the Army . . . Cass Daley is donating all her 1943 radio earnings to the War Bond drive . . . Goodbye, see you next month, folks.

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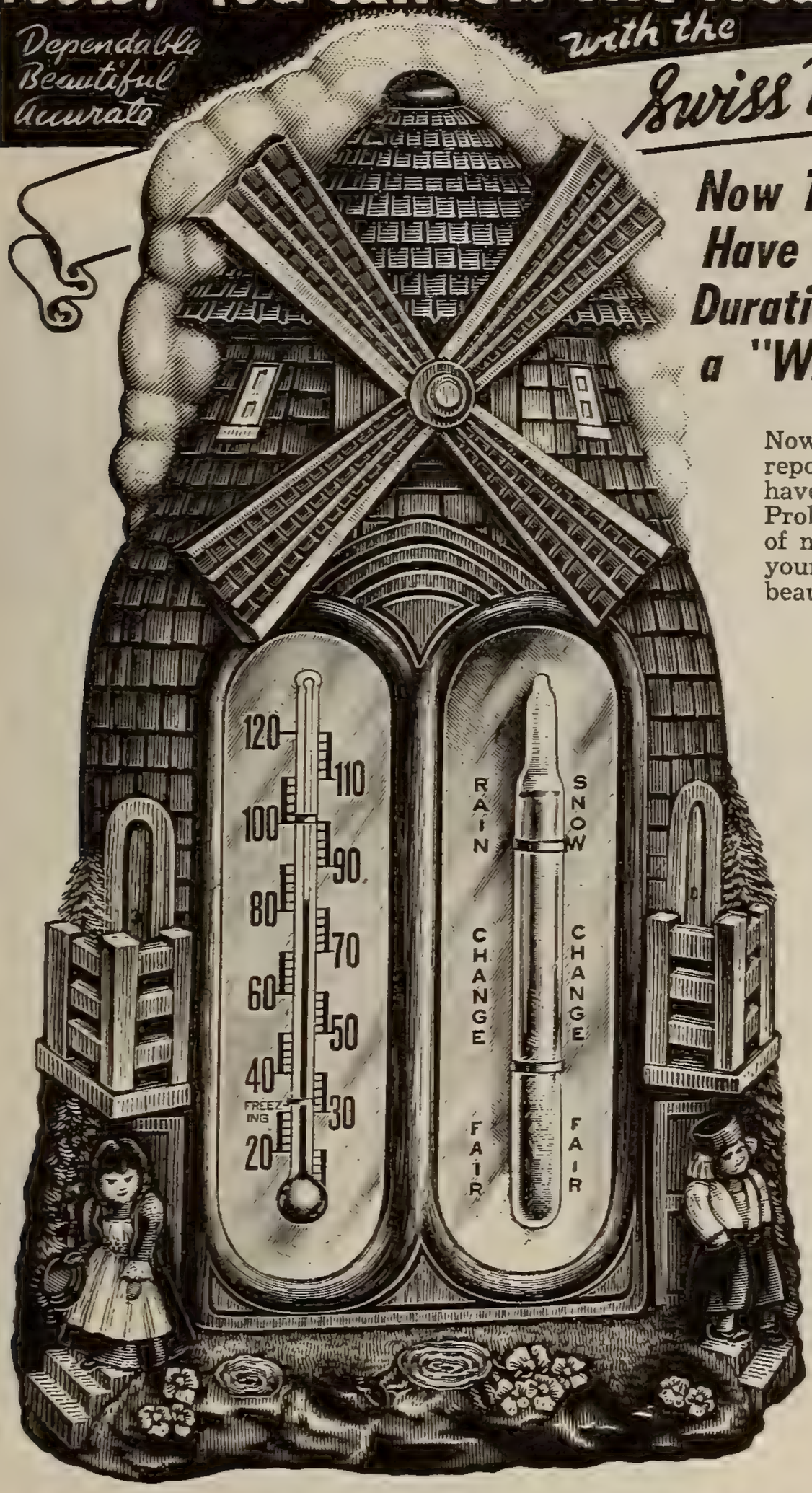

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The Windmill Forecaster Has Features Found In Forecasters Costing Up To $10.00

The thermometer is guaranteed to be very accurate from 120° to 20° below zero. The amazing storm glass uses the same principle found in most expensive forecasters. When the weather is going to be fair, the crystals settle in the bottom of the tube—when rain or snow is predicted, the crystals expand and rise toward the top of the tube. It's so simple, yet virtually unfailing. This lovely "Swiss Windmill" Weather Forecaster is fashioned of handsome carved style Barrwood—a masterpiece of craftmanship—representing the colorful, rustic windmills of the Swiss landscape, with their weather-antiqued brown shingles, brightly gleaming red roof and latticed windmill blades . . . even the Swiss Alpine snow and the fir trees of the Alps are reproduced . . . with the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl shown in pleasing contrast to the flowers of the mountainside growing around the windmill steps. The "Swiss Windmill" adds a glowing, colorful, decorative note to any room in the house. As a weather prophet, you'll use it constantly!

Use It—Test It On Our Guarantee Of Satisfaction

Each and every Swiss Weather House is guaranteed to please you and give years of satisfactory service, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It really must be seen to be fully appreciated. We want you to examine it—test it for seven full days so that you can see for yourself that it actually works—all on our iron-clad Money Back Guarantee of satisfaction. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the coupon today. Pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and a small COD fee upon arrival. If it isn't all we claim, return it at the end of seven days and we'll refund your money in full.

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What fun and satisfaction it will afford you to actually KNOW, just what the weather will be like, UP TO 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE. With the Swiss Weather Forecaster, you really take the "guess work" out of the weather. Think how many times during past months you've wanted to know what the weather on the morrow would be. Now, the beautiful Swiss Weather Forecaster makes your own home a "Weather Bureau," all for only 98c. Every home needs it! Be the first in your neighborhood to own one.

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Purchase Swiss Windmill Weather Forecasters At Our Special Quantity Wholesale Discount! Here is the fastest selling article of its kind that is being offered. Today, everyone is a prospect for this popular Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Special quantity wholesale discounts:

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Enclosed find 98c. Please ship the Weather Forecaster, all postage charges prepaid.

IMPORTANT: If you want two or more Swiss Weather Forecasters, see the special wholesale dealer's price list at the left of this coupon.

R M

Help yourself to summer beauty by sunbaths, but remember not to overdry your skin and hair. Toni Gilman, radio actress of We Love and Learn, heard over NBC, knows the rules.

ON THE SUNNY SIDE

By Roberta Ormiston

LONG before summer settles, green and lush, over the land, we consider our wardrobe . . . sheer dresses for coolness, sport clothes for life out-of-doors, large hats for shade . . . Foolishly we do not always give equal consideration to the changes summer dictates in our cosmetic palette and the care of our skin and hair. . . .

Sunbaths, for instance—special summer treats—may be conducive to beauty and health too *if* the drying effect which the sun has upon our hair and skin is counteracted with oils.

This summer many of us will be staying home, as the government requests us to do. This doesn't mean, however, that we can let down in the care of our hair or skin. The sun burns as brightly over backyards, city rooftops, the posts from which airplanes are spotted, or the farms upon which hay is pitched or vegetables are grown for Victory as it does over the beach or the mountains. This makes a good suntan oil a basic investment in summer beauty. Use a heavy film of oil if you want only a light tan. Use a thin film of oil if you find a deep tan more flattering. In either event, less and less oil will be needed as the summer progresses and the tan itself acts as protection.

As your skin becomes darker you will, of course, change the color of your powder, rouge and lipstick.

There will be many this year who will use liquid "stockings." If you're among these be sure to apply the liquid so it gives your legs a smooth look and also makes them appear slimmer. . . .

The first thing to do, as if you didn't know, is shave your legs or use a good depilatory. Legs should be completely free from any fuzz or hair before one dab of liquid touches them.

To apply your "stockings" quickly and effectively spill a little liquid into the palm of your left hand. Starting at your instep smooth the liquid on with long, overlapping strokes. Move the color up, up, up, using both hands to blend it with long sweeping strokes. Keep the color lightest where your shoe and instep meet and extend it at least six inches above your knees. When your "stockings" have dried brush your legs lightly with a soft cloth to remove any powdery substance.

Hot oil shampoos will serve your scalp well and keep your hair from acquiring that dreadful parched look. These shampoos can be managed at home, simply enough. Heat a little olive oil in a shallow pan. Use a cotton pledget to apply it *thoroughly* to both hair and scalp. Do this at bed-time, if possible, and bind your head in a clean cloth for the night. Then, while you sleep, the oil will have ample opportunity to penetrate your scalp and hair and do the greatest good. Have a regular shampoo in the morning.

If your hair becomes especially dry under the summer sun a hot oil shampoo every two or three weeks is advisable. Ordinarily, however, every month or six weeks will be sufficient.

Another thing—sun glasses! If your eyes are strained by the glare of the summer sun they may need protection. But do make sure the sun glasses you buy aren't as much or more of a strain than the sun itself. The lens of sun glasses should be free of any specks, bubbles or waves. Imperfections in lens can accidentally create a condition which may be very harmful to the eyes. Usually the clear stock and the grinding required for proper lens set the cost of these glasses at three dollars or over.

It's time to consider another important side of summer beauty—of bathing beaches, or how your legs will look stretched out on the warm sand. Which brings us to an effective superfluous hair bleach. . . .

Mix one tablespoon of household ammonia with twelve tablespoons of peroxide. Whip them together until the solution clouds. Make pledgets of cotton, pat this solution on the hairs you wish to bleach, and allow it to dry.

These proportions are proper only for bleaching hair on the legs, hands, and arms.

A word about the hair-brush. While we'll go to any lengths for greater beauty we too often neglect the simple every day things which pay the biggest dividends. Nothing helps hair more than a good brushing, night and morning. Be sure, however, to brush your hair properly. Brushing the top of your head brush downward. Brushing the length of your hair set your brush beneath the hair and pull upward.

Snap into it! Help yourself to summer beauty!

You'll wind his heart around your finger
With shining hair that makes eyes linger!

No other shampoo

leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!*

FOR PLAY IN THE SUN—make your own "halter" from two huge bandanas. Knot them together behind your neck, criss-cross in front, then tie in back at waistline. Be sure your hairdo is in keeping—simple, practical, like this lovely, new "upsweep"! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Your glamour rates sky-high with a man when your hair has that lustrous, shining "live" look! But dull, dingy hair takes so much from your allure.

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

Soap film dulls lustre— robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

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That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
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When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
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LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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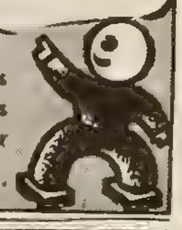

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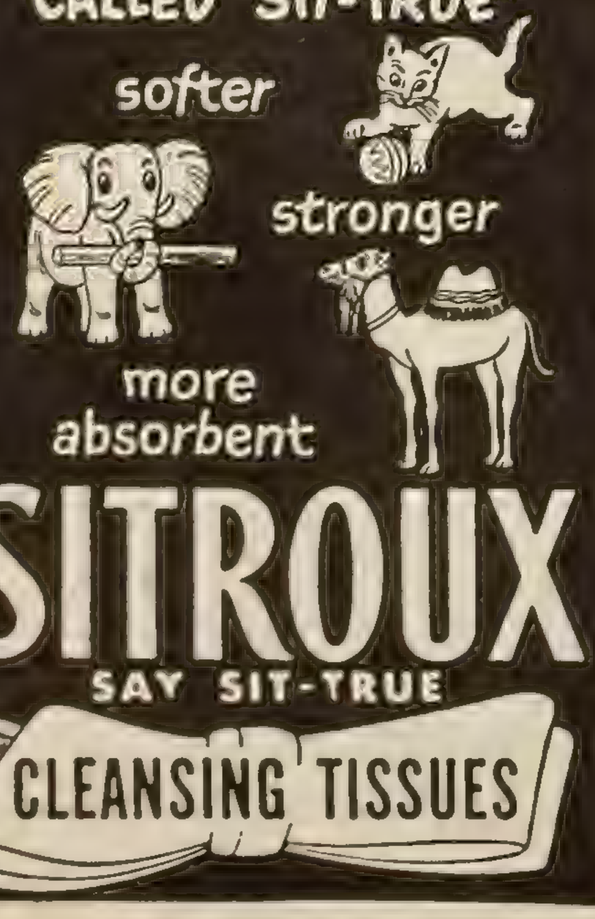

SITROUX
SAY SIT-TRUE
CLEANSING TISSUES

Morty Howard is pianist-arranger for some of the best small fry radio talent. Here he is at the Children's Hour rehearsal.

THE CHILDREN'S UNCLE MORTY

By Stanley J. Dreyfuss

IF you see a smallish, pleasant-faced man of about forty-seven stroll into an NBC studio with hat in hand, place his hat back on his head, then remove it again and seat himself at a piano and pat his thighs soundly three times with his hands, you'll know him to be Morty Howard, pianist-arranger on one of radio's best known juvenile programs, the thirteen-year-old Horn & Hardart Children's Hour, heard Sunday mornings, as well as two other weekly air shows. There is no more logical explanation for Morty's antics in the studio than there is for the scores of other radio and theater superstitions. "Habit," he calls it.

Morty is a product of "Dodger-land" —Williamsburgh, Brooklyn, where he left public school at thirteen to play odd jobs at local night spots. After five years of hiding from the landlord each rent day vaudeville beckoned and he played for several trios and blues singers until he ran into Eddie Jackson, who was about to form the famous trio of Clayton, Jackson and Durante. He became accompanist for the trio and traveled from coast-to-coast three times on the Keith and Loew circuits.

Recuperating from a siege of pneumonia at Lakewood, New Jersey, he met an attractive stenographer, Rose Meyer, who it developed lived only two blocks from his home in Brooklyn. They've been married twenty-one years now and have two daughters, Eleanor, 20 and Martha, 18. Both girls play piano and sing harmony together but are content to leave the professional field to dad, who thinks one working musician in the family is enough anyway.

Mrs. Howard persuaded Morty to leave the stage shortly after their marriage because it kept him away from home too much and he connected as a "song plugger," or contact-man, with a New York publishing house, switching to the Robbins Music Corporation six years later in 1929, where he is still associated.

Radio came into his life in 1935 when the Alice Clements Agency handling the Horn & Hardart Children's Hours, auditioned pianists to fill in for Russell Robinson, the pianist on the show who made it a practice to desert the program every second and third Sunday to direct his Dixieland Jazz Band. Morty won the job and after one show was signed as permanent accompanist. When the program removed from CBS to NBC in 1938 he went along, and in 1940 was signed for piano spots on the shows of the singing eight and ten year old Moylan sisters, and Olivio Santoro, a boy yodeler, products of the Children's Hour, when they were given programs of their own.

Besides his regular radio chores, Morty manages and arranges for the radio and screen negro quartet, The Four Ink Spots. He is largely responsible for their success, for he arranged the tune that made them famous, "If I Didn't Care." In the early days of vaudeville, Morty says, performers would sing a song, then recite a ballad and sing again. He arranged the Ink Spots' theme in this fashion and their success was almost instantaneous.

Morty records for Decca with the Ink Spots and his one and only hobby is shortwave broadcasts. He tunes in the shortwave band on his set most every night and listens into the wee hours.

A Brooklynite by birth, and a resident of that much discussed borough still, he naturally is a Dodger fan, and claims to have dropped ten pounds during the 1941 pennant race.

Morty likes blue and gray in his clothing. He has given up driving as a patriotic gesture and can be seen strolling along the dimmed-out Coney Island boardwalk almost any evening for one or two hours with his nine-year-old police-collie, "Fuzzy." Fishes in Long Island Sound and Bayside every chance he gets and loves baseball and boxing.

THE COVER-GIRL

SIMPLY because she is so beautiful, the girl on our cover this month has been on the covers of more magazines than any girl in America. Her name, any soldier in the Army will tell you, is Georgia Carroll.

Georgia is twenty-four years old, five feet, eight inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has large, very blue eyes. She was born in Dallas, Texas.

At school, she was a studious girl who excelled in Art. In order to pick up a little extra money for clothes, sodas and other high school luxuries, she took a job modeling at a local department store. Toni Frissell, the Vogue magazine editor saw her there and suggested she go to New York. Georgia wasn't interested, she wanted to become an interior decorator.

After graduating from high school, she went to work in a local nightclub in Dallas. The cover illustrator, McClelland Barclay saw her there and selected her as the ideal cover girl. Georgia still was not interested in becoming a New York model, but friends insisted that she at least try it.

It might make a better story if Georgia had to struggle to become a success as a model, but she didn't. She had barely stepped off the train before she was signed by the Powers Agency. For the next three years her face was everywhere, on magazines, in ads, on billboards. Hollywood was the next and most natural step.

When Kay Kyser began touring the Army camps, he wanted a couple of pretty girls to tour with him. Georgia and Kay Aldrich, then under contract, offered to go with him. For months, Georgia did very little but stand on platforms at Army camps looking gorgeous, but it bored her.

Then Kay Kyser's singer, Trudy Erwin, left him. One night, while their bus was traveling between camps, Kay heard a sweet, rich contralto voice coming from the back of the bus. Kay shouted, "keep on, you're wonderful!"

Georgia was as surprised as Kay, but she kept on and has been singing with the band ever since, in camps, theaters, and now on the air every Wednesday night.

Sweet Siren You!

When you wear your Exciting

Alix-Styled Shade of the

New Jergens Face Powder

YOUR ALIVE ALLURE!

A half-alive looking face is all wrong today. Fluff on new Jergens Face Powder and see your skin come to life! For Alix, famous designer and colorist, styled Jergens shades to give that gloriously young and *alive tone* to your skin.

YOUR VELVET-SKIN LOOK!

More manpower for you—and here's the reason: An exclusive process gives luscious Jergens Powder a different, *velvetized* texture. Makes your skin look gorgeously smoother, more flawless (helps hide tiny skin faults).

WHICH SHADE FOR YOU?

Naturelle—to give flower delicacy.
Peach Bloom—for that dewy, colorful look.
Rachel—a pearly, glamorous shade.
Brunette—vivid, alluring.
Dark Rachel—for that striking tawny look.

BIG BOUDOIR BOX, $1.00 . . . TRY-IT SIZES, 25¢ AND 10¢

Recommended Listening

COMPLETE with pipe clamped between his teeth, Dr. Watson by his side, Sherlock Holmes has returned to the air in response to requests from listeners everywhere. The most famous of all detectives is played again by Basil Rathbone, with Nigel Bruce as Watson. Each episode is complete in itself—a new mystery each time. Mutual, 8:30 P.M. EWT, Fridays.

* * *

As if Barry Wood, a thirty-four piece band, guest band leaders and a top-ranking quartet, the Double Daters, weren't enough, they give away five diamond rings on every program! That's the Million Dollar Band show, choice addition to Saturday night's listening entertainment. The unique feature of the program is that listeners choose the tunes to be played and are rewarded with a diamond ring if their letter requesting a song and telling what memories make this their favorite is read on the air. Five such letters are chosen for each program. Barry Wood doubles as singer and master of ceremonies. NBC, 10:00 P.M., Saturdays.

* * *

John Gunther, noted writer and commentator, heard every Sunday with John Vandercook on Where Do We Stand has launched a new series of news and views programs twice weekly. Blue, 10 P.M., EWT, Fridays and Saturdays.

* * *

A pleasant interlude these warm summer afternoons is the peaceful and soothing organ music provided by Johnny Gart. This sort of show is rare enough at any time, rarer still during the day. CBS, 3:30, Mondays through Fridays.

* * *

Featuring everything from menu hints to the voice of an opera star, Your Home Front Reporter brings an interesting, orderly and highly successful hodge-podge to afternoon listeners five days a week. Fletcher Wiley, the man who knows more about the home than any ten women, is the Reporter, heading a cast which includes Metropolitan Opera soprano Eleanor Steber, Frank Parker, noted tenor, and a twenty-two piece orchestra. The program intersperses a running musical theme with advice on scientific nutrition, menus to meet rationing restrictions and latest information of all sorts on home economics. CBS, 4 P.M., EWT, Mondays through Fridays.

I dared not marry

She knew she would be giving her heart forever. That's why Mary could not say yes to Tom, fearing he would never return

THERE are times when words just don't mean anything. You sit beside someone in anguish and try to utter some attempt at comfort or solace, and all you can say is, "I'm sorry . . . I'm sorry." Empty, futile phrases that soon silence themselves.

I knew their futility that afternoon with Betty Howland. Betty was my best friend. We'd been together in high school. We'd worked in the same office. When she and Sam were married on his last furlough home, Tom and I had stood up with them. When Betty found she was to have a baby I was the first person she told.

And now, again, I was the one she turned to.

She sat there, turning the War Department telegram over and over in her hands. ". . . regret to inform you . . . Private Sam Howland reported missing in action. . . ."

"He's dead," she kept saying. "I know it. Sam's dead, Mary."

It was then I knew the futility of words. "Don't, honey. 'Missing in action,' it says. That doesn't mean he's dead. He may be a prisoner. He might be perfectly all right and just be lost or something. . . ."

She wasn't listening. Her eyes had the look of a sleepwalker. "Sam's gone. I'll never see him again. I'll never see him and the baby won't see him. My baby won't have any father because its father's dead, Mary . . ." Then her hands clenched convulsively, and she cried out the question that hasn't any answer. "Why did it have to be Sam? He never hurt anybody—he never did anything really wrong. Why, Mary? *Why?*"

Out of a dimly remembered childhood, years ago and miles away, another voice had asked that question, another face had stared at me with the same intolerable grief. And once more, as when I'd been a child, unreasoning fear at something only half understood swept over me again.

"Don't," I whispered. "Don't, Betty."

I stayed until the doctor came, and her mother. We got her to bed, with a sedative. For a little while she would know blessed oblivion. But when she awoke—what then? What was there to awake to, except that . . . Private Sam Howland was reported missing in action? They'd been married on a bright, soft day last April. Two weeks later Sam had been sent overseas. Two weeks they'd had, two weeks out of a lifetime. And now Betty was more alone than she had ever been—alone to bear the child of that brief period of happiness and to grieve forever in her heart for the laughter she would never hear and the arms that would never hold her.

When I left her house late that after-

noon, her words went with me. "Why, Mary? *Why?*"

I went directly to the station. For I, too, had had a telegram that day. Only mine had been a happy one. DARLING, ARRIVING FIVE-FIFTEEN TODAY FOR TWO WEEKS' LEAVE. ALL MY LOVE. TOM.

TOM. Tom Byrnes. I said his name over and over as I waited for the train. There was nobody like Tom. Maybe a girl always feels that way about the man she loves. I don't know. Maybe she always thinks he's the one who hung out the moon and set out the stars. All I know is that ever since I first saw Tom Byrnes, there had been a fullness and a sweetness in my life where there'd been emptiness before, and the awful loneliness of so many years had suddenly gone—like a bright candle lighting the dark.

The train puffed in and then I saw him, walking toward me. My heart turned over as it always did. Maybe you'd say there was nothing specially exciting about him. He looked like a lot of other boys—neither tall nor short, not handsome and not ugly. Nothing out of the ordinary, you'd say. But not to me. He had dark blond hair that wouldn't stay neat because he ran his fingers through it, and eyes that were sometimes blue and sometimes gray and rarely—when he was angry, green. He had strong, stocky shoulders that swayed when he walked, and a heart-warming smile. And he had two stripes on his sleeve that he was prouder of than anything that had ever happened to him. He was no different from the thousands of other boys wearing the uniform of their country. Except to me.

We clung to each other and I felt as I always did, "This is home. This is where I belong—here in Tom's arms." And then we were laughing and trying to say how good it was to see each other, and he was telling what kind of a trip he'd had. We walked down the street to Mrs. Hewlett's boarding house where he would stay, and I clung to his arm and tried not to think of the sad and awful thing I had to tell him. Sam Howland had been his best friend.

Neither Tom nor I had any real family and, for once—selfishly—I was glad. It meant there was no one I had to share him with, even for a minute, the short time he'd be here.

"Let's not have supper yet," I said when we left Mrs. Hewlett's. "Let's go sit in the park—and just talk."

The Park was what everybody in town called the long stretch of trees and grass bordering the river that ran through the middle of the business district. Kids played there in the daytime and lovers strolled there at night, and on summer evenings there used to be band concerts in the rickety old pavillion that stood near the water. Now it was deserted. It was six-thirty on a chilly November evening, and everybody was home having dinner.

We sat on a bench out of the wind and Tom said, "You're awfully quiet, honey. Anything wrong?"

I told him then. I told him about Sam—and Betty. I didn't look at him but I felt his body stiffen beside me, at the shock, sensed the way he rejected it and then forced himself to believe. "It was terrible," I said. "She didn't cry or anything. She just sat there staring and she kept saying, 'He's dead. Sam's dead.' Oh, Tom—" And then I was crying in his arms, the first tears I'd shed. "Why does it have to be? Why did Sam have to go off and fight—and you and all the others?"

His strong arms held me. "I don't know why, Mary," he said soberly. "I guess nobody knows. But—well, it's a chance we all of us have to take. Because we're fighting for something bigger than all of us."

"What could be bigger than two people loving each other and getting married and having a baby—why isn't that the biggest thing there is?" I cried. "Why do people have to go and kill and be killed?"

"I know it doesn't seem to make any sense. But there's a reason for it," he insisted. "A reason that's got to do with what you just said. About people loving each other and getting married and having babies. I guess that's what we're fighting for. I know I felt that way when I enlisted—as if I were doing it for you and me and what we felt for each other. . . . Mary, let's get married! Now."

I grew very still in his arms. "Now? You mean—tonight?"

"Tonight or tomorrow. You see—we all got two weeks' leave. They usually give you that long when they're figuring on—well, shipping you out pretty soon. We're all rarin' to get out and get it over with—but I'd like us to get married—before I go."

The old panic, the old long-sleeping fear washed over me. I pulled back from him. "No!" I cried sharply. "They *can't* send you away! Because—oh, Tom, don't you see? Because I can't marry you now—like this."

The tightness of his arms slackened a little. "But why? We love each other. We're entitled to a little happiness before I go—"

"That's just it," I burst out. "A little happiness now could mean such anguish later. . . ." And suddenly I was a child again, living in a house that held no laughter, living with a sense of horror and fear I was too young to understand. "My parents got married during the last war. Like this—just before my father went to France. He never came back. I know what my mother went through. I know what I went through. I couldn't bear to repeat my mother's life—or ask any child we might have to repeat mine. I couldn't, Tom!"

He sensed that I was overwrought,

"How can you go away and leave a wife who can't believe you when you say that you'll be back?"

almost hysterical. "We won't talk about it now," he said quietly. "You're upset because of Sam and Betty. Just remember how much I love you, darling—how much I want you."

That's what I was remembering. That, and the fear that lay deep within me—as deep as instinct.

For they'd loved each other, too, years ago—Jane, my mother, and Harry Malone, my father. They'd loved each other all their lives, beginning back with schooldays and on up through the hayrides and the dances and the small-town socials. They'd filled each other's world. And then the war had come—what we now call World War I—and Harry Malone had joined up right away along with all the other boys his age. Home on leave, he'd married Jane the night before his leave was up—married at the Judge's house, the one brick house in town, by the old Judge who'd known them both since they were born. They'd had their twenty-four-hour honeymoon in the "bridal suite" of the one, small hotel, and mother had waved goodbye to father there at the little wooden station while the band played "Over There" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and the Judge made speeches and everybody cheered. Harry had laughed and said, "I'll be back before you know it." Oh, I know about what happened as if I'd been there. Mother told me the story countless times.

Harry had gone "over there" and Jane went home to her parents' house and then discovered she was going to have me. She was so happy. *"Happy,"* she'd said with a voice full of bitterness when she told me the story. Because she'd believed Harry when he said he'd be back. The war wouldn't last long once the Yanks were in it. Anybody knew one American boy could lick any ten Huns. So she'd waited—for Harry and for me.

She wrote him when I was born. ". . . a darling baby girl. I'm going to name her Mary because I think you'd like it. . . ." She never knew if he got that letter. A few weeks later she got a telegram. Harry Malone was "missing, presumed dead."

Missing, presumed dead. That was all we ever knew. Nobody ever sent back any of those pathetic personal possessions that would have been so precious. Nobody ever came and said, "I was with Harry and it happened like this—" There was not even a white cross among the many, that bore his name, that was *his*. My father had just disappeared into the maw of the Argonne as if he had never existed.

It was that, I think, that made my mother so bitter—the never knowing, the feeling she had loved a ghost. She was always a frail, delicate girl, and when her parents died in the flu epidemic that winter, it seemed as if the burden was too much for her strength. She was left alone, penniless, with an infant daughter to raise.

She did it by becoming a seamstress. People in that little town tried to be kind; they proffered work and sympathy; they tried to "get Jane Malone out of herself." But they failed. As time went on, mother closed herself up more and more with her grief. She rejected her friends; she sought no pleasure. She only worked, and thought of the past and what might have been and wasn't. That's the way I remember her—sewing, always sewing, a silent woman, old before her time.

She never treated me like a child. I was her only confidante, and to me she poured out her grief. "Wars are nothing but useless murder," she told me. "People like us have no protection from those who make them for their own greedy purposes. They killed your father without even a trace. They killed other children's fathers. And all for nothing."

It was talk that filled my mind with fear and horror. I know now that my mother's frail spirit wasn't equal to her tragedy, and my heart weeps for her. But then all I knew was that I was lonely.

Mother died when I was ten. Died, I believe, because she could no longer bear to live.

I was sent to the home of a distant cousin in the southern part of the state, a shy, frightened child. And gradually, under the influence of a normal home and the companionship of other children, I outgrew my fears. I was happy. I grew up forgetting (*Continued on page* 56)

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Adapted from an original radio drama entitled "Tag #1,184,463," by David Levy, first heard in July, 1942 on the Columbia Workshop, later presented on November 11, 1942 on Manhattan at Midnight, broadcast over the Blue network, Wednesday at 8:30 P.M., EWT.

Shy Girl

IT had been a beautiful evening. We had danced in the open-air Lakewood pavilion under a round summer moon; we had gone afterward to the roadside stand where all of my cousin Rosalie's crowd went for a snack on their way home; we'd eaten waffles and crisp little sausages while half the young people of Hampton stopped at our table to talk to Rosalie and to our escorts, Bob Travis and Roy Price. We drove back slowly, around a silver lake and down roads paved with moonlight. When we reached home—Rosalie's home, which was also mine for as long as I visited her—I saw the light kiss Roy gave Rosalie as he left her at the door, the quick little hug, and the grin full of pride and affection.

"I had a swell time, sweet," he said. "Do I see you next week, or do I have to fight for a date?"

Bob Travis shook my hand formally. "It was very nice meeting you, Miss Matthews," he said. "I hope I can see you again sometime—"

I tried to smile, to thank him and to say that I'd enjoyed myself. See you again *sometime.* I'd heard those words before, often. And always sometime meant—never.

The boys left, and as we let ourselves into the house, Rosalie smiled brightly at me, too brightly. "Did you have a good time, Janie?"

"Lovely," I lied, and ran up the stairs to my room before the crowding tears spilled over into my voice. I should have had a lovely time. The evening, my escort, were more than any girl could reasonably ask.

And yet I had been miserable. I couldn't join in the conversation as we'd sat under the little awninged tables at the pavilion. Rosalie and Roy and Bob had lived in Hampton all of their lives, and they talked about people and events in which I had no part. When they tried to draw me out, when Bob asked me about myself and my home town of Wilmont, I could think of nothing worth telling; lighter phrases stuck in my throat; I answered briefly, diffidently, and was relieved when they went back to discussing their own affairs. When we danced, I was so afraid of not being able to follow that I couldn't relax; I held myself stiffly and concentrated so hard on the movements of my feet that I couldn't hear the music and was more often out of step than in time.

I had had a wretched evening. Still, it was no worse than other evenings I'd spent with Rosalie and her friends in the week I'd been in Hampton, no more wretched than evenings I'd spent back in Wilmont, or in other cities, for that matter.

It was the kind of time I'd had all of my nineteen years, whether I was with a crowd or with only one or two others, even when I was with my own family. It was the penalty I paid for one of the most intense kinds of selfishness—shyness—a selfishness I recognized and yet, somehow, could not overcome. I knew what was wrong with me, knew—and was made more unhappy by knowing—that it distressed the people around me, and I had come to accept it as an unfortunate but unalterable fact about myself, as evident and as much a part of me as that my hair was brown and my eyes blue.

My mother had tried to help me ever since I could remember. There was a sunny Saturday morning in spring, years ago, when I lingered in the house, looking enviously out at a group of

e rose together and approached
e vendor. He beamed at us.
Jolly Pops . . . Jolly Pop, lady?"

She knew what to say, what to do, but always her shyness held her back—until love came along. Then life had a surprise in store, not only for Janie but for Jeff

little girls playing jacks on the walk of the house next door. We had just moved into a new town, and our house had been picked especially for my enjoyment—it had a big back yard, with swings and a teeter-totter. I remember mother coming into the room and standing behind me. "Aren't those your schoolmates, Janie? Why don't you ask them over to play on your swings?"

"They don't want to swing," I mumbled. "They're playing jacks."

"Then why don't you go out and play with them?"

I stared dumbly at her. Mother's suggestion was so matter-of-fact that I couldn't explain to her that I hadn't been invited to play with them, that I didn't know how to go about inviting myself, and that I dared not risk the humiliation of being ignored if I went out and stood on the front lawn, waiting to be asked. I did exactly what I did years later at Rosalie's—I ran up to my own room and cried out my loneliness, while mother's distressed voice followed me. "Janie, I don't know what's wrong with you. Your home is just as nice as those girls' homes; your clothes are just as good as theirs, and you get just as good marks at school . . . I don't understand why you don't belong—"

I never did belong, not all through my school years, not to any of the groups I met at schools or at churches or at the dancing class mother sent me to. When I was graduated from high school in Wilmont and went to work in an office, I did exactly that—I worked. I did not belong to the group of girls who ate lunch together and exchanged gifts on birthdays and met at each other's homes for bridge one night out of the week.

My mother, who had been disturbed enough about my lack of popularity when I was little, became openly desperate as I grew older. I saw the desperation in her eyes each time a man passed me by for a plainer but more vivacious girl, each time she heard of a dance to which I had not received an invitation, each time she arranged a party for me and then had to carry the burden of keeping the guests amused and entertained herself. She even cried over me, and never, although we weren't unusually fortunate and had our share of troubles with money and illness and the depression years, did I see her cry over anything else.

"Janie, darling, if you'd only *try* to get along with people. If you'd only realize how difficult you make things for others—"

I did try, and the results frightened me, drove me deeper into myself. I couldn't catch the spirit of a group, couldn't slide my own words into the flow of conversation. When I tried to be funny, my humor fell flat; when I meant to be serious, other people were joking.

I understood mother's anxiety over me. She'd had a lot of friends and a great many beaux when she'd been young, and her one ambition was for me to enjoy a little of the popularity she'd known. I knew what she was most afraid of—that I would go all of my life friendless and not knowing how to be friendly, unloved and not daring to love. I think that from the very beginning I had sensed her fear, and that it had made me more uncertain of myself. It was always present, behind every word she ever spoke to

me. Oh, mother tried so hard.

"Janie, you'll have to get your clothes together so I can lengthen them. The way you outgrow your dresses, I should think you'd outgrow your shyness, too—"

I might have outgrown it, might have, gradually, found friends who were more like me than my mother was, whom I might have talked to and who might have helped me to break through the wall which shut me off from the rest of the world. But we moved too often. Father's business took him all around the country, to a dozen different cities in as many years, and mother and I went with him. Our longest stay was in Wilmont, and we were there just long enough for me to finish high school and to work for a little over a year. It was about leaving Wilmont that sent me to visit my cousin, Rosalie Webb, in Hampton.

MOVING, having to go to a new school, to meet new people, had always terrified me, but this time there was a new problem involved. I had a job, and, although I was by no means on intimate terms with my fellow workers, I at least knew them well enough to exchange a few words with them without fear of being snubbed. If I went with my parents, I would have to find another job and learn to know a whole new set of co-workers. If I remained in Wilmont, I would have to live with strangers in a girls' club or a boarding house.

Rosalie's invitation to visit her for a few weeks saved me from making a decision. I didn't even have to give up my job in order to accept—our firm was being reorganized for the production of war materials, and I was given a month's leave of absence. And my mother was pleased at the thought of my staying with Rosalie. She knew that Rosalie had a great many friends, that she entertained and was entertained a great deal, and she hoped against hope that I would absorb some of Rosalie's popularity. I hoped so too, secretly, unreasonably thinking that perhaps someone else might be able to do for me what I couldn't do for myself.

But from the day I arrived in Hampton until the night a week later, when I went out with Rosalie and Roy and Bob, the only difference between my cousin's house and my own home was that mother wasn't there to be unhappy over me. I cried that night, knowing I had failed and that I would go on failing. I cried a long time; it was dawn when I went to sleep, and I awoke at noon with swollen eyes and a dull, pounding headache. I was ashamed to go down to lunch, but I'd have been more embarrassed by remaining upstairs—Aunt Ethel and Rosalie would have thought I was ill, and would have insisted upon waiting on me and fussing over me.

Aunt Ethel looked sympathetically at my flushed face, my reddened eyes. "Sick headache, Janie?" she asked. "You don't seem as bright as usual—"

I seized the excuse she offered. "My head does ache a little," I admitted.

"But it can't!" Rosalie cried. "We're going to Alice's for bridge. We're supposed to be there at two—"

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and Aunt Ethel broke in, "Now, Rosalie, don't insist. If Janie doesn't feel well, she doesn't have to go. It's more important for her to get well than for you to have an even number at bridge."

Rosalie did insist, and as I refused firmly and finally, I saw a look in her eyes, quickly concealed but unmistakable, of relief. She was relieved to be free for at least one afternoon of the trouble of being gay and interesting for both of us, of apologizing, however silently, for me to her friends. I wasn't surprised. I had been expecting her to get tired of trying to fit me into her crowd, but as long as I could pretend to be having a good time, that I was fitting in, the pretense gave me an excuse to stay on. Now I could no longer pretend, even to myself.

I would have to go home. I would have to admit to my mother that I had failed at Rosalie's just as I'd always failed. Or I would have to go back to Wilmont to live with strangers and to work I couldn't enjoy because I was no more than an automaton to the people I worked with.

After lunch I went up to my room, drew the shades, and stretched face down on the bed, feeling the pillow cool on my cheek, wanting to stay there in the darkness, wanting never again to have to face light and the people who made me as uncomfortable as I made them. I would have given up then, if there had been a way. But when your troubles are with yourself, there is no way of surrendering. You can admit them, you can even admit that you no longer have the will to struggle against them, but if you are going to live at all, you will go on trying, in spite of yourself, to fight them.

It was some spark of that will that made the quiet of the house unbearable that afternoon, that made me get up and bathe my eyes and comb my hair and powder my face. Rosalie had gone to her bridge club, and Aunt Ethel was shopping. No one questioned me as I left the house. I felt better as I walked along the sunny streets to the park in the center of Hampton. The fresh air took some of the swelling from my eyelids, and the bright colors around me—the green of the park, the blue of the sky and the matching blue of my own freshly laundered dress, the bits of rainbow colors which darted across the grass as children played—cheered me a little. I lingered to watch the children, not really seeing them at first, but gradually, as they chased a ball back and forth, following the pattern of their movements.

A little girl in a yellow dress missed the ball, and it came bounding out to the sidewalk toward me. Involuntarily I bent to pick it up, and collided with a stooping figure in khaki. He reached for the ball; I caught it, straightened, and the soldier rose as quickly.

"I'm sorry—" we both began, and stopped. My flush of embarrassment at my awkwardness, at the lock of hair which had slipped a pin and hung down beside my eye, faded when I saw that he was as discomfited as I.

He was bright red; *his* hair had become mussed as he'd snatched off his cap, and it stood peaked, a bright blond, if slightly ruffled, crest. He put up a large, brown, strong-looking hand, smoothed down the crest, replaced his cap nervously. "I—did I hurt you, Miss?"

"Oh, no. It was my fault anyway—" That was all there was to say, really, but I wasn't capable of smiling lightly, forgivingly, as Rosalie would have, and of going my way. Instead, I held out the ball. "I—is it your ball?"

Of course I knew it wasn't his ball, and he knew very well I knew it. I'd made the same sort of stupid speech which had so often brought my mother to tears over me.

Then it was his turn to regain composure. He looked at the little sphere of red rubber—it would have been lost in his palm—and at me. Slowly, he began to grin, an infectious grin that showed his teeth white in his tanned face, turned his eyes into bright blue half-moons. "Oh, no, Miss. I believe it belongs to the children."

I DID go on then, but not gracefully. I nodded jerkily, stepped past him, giving the ball back to the children. As I went down the walk, trying not to hurry, I had the feeling that he was still standing looking after me, and—probably—still grinning.

That night I didn't tell Rosalie, as I had planned, that I would have to go home very shortly. I kept thinking about the soldier in the park, remembering my own stupidity, and telling myself that whatever I'd said didn't matter because, of course, I would never see him again. I went to the movies with Rosalie and Aunt Ethel—a tacit admission on Rosalie's part that she'd given up trying to get me dates—and saw little of the picture for the recollection of a tall, awkward young man with blue eyes that looked like crescents when he smiled. And I couldn't forget the way he looked at me, as if—well as if I were funny, but in an endearing way, as a kitten or a puppy is funny.

I suppose, if I had actually believed

"Shy Girl" was suggested by a true case history, presented on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board, the great human interest program on Mutual, Mondays at 9:30 P.M.

that he'd be in the park the next afternoon, I wouldn't have dared to go there. My mind told me that what had happened had been the most trivial of incidents, and that there was no reason to expect him to be at the same place a second time. I told myself that I wasn't going deliberately to look for him, but that the memory of him was pleasant, and that being where he'd been would make the memory more vivid. My heart and my imagination, however, pictured a meeting and carried on a whole conversation with him, a conversation in which I was gay and fascinating, and he charming and polished—and devoted.

And then, as I entered the park, I remembered something else. Something that, in my new, strange light-heartedness I hadn't even considered. This man was a soldier. Soldiers aren't like ordinary people. He was here yesterday, but today he might be on his way to the other side of the country. I tried to tell myself that it didn't matter, that I didn't really think I was going to see him anyway, but it *did* matter. Maybe he was on leave. Maybe he was stationed at a camp nearby. Maybe . . .

I was so deep in my day dreaming that I didn't recognize him when I first saw him, sitting a little apart from the other people, cracking peanuts out of a bag in his lap and tossing them to the squirrels. And then, when I did recognize him, a little shock went through me, sent the blood beating in my throat and my skin tingling, and I wanted to turn and run. But my legs carried me forward, and as I drew opposite him, my imaginary conversation came to my rescue. I nodded and half-smiled, as Rosalie might have done, and my murmured, indistinct greeting was Rosalie's at her polite and most distant best.

I passed him, feeling proud of myself, feeling that I'd made up for my gawkiness of the day before—until the walk turned, and I had a last glimpse of him staring after me, looking the way I knew I'd looked so many times—hurt and misunderstood, and terribly lonely. Of course he must be lonely—I realized it suddenly—no young man spent his free time by choice alone in a public park, feeding squirrels and watching children play. The certainty of his loneliness gave me confidence; I promised myself that when I saw him the next day I would speak to him cordially and naturally.

I was beginning to feel that a circumstance bigger than I had sent the rubber ball bounding into my path the day before, had given me the revealing glimpse of him from the turn of the walk. I was so sure that I would see him again that that evening, when Rosalie proposed a shopping trip for the next day, I refused, saying that I was going to the library to do some research reading my firm had requested of me while I (*Continued on page* 70)

Our lips met in a kiss that was more than a kiss. It was a pledge of a deep bond between us.

From a Case Heard on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board

For eleven long years life had passed her by. But now, in th

I'VE read in stories how silent a house seems when someone in it has just died. Probably, in an ordinary kind of house, that's true. But the big place on Sacramento Street was no more silent after Mother died than it had been before.

She'd been ill for so long, poor Mother, it was really a release for her when she died. That's the way I thought of it at first, not realizing that it was a release for me too. Or perhaps I didn't want to realize it. I was afraid to. When you have been in prison all your life, or at any rate all of it since you were a very small child, the world outside is a strange and terrifying place, full of traps and unexpected dangers. Only your prison seems safe.

"Survived by one daughter, Miss Florence Rollburn, of this city." That was the way the San Francisco *Chronicle*, in the story it published the day after Mother died, referred to me. The reporter couldn't have known how very apt his description was. For I was Therese Rollburn's daughter, and that was all. Being her daughter was my profession, my only distinguishing characteristic, my life.

Once that gloomy old house on Sacramento Street had been gay enough, blazing with light and opening its doors to all the rich and famous people of the city. We had been rich, too—Father and Mother and I. Then, when I was ten, all this ended. I didn't know why. I only knew that Father was dead, and the shades were pulled over the tall windows, and for a few days solemn-looking men came and went, and after that no one ever came at all. We kept one servant, old Martha, and she did everything, cooking and cleaning and serving the meals and taking me to school in the mornings and bringing me home in the afternoons.

It was not until I was sixteen, and Mother was in her bed with the illness from which she never recovered, that I learned the full story. It was common enough. Father's wealth had come from worthless mining stocks, and when his dishonesty was discovered he had not died; he had shot himself.

Eleven years, from the time I was sixteen until I was twenty-seven, I hardly left the house, hardly saw anyone except Martha, and after she died, Dr. Chadwick. Mother would receive no company, and she wanted me always at her side. She was selfish, but to me, because I loved and pitied her, that selfishness was something normal and expected. Once she had been a great beauty; now she was ill and old, and she could not bear to have anyone but me and the doctor and her lawyer see how that beauty had vanished.

In any event, we could not have afforded a nurse. I knew we were poor, but I did not know how poor until the day of the funeral, when Dr. Chadwick and Mr. Elverson, Mother's lawyer, came back to the house with me.

I felt—empty, is the only word to describe it. I'd cried, a little but not much because I had expected it for so long, when Mother died with her hand in mine. Now all the tears were gone. I kept hearing the minister's words: "I am the resurrection and the life . . ."

Mother had gone on, gladly, to something else, some newer and more wonderful life. And I must go on, too. But where? Where, when there was no road to follow and no horizon beckoning?

I listened to what Mr. Elverson was saying, but it didn't have much meaning. So many debts, so many assets . . . It was all dry and sort of crackly, like Mr. Elverson's voice and his wrinkled skin. I had always been a little afraid of Mr. Elverson. I couldn't remember when he hadn't seemed old and with-

to you

ort weeks, Florence learned the meaning of a new life and love

ered-up. On the other hand, Dr. Chad, as I called him, had always seemed young. He had, in fact, been very young indeed when he began attending Mother, and now was only in his mid-thirties. He was sturdy and brisk, with a no-nonsense way about him that could change in a second to good-natured, easy laughter.

This afternoon he finally cut into Mr. Elverson's bumbling. "So it boils down to this, doesn't it?" he asked. "The debts just about cancel the value of the house?"

Mr. Elverson looked relieved to have it put so plainly. "At the present market, yes," he agreed.

It was as if, I thought, having used up all the resources she could draw upon, Mother had been too weary and discouraged to go on living.

"So, my child," Mr. Elverson said to me, "I think we must put our heads together and make some plans for your future. Have you thought of anything you'd like to do?"

I shook my head. How could I have thought of anything—I, who had no training, not even any knowledge of the world outside these four walls?

Mr. Elverson looked baffled and unhappy, but Chad said, "Florence is still upset, naturally. Why don't we wait a couple of days? Then we'll all be able to think more clearly."

"Perhaps that's best," Mr. Elverson said in obvious relief, and got up to go. Chad said he'd stay a while, if I didn't mind.

He came back into the living room after seeing Mr. Elverson out.

"Now then," he said cheerfully, "I've got an idea. Let me take you out somewhere to dinner—I know a very quiet place, where the food's perfect—and then after that I think you ought to go to a hotel. You shouldn't stay all alone in this house, you know."

I shrank back into my chair. I'd known it would come soon, the time when I must meet strangers, speak to them—but not this soon! "Oh, no," I said. "I—I can't go to a hotel. I'd be frightened. Really, Chad, I'll be all right here, and much happier."

He said doubtfully, "Well—all right. But at least you'll come out with me now for a bite to eat?"

"Yes, I'll do that—if you're sure you know a place where there won't be a lot of people," I agreed.

"There won't be," he promised, and kept his promise. We ate in a little house on Pacific Street, in a room redolent of garlic and olive-oil and herbs, where a fat and smiling woman was the only attendant and we were the only diners. I could tell him truthfully, when dinner was over, that I did feel better.

"Of course you do," Chad said. "I know how you feel, Florence, and it's perfectly natural. You've been living in a little world of your own. It's hard to step into the real world, overnight." But he said it in a way that sounded as if he didn't really think it should be very hard. "For your own sake, though," he added, "you must try."

"I know, Chad. And I will try."

He leaned toward me across the table. Very seriously, he said, "I think I know a way that will make it easier for you. If you were Mrs. Byron Chadwick . . ."

These weren't words I was hearing with my actual ears—they were only words I was reading in a book, and they had nothing to do with me. I'd never thought of Chad as anything but a good friend—and it was like a friend, not a lover, that he'd said this. So gravely, so matter-of-factly . . . as if he'd been suggesting that I take a tonic for my nerves.

Seeing my bewilderment, he went on, "Oh, I know I ought to wait to ask you, or perhaps I should have asked

you sooner. I never did, because as your mother's physician I knew she could never stand the shock of losing you, and she would have considered your marriage just that. And I'd wait now, only there isn't time. I've applied for a commission in the Medical Corps, and it ought to come through before long. I hope I'll be stationed here in San Francisco for a while, but of course you never know. The point is, you'd be provided for, whatever happened, and while we were together I'd do all I could to make you very, very happy."

Beneath the table, the fingers of my two hands were twisted together, so tightly that they hurt. I struggled against a feeling of inadequacy, of being beyond my depth. I knew I should be happy and grateful, but instead I wanted to hide from Chad and this decision he was so suddenly asking me to make. I stammered, "I didn't —I never knew you—loved me."

"Of course I love you," he said with the faintest trace of a tolerant smile. "I don't pretend to be a very romantic sort of person, but if loving means wanting to protect and help and cherish —why, yes, my dear, I love you very much."

Was that what loving meant? I didn't know. I'd never had a chance to find out. Perhaps that was the trouble! I said, the words rushing to tumble over each other:

"But Chad—I don't know what to say. I'm twenty-seven, but I might as well be seventeen. I don't know what love is—I don't even know what *I* am. I've never lived. I haven't any idea how I'll react to other people, other situations. You were perfectly right a little while ago when you said I must try to face the world and adjust myself to it. Until I've done that, it wouldn't be fair to you to say I'd marry you—"

"If I'm willing to take the chance—"

"No!—it isn't just that." If only he'd understand that it was hard for me to understand myself! If only he weren't so calm and sensible, and so sure that he knew what was best for me! "Please, Chad," I begged, "let me wait a while —let me wait until things stop spinning around me!"

And, blessedly, he did hear the raw nerves in my voice. "All right," he said gently. "Just as you say. We'll wait. But try not to make it too long, dear."

Was a man proposing marriage always so self-possessed, so . . . so almost condescending? . . . But then I shamed myself for being disloyal. Chad was kind and good, and he loved me enough to want me with him, enough to want to help me!

Chad's eyes took in the primitive cabin, Jud standing beside me in his stained work clothes, my own checked shirt and breeches.

A few minutes later, he said, "Now I'd better take you home, so you can get some rest. I'll call you up tomorrow afternoon, and we'll see about finding you some kind of a job. I think I can help."

But I knew that this, too, was part of the task ahead of me. Finding a job was the first step in learning to be complete and unafraid, and even that first step had to be taken alone.

I went down Market Street the next morning. It was years since I had been on this backbone of San Francisco's streets, and like a stranger I gaped at its hurry and bustle—at the tall buildings on each side, the four street-car tracks down the center carrying trolleys whose bells kept up an incessant clanging, at the automobiles shooting across each intersection, and the people, people, people everywhere. The street seemed to scream at me in a harsh, brassy voice: "Go away! Can't you see we're busy? We haven't any time for you!"

And whenever I turned my eyes away they were likely to fall on a newsstand, where headlines shouted war and suffering.

I'd looked in the paper before I left home, and down near the Ferry Building I found the address I'd selected. It was on the second floor of a granite-faced building: "Bay Cities Employment Service" lettered in gold on the windows fronting the street.

A creaky elevator took me up to a hall painted in dismal gray, and I went timidly down it to the Bay Cities office —a medium-sized room divided in two by a waist-high counter, with several straight-backed chairs on my side of the counter and a few desks on the other.

A sharp-featured woman at the nearest desk glanced up as I came in, but left me waiting several minutes before she came over. "Yes?" she said shortly.

"I—I'm looking for a job." Was that right? Perhaps I should have said I wanted to register, or—

She reached for a pad and slapped it down on the counter. "Yes?" she said

"I Belong To You," is based on an original story by Cameron Hawley entitled, "Across The Bridge," first heard on Theater of Today, broadcast Saturday noon, over CBS.

again, more impatiently. "What kind of work?"

"Why, I—" My lips wouldn't form words, they were so stiff, and I moistened them. "Domestic work, I think; I—I haven't had any particular training—"

I had never known that impatience and irritation could be so near hatred. "Have you any references? We don't place people without them."

"No—I'm sorry—thought—"

Someone else had come in behind me, and her eyes flicked away. "Just a minute, please," she said crisply, and to the new arrival, "Yes?"

It was a man—a tall man, dressed in clothes that looked as out-of-date as my own, and with a stained and creased hat that he held in nervous fingers. He was as uncertain and ill-at-ease as I was myself, and I forgot some of my own misery in feeling sorry for him.

"I'm lookin' for a man to help me out at my mine," he said in a deep-voiced drawl.

"Laborer or skilled?" the woman asked, and he hesitated before answering.

WELL, neither—that is, not exactly. What I really need is just somebody to keep a fire goin'." He grinned a little in embarrassment. He was a homely man, I thought—homely in a nice way, which is what the word really means, I guess. His face was long and thin, with a big nose and a wide, humorous mouth, and eyes as gray as the Bay on a cloudy day. "Had an old fellow helpin' me out, but he died o' pneumonia last month."

The agency woman sniffed. "How much does the job pay?"

"We-ell, it's not worth much more than forty a month and keep. I got a cabin for him to live in and—"

The woman interrupted him. "I'm sorry," she said haughtily, "but I couldn't ask any of our people to accept a job like that. There's a *war* on, you know, and labor is very hard to get. And we handle only the highest class of people." She turned her back on him and started toward me. "Wasting my time!" she muttered quite audibly.

For almost the first time in my life, anger rose in me. And somehow the anger brought with it an intensifying of the fear that was already in me, too. The fear of facing the city, alone, of facing a dozen women like this one in a dozen employment agencies with a dozen heartless denials that there was anything in the world that I could do. The fear of myself, really—acknowledgment of my own weakness, my lack of equipment for facing life in a world that had gone on its way, passing me by.

And coupled with that fear was, as I say, a good, healthy, righteous anger against that world I feared—anger for treating me badly, greater anger, at the moment, because this simple, kindly-looking man was being treated so shabbily. He was so hurt and bewildered, standing there with his hat in his hands, so completely at the mercy of this stupid woman who had already given him a taste of her bad temper!

Then I found out something else about myself. Florence Rollburn, who had never had the opportunity to do an impulsive act in her life was, nevertheless, an impulsive creature. And acting on that impulse, prompted by that anger and that fear, I said, in a voice that hardly seemed like my own:

"It doesn't sound like a very hard job. Do you think I could do it?"

He looked at me and his eyes widened, seeming to see me for the first time. "Why—yes, ma'am, I guess you could. It's only keepin' a wood fire goin' under a big iron pipe. But—gosh, you wouldn't want to work for me—away off in the Santa Cruz mountains, miles from nowhere."

"I want to work for anyone that has a job I can do," I said, defying the woman back of the counter, who was watching me cynically. I wasn't thinking about what the job might be, or where, or of anything except that I wanted to prove to her that I could find work and that he could find someone to work for him.

He smiled, and it was like seing the sun break through clouds. "Well, ma'am, I'd be mighty glad to get you," he said. "I was just about on the point o' thinkin' I'd have to close the mine down. You see, it's really a one-man proposition, except for firing the pipe."

"What kind of a mine is it?" I asked.

"Mercury, miss. Only a little affair, but I like bein' in the mountains, off by myself."

I began to understand now. "You mean—there'd be no one at the mine except you and me?"

"That's all," he said, "except Saturdays and Sundays. My little boy, Petey, comes up then. Rest of the time he lives at Farr's, in Pacific Ridge, so as to go to school."

"Oh," I said, a little taken aback.

"It—it won't make any difference about your (*Continued on page* 76)

IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Lonely Women

Meet lovable Mother Schultz, her two daughters and your other friends of this favorite daytime serial you listen to daily at 2:15 P.M., over NBC

BERTHA SCHULTZ, right, is now in Mexico, with her foster sister, Marilyn, where she expects to give birth to her baby, the child of Keith Armour, the Nazi pilot, whom she secretly married shortly before his arrest. When she found out his real identity, Bertha had the marriage annulled. This was done, however, before she knew of the coming of her baby. Her parents do not know of her trouble, neither does John Murray, Marilyn's husband. They believe the trip to Mexico was occasioned by lung trouble. Bertie is slightly bitter towards Marilyn who has everything and she wonders if Marilyn would do all that she is doing if it were not because Marilyn has always loved Keith.

(Played by Patricia Dunlap)

MRS. SCHULTZ is the German-born mother of Bertha and the foster-mother of Marilyn Larimore. She was involved in the espionage case centering around Keith Armour whom she unwittingly sheltered in her home. A simple, gentle, unworldly woman, Ma Schultz is a mother in the real sense of the word. Of her five children, Marilyn is perhaps the dearest to her because she has always tried to make up to the girl for not being her own —even when Marilyn did not know anything about her true history.

(Played by Virginia Payne)

Lonely Women is written
by Irna Phillips and Janet Huckins

MRS. CARTER COLBY is the wife of Judge Colby, the well-known barrister. The socially prominent Mrs. Colby is not only a real gentle-woman but a fine person. She is a great and good friend to John Murray and does not approve of Marilyn as his wife. In spite of this, she likes Marilyn personally and has taken an unusual interest in the younger woman. Katherine Colby has all the charming manners, intelligence and finesse which Marilyn wishes were her own.
(Played by Muriel Bremner)

MR. & MRS. CARTER COLBY are very good friends of John Murray. Judge Colby is well educated, suave and well loved by everyone. He is deeply interested in John's success and fears his marriage to Marilyn may upset his career as well as his social standing. The Colbys are even more concerned about John since the mysterious visit of a man named Michael Gregory, who revealed that he carries in his wallet a picture and newspaper story concerning Marilyn. This stranger, it's been discovered, knows Bertha's secret, in spite of Marilyn's well-laid plans to protect her sister.
(Judge Colby played by
Herb Butterfield)

MARILYN MURRAY'S story is that of a foundling. As a baby, she was abandoned on shipboard at the time when the Schultzes were emigrating to America. The man who was traveling with her asked Mrs. Schultz to hold the child for a few minutes, but never returned. Years went by and the family decided to keep the baby and bring her up as their own. Her real name is Maggie Larimore but changed it when she left home in order to further her career as a professional model.
(Played by Betty Lou Gerson)

MR. & MRS. JOHN MURRAY were married only a short time when Marilyn went to Mexico with Bertha. John is a prominent attorney. He is a man who is as unusual in his relationships with people as he is distinguished in his profession—a man who cares little about the opinion of the world, but values human beings for themselves. He is indifferent to the criticism which has been leveled at him for marrying out of his class. He is devoted to his mother-in-law and the entire Schultz family, although he is somewhat at a loss to understand his wife's attitude as regards her sister, Bertha.
(John Murray played by
William Waterman)

You held me close

For a paralyzed eternity Elinor stared at the man near her. She was frightened, but she was so shocked she couldn't move. Was this the man to whom she so completely gave her heart that night?

WHEN once you've been hurt—really hurt, deeply, so that you feel withered inside — you change. You change forever. You'll never again be the person you were before that searing wound to your heart.

Sometimes you are harder, sometimes gentler, sometimes more tolerant and understanding, sometimes more reckless. It all depends upon the kind of person you are basically.

I was one of those who grow hard and unyielding. I made up my mind I would never be hurt again. Nothing —no one—would be able to pierce the defenses I built around my heart. Wonderful, granite-hard defenses they were, made of materials like indifference and distrust and cynicism. They were proof against any assault.

So, when Mark Jennings took my hand and smiled down at me and said, "Alma told the truth when she said you were beautiful," I was sure it was a pat speech, something he'd tried out on other girls and found useful.

He was a friend of Alma and Tom Prentice, and they'd invited us both to dinner so we could meet. I'd told Alma I didn't care whether I met any men or not, but she'd insisted. Grudgingly, I admitted to myself that he was handsome enough, with an engaging grin, deep-set blue eyes, and brown hair that obviously didn't like a comb much. But Alma knew—practically everyone in town did!—that I'd learned how easily a grin could mask a lie, and how blue eyes could grow defensively surly when it suited their owner's purpose.

Oh, I still remembered Bill! How could I help it, in a town the size of Murfreesville, when any day I might see him come sauntering into the bank where I worked, or driving the streets in his green roadster, or going to the movies with Tess at his side? And each time I saw him, how could I help thinking that it was Tess who had brought him the money he was taking out of the bank, and the green roadster, and even the expensive suit he wore to the movies?

If he'd married me, as we had planned, he wouldn't have had these things. He'd have been a young lawyer on his own, not a partner in Tess' father's firm, and we'd have lived in a five-room bungalow out on Silver Creek Road, and we might have been able to afford the movies once a week. Ah, wise Bill, to make the sensible choice, even if it meant breaking our engagement! Wise Bill—unscrupulous, selfish Bill!

That had all been six years ago. I didn't hate him any longer, because in order to hate you must be suffering—and I was the girl who had made up her mind she would never suffer again. I cared as little about Bill, one way or the other, as I cared about any man—including this Mark Jennings that Alma and Tom thought was so wonderful.

And yet—I did enjoy myself that evening. Alma's dinner seemed especially delicious—perhaps because we were all laughing most of the way through it, at something Tom or Mark had said. Afterwards, we played one of those silly word games, and acted like children. In spite of myself, I warmed toward Mark Jennings. There seemed to be a natural, big-hearted friendliness about him, not at all usual, I thought wryly, in anyone so handsome.

That's why, when he walked home with me through the warm summer night, it was like waking up to reality from a pleasant dream to find that, after all, he'd been nice for a purpose.

"Alma tells me you work for Mr. Harrington, at the bank," he said casually, and I answered, "Yes, I'm his secretary."

"That's what Alma said." He laughed. "You must be 'E. T. W.'"

"Why—yes," I said, surprised. "E. T. W." are my initials—Elinor Townley Wheeler—and I put them in the left-hand corner of every letter I type for Mr. Harrington, who is president of the bank. "But how did you know?"

"Remember typing a letter to M. J. Jennings?" he asked. "That's me."

"M. J.—Oh!" I said. "You must be the inventor." I remembered now. There had been two letters, both of them asking Mr. Harrington for an appointment. Mr. Harrington had answered the first in the usual way: "I regret that this bank is unable at the present time to interest itself in your

invention." The second one, as far as I knew, he'd ignored.

"Yes," Mark said a little grimly, "I'm the inventor. Mr. Harrington could help me, but he won't even talk to me. I was wondering—would you mind asking him if he could spare just half an hour?"

Well, I thought, this is it. No wonder he went out of his way to be charming. He wanted something . . . And I felt weary and a little sick.

"You want him to advance you some money, I suppose?" I said crisply.

"That's the idea," he admitted. He must have heard the change in my voice.

"I don't think you quite understand," I said. "Bank loans are very carefully supervised these days. A bank can't just loan out money to anyone it thinks is honest. It has to have security. That's the law."

"I know that," he said in a way that somehow made me feel vexedly as if I'd been giving a lecture. "I wouldn't think of asking him to loan me any of the bank's money. But Mr. Harrington is a rich man, and he's supposed to be a patrotic one, too. . . . This thing's important. Not to me so much as to the whole country. It's a—well, I won't get technical, but it's a new method of testing parachutes. I think it's foolproof. The only thing is, I need equipment to develop it, and equipment costs money. All I've got now is a small-scale model and a notebook full of figures proving it would work—on paper."

"Couldn't you take it to Washington?" I asked.

"Not very well—not until I've tested it more, and on a larger scale. Besides, you know how long it takes to get attention there, and I haven't much time. My draft board gave me a six-month deferment on account of the invention, but they wouldn't defer me again. I don't want them to."

It was all very plausible, but I told myself I wouldn't be taken in. People with inventions that would win the war could be found on any street-corner—they were always writing to the bank

for money. And they were usually much more interested in lining their own pocketbooks than they were in winning the war. I didn't think Mark Jennings was any different. Besides, I resented the way he'd taken advantage of a chance acquaintanceship. Or was it chance?—probably he and the Prentices had planned it all.

"I could speak to Mr. Harrington," I said indifferently. "I don't think it would do a bit of good, though."

"I'd be very grateful," he said quietly. "All I want is to see him."

"I'll ask him tomorrow."

"It's very good of you." I was meanly pleased to see that my stiffness had embarrassed him. We'd come to the front door of my house, where I lived with my parents and younger brother. There was an awkward pause, and then he said abruptly, "Couldn't we—go out together tomorrow night?—see a movie or something? I mean, if you aren't busy?"

"I'm afraid I will be," I said.

"Then the next night?" he persisted.

I COULDN'T refuse a second time without being obviously rude. And anyway, I thought, what difference did it make? He meant so little to me that it was foolish to be angry at him. "All right," I said. "I'd like to."

"Swell! And—" I was sure he had started to say something about the appointment with Mr. Harrington, but he broke off and substituted: "Good night."

I went up to my room feeling depressed and unhappy. The evening, after having been so pleasant nearly all the way through, had left a bad taste in my mouth. I'd hurry and get to bed; I was tired, that was the trouble. But after undressing quickly, I sat for long minutes at my dressing-table, staring at my reflection. I saw the smooth oval of my face, the long, thick eyelashes, the slightly tilted nose—all the features I'd thought I knew so well. Tonight, for some reason, I saw more: a coldness about the eyes, a discontented droop to the lips.

"Elinor, you fool!" I whispered into the silence. "What more do you expect? Naturally he'd take any opportunity that came along to help him carry out his plans. Anyway, what's so terrible about it, if he does?"

Quickly, impatiently, I stood up and snapped off the light and got into bed. Finally, after what seemed forever, I went to sleep.

As I'd promised, I asked Mr. Harrington the next day if he'd consent to see Mark Jennings for a few minutes. I explained that I'd met him at a friend's house and that he seemed intelligent. "Maybe his invention really *is* something," I added.

Mr. Harrington, a thin, precise man, pressed his lips together a little impatiently, but he nodded and told me to arrange an appointment. I went back to my desk thinking that it was the first time I'd ever asked him for a favor, and hoping it would be the last. Mr. Harrington didn't encourage familiarity from his secretary; he was always polite and pleasant enough, but never friendly.

All the rest of that day, and all the next, I caught myself wondering how Mark would receive the news that I'd made his appointment. As if it mattered! I told myself scornfully. He'd probably make a great show of gratitude, and after that I'd never hear from him again.

He called for me at the house at seven-thirty, and we walked downtown. The restraint that had been between us when we parted was still there, and it was hard to keep a conversation going. I could feel him wondering if I'd spoken to Mr. Harrington, being diffident about asking, so we'd gone only a block when I said:

"Oh—Mr. Harrington says he'll see you any time. Would tomorrow afternoon be all right?"

"*Would* it?" he said eagerly. "If he'd said three o'clock in the morning that would have been convenient for me!"

"At two, then," I said. "I'll make a note on his calendar."

"Honestly, it's swell of you to do this for me," he said. In spite of myself, I noticed that he had the knack of being sincerely and quietly grateful. "After all," he went on, "I'm practically a stranger to you—"

"Don't mention it," I said, and because I was embarrassed and somehow angry at both him and myself, I sounded even more curt than I meant to be.

"Wait a minute," he said suddenly, stopping short. We'd just come to the little park where the street I lived on entered the business section, and he nodded toward one of the iron benches. "Let's sit down here a few minutes. There's something you and I have to get straight."

I looked at him in amazement and—yes, in apprehension too. His voice had been edged with anger, and his brows were drawn in a level, almost continuous line above his eyes. Wordlessly, I let him lead the way to one of the benches.

"Is there something wrong about my asking you to fix it with your boss so he'll give me half an hour of his time?" he asked without preamble. "If there is, tell me about it. I'd like to know."

There was a terrifying directness about him, but I wouldn't let myself be upset. Not meeting his eyes, I asked, "What makes you think there is?"

"You. As soon as I asked, you froze up, and you haven't thawed out since. What's the idea? Is it a crime?"

"All right, since you want to know," I flung back at him, "I didn't like it."

"Why not?"

"I didn't like knowing that Alma had introduced us so you could take advantage of knowing me—and I didn't like the way you *did* take advantage."

We were looking at each other now, and for an instant I saw fury blazing in his eyes. Then he took a deep breath.

"All right," he said in a controlled voice. "You've told me what you think. Now I'll tell *you* something. I've worked out something that can save the lives of American soldiers. It's important. It's so important that in order to perfect it I'd be willing to do a lot more than what I did to you. A lot more than breaking your rules about what a gentleman does or doesn't do!"

I listened, and I watched his lips biting off each word, and all at once I felt ashamed—mean and petty and very ashamed.

"I'm sorry," I whispered. "I—I didn't think of all that."

Impulsively, he reached out and laid one of his big, square-fingered hands over mine. "I'm sorry, too. Particularly because I wanted you to have a good opinion of me. I'll tell you the truth. I didn't much like asking you to fix me up with Harrington, either, once I got to know you. Before, when Alma suggested it, it sounded like a good idea. Afterwards—well, I felt like—like what you said I was. I wouldn't have said anything, if it didn't mean so much to me to get help on the invention."

I didn't answer. I only turned my hand palm upright, and twisted its fingers around his, in silent apology.

"Well!" He straightened up and made a sharp little gesture of dismissal with his other hand, the left one. "Let's forget all about it and just have a good time tonight?"

We did forget, and we did have a good time. Some way or other, we didn't go to the movie after all. We stayed on the park bench for a while, and after that we went to a drug-store and sat for a long time over one ice-cream soda each, and I think we talked a lot but I can't remember what about.

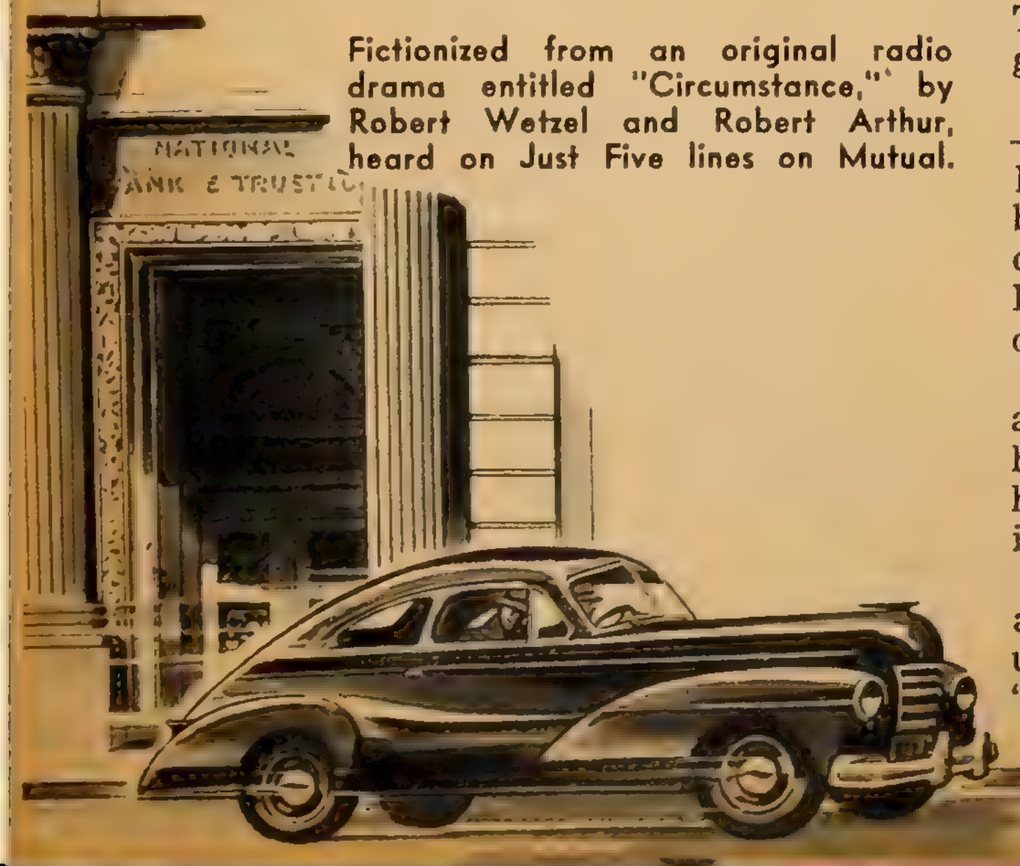
I GAVE my heart into his keeping so completely, that night, that it didn't even occur to me that I had done so—that the barrier about it had not so much fallen as melted away.

"I'll see you in the bank tomorrow," he said when we parted. "Wish me luck."

"Oh, I do!" I breathed. "I do!"

He came into the bank the next afternoon on the dot of two, a big leather briefcase tucked under his arm and a tense, determined look mingled with the smile on his lips. A brief, conspiritorial glance between us—and then he was gone, into Mr. Harrington's private office.

He was in there only for fifteen minutes. When he came out he was dead pale, and his fingers made deep dents in the leather (*Continued on page* 86)



Fictionized from an original radio drama entitled "Circumstance," by Robert Wetzel and Robert Arthur, heard on Just Five lines on Mutual.

SHE LOVED HIM ENOUGH—

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

YOUNG Frank Sinatra tilted the wicker chair against a tree and waited for the girl across the street, who sat on her porch steps doing her nails, to look his way. Usually it didn't take girls so long.

"Hello!" Impatient, he bid for her attention. She glanced up and then looked away. "She gave me the brush!" he thought. And, intrigued by this new experience and also satisfied she was half smiling, he sauntered across the road.

"Hello, Beautiful!" he said. "What's your name?"

"Nancy." It was a shy whisper.

"How's about coming down to the beach," he suggested. "Having some fun . . ."

"I have house-work to do," she said.

"Come down when you get through . . ."

"I usually get down later," she admitted.

It was after four o'clock when he saw her on the beach, sitting in the shade of the board-walk, reading. "It's a wonder," he called, half way over to her, "that you wouldn't let a guy know you were here."

Her gentle dark eyes sought the noisy girls and boys Frank had left behind him. "You were with your crowd . . ." she said.

He threw himself beside her on the warm sand. "Gee, I'm starved!" he announced.

Quietly she reached in her beach bag for a neatly wrapped package of fruit and sandwiches. "I thought you might be hungry," she said.

"You're not only beautiful," he declared, "You're wonderful!" He examined the sandwich fillings approvingly and cracked an apple between his white teeth.

One of the girls he had left picked up his uke from the sand where he had dropped it to accompany a South Sea dance she was improvising. "Hey, Frank!" she called. "Look! Frank! Look!"

He waved to her to be quiet. "They're Indians," he told Nancy. "You're sweet and quiet and soft. You're feminine!"

She smiled, well pleased.

It was her sister, Julie, flagrant in her liking for Frank who invited him to dinner. He brought his uke. He sang songs. His talk was flavored with his seventeen irresponsible years and that season's picturesque slang.

Nancy's family urged him to come again as he started home just before midnight. Nancy said nothing. But her eyes were patient. It was as if she knew when Frank reached the last step he would turn and say specially "S'long Nancy . . ."

That Satur- (*Continued on page* 68)

Frank Sinatra, singing sensation of the year, now starring on the Hit Parade over CBS, attributes his good fortune to having a wife like Nancy and a baby like Nancy Sandra

TOWARD VICTORY

by Irene Rich

No woman is too young or too old to play her part, says radio's famous star, who asks: Are you just wishing you had a job to perform, or are you doing it?

THE other day a friend said something so startling I haven't been able to forget it. Since then, it has occurred to me that perhaps thousands of intelligent women all over this land of ours may be experiencing this woman's identical reaction.

It seems she had been sitting by her radio one evening listening to the news broadcast when the appeal went out for all women between certain ages to join the WAACS and WAVES and SPARS and similar organizations.

"It came to me as a distinct shock," this woman said, "suddenly to find myself outside the age limit of service. In fact, I felt so useless and unwanted, although I'm perfectly strong and willing, it took the edge off my desire to do something. It's an awful feeling, you know, to be bluntly told one is too old to serve."

Too old to serve! Just when are any of us too old—or too young—to serve our country in this its greatest crisis? To me there is no limit either way from the smallest child to the oldest citizen. This war belongs to us, it's a part of each one of us and none of us can or should want to escape our place in its successful completion. In fact, every member of society is vitally needed in his right place if we are to win.

For the young, and not so young, we have those marvelous organizations the WAACS, the WAVES, the SPARS and Women Marines. My own daughter, Frances, is a lieutenant j. g. in the WAVES. When the need for women workers arose, Frances gave up her career as sculptor to take a job in the engineering department of the Lockheed defense plant. On the way home the car radio told of the need and aims of the newly organized WAVES and when the broadcast went on to say the group was being organized at Smith College, Frances' alma mater, she knew she had found her right place.

Just as important, I feel, is my daughter Jane's work as mother and homemaker. It is so necessary for all mothers, young or old, to realize how very important their work is in keeping firm and unshakable the very foundation of our democracy—the home. Well cared for children, instilled with the spirit of love and freedom are the hope of the world. And where else can this lesson of democracy be taught better than in the home itself? There are so many small war time tasks which can be done in the home, and which, when added together, make a contribution to the war effort which is far from small—the little, everyday tasks, like saving kitchen fats, doing home canning, cleaning out storerooms for salvage.

As a member of the Woman's Ambulance Defense Corps, Irene Rich has learned to care for the sick and wounded. Here she is in uniform, with her dog, Nicky.

I feel so strongly about this I advocate a sort of uniform or badge of honor for the wives and mothers of America whose work in homekeeping is every bit as important as that of other branches of war work.

When the war struck at us so suddenly I was faced, like thousands of other women, with the problem of what I must do. For believe me there is no place in our country for women who go on wishing from day to day there was something they could do and yet do nothing. There can be no place for slackers, or whiners or dreamers, young or old. Every woman must decide where best she fits in and then pitch in to her job. Or, if she is undecided about her place, consult the heads of the various branches of our services and let them advise the practical thing.

I was a farmer, living on my fifty acres in Canoga Park when war was declared. My radio program, Dear John, on the Columbia Network, which keeps me in Hollywood every Sunday, as well as my responsibilities to my land and livestock, would not permit my leaping off to Washington or becoming a part of a woman's military organization that might take me away from home as I should have liked to. So I turned to things at hand. How best could I serve my country as a farmer? And then it came to me. My home, secluded and far enough away from the city to prove a haven in time of raids or evacuation should become a thorough and complete refuge if the need arose. With this in mind, I set out with a definite purpose. I joined the Woman's Ambulance Defense Corps and thoroughly prepared myself in this work. Next came the First Aid course, keeping always in mind the fact that one day I may be faced with the care of dozens of people made homeless or at least seeking refuge. I learned how to deliver a (*Continued on page 67*)

Here are your favorite people of the Dear John program, Faith Chandler and Niles Novak in the library of their charming home in England. As the wife of Niles, who is a British secret agent, Faith is helping him in his work with the Spanish underground movement. Her exciting adventures make up the episodes of the Dear John series you hear every Sunday at 6:15 P.M., EWT, over the CBS network.
(Faith Chandler played by Irene Rich—Niles Novak played by Tom Collins)

Come back,

Now she had what she wanted—Ann was Michael's wife. But try as she would, she could not erase the shadow that marred their happiness

THE STORY

FROM the moment I first laid eyes on Michael Shannon I knew that he was the man I loved, the man I would love all my life. But Michael didn't feel that way about me—he treated me as a pal, took me out with him more because he was lonely than for any other reason. You see, Michael was still in love with Julie—beautiful, brilliant Julie whom he had married years before and who had left him. I think that even when Michael proposed to me it was only an impulse of the moment prompted once again by the loneliness, but I felt that given a chance I could make him love me. We were married and returned to Michael's apartment—the same one in which he had lived with Julie. And there I found, in the bedroom closet, Julie's clothes still hanging there—waiting for her return.

MY name is Ann Shannon, now. *Ann Shannon.*"

That had been going over and over in my mind, ever since yesterday. But I don't think I'd really believed it until now—now that Michael had gone out and I was all alone in the little apartment. Ann Shannon. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Shannon. The names sang in my heart.

There are moments in all our lives, I guess, when we're hardly aware of our happiness, but looking back it seems we must have been pretty close to paradise. That day after our wedding had moments like that for me. The memory of them lingers like a remembered tune.

It won't sound like much in the telling. Just a girl wandering around a crowded, dirty little apartment with a dust cloth in her hand, singing a little under her breath. But as I walked through the rooms that yesterday had been Michael's and today were Michael's and mine, I knew I was happier than I had ever been before. And perhaps I knew, too, deep down in my heart, that I was happier than I would be again for a long time to come.

I suppose every girl who has married the man she loves knows what that morning of mine was like. Your heart beating swiftly and lightly. Little remembrances from the night—strong arms, searching kisses, the ineffable wonder of belonging, at last, to someone you love—remembrances that are sharp and sweet and make you stand still for a moment, living them again.

There's a kind of fear, too, different from any other, on that beginning day of a marriage. The whole of your life, long and a little terrifying because it's so new a life, spreads out before you, and you wonder if you have the patience it takes, the courage it takes, the sympathy it takes, to make your marriage real. You wonder what the things are that will cause anger to flare between the two of you, and how you'll react when it comes. You wonder what words of his will someday hurt you, and how you'll face the hurt. Maybe you even wonder if love can change to hate—but then you laugh at that, because that will never happen—not to *you.*

That's the way I was that first morning, wandering around the room in a wonderful, heavenly, delicious daze, flicking inadequately at the furniture with my dust cloth, thinking thoughts that made me feel warm from the top of my head to the tips of my toes. And after a while a little of the wonder wore away, things seemed a bit more real—the dirt, the general messiness of this place. So I pitched in and went to work, and there's no better tonic for daydreaming than a good, stiff job of work.

And then I saw what I hadn't seen before—evidences of Julie all through the apartment. A pair of glasses with delicately tinted frames and pear-shaped lenses in the top drawer of the desk. Several sheets of thick, cream colored note paper with an arrogantly-lettered JS monogram at the top. A book of poetry, with "Love to Julie on her birthday" written on the fly leaf. And, at last, a picture on the table—a picture of a girl with a cool, finely-modeled face, a rich, sweet mouth, eyes whose warmth made up what her straight littl nose, her proud little chin told of coldness. This was Julie—lovely, lovely Julie, whom I had replaced. No, whom I was trying to replace.

I remembered the clothes in that closet then, and felt a desperate hot urgency to get rid of them. I didn't want Julie's clothes brushing shoulders with my dresses, with Michael's suits. I marched to the closet where Michael had left those clothes to gather layers of dust, left them rather than send them to wherever she was, or give them away.

It wasn't going to be a pleasant duty but I was determined to get it over with. Those clothes of Julie's would have to go. If they didn't, they would cast their shadow over us as long as they remained.

Then I heard Michael whistling and banging on the door outside. I just couldn't go to him with Julie's clothes in my arms. Hastily I dumped the clothes on the bed and went to answer the door. Maybe, I thought, I'd better speak to him first. It would be easier that way.

He had gone out with a list of groceries I needed, and my heart danced to him as I saw him standing in the doorway. His long, strong arms were filled with what he had bought. A broom. A mop. A box of scouring powder and soap. A bag of groceries. And on his face, the impudent, carefree grin I loved.

"Where'll I put this?" he asked.

I laughed. It wasn't really funny I suppose, but he looked so confused. As he stood there helplessly, his arms full, I kissed him on the ear. Then I took the packages from him and put them in our tiny kitchen.

When I came back to the living room he had stopped whistling, and his face wore a strange still look. I followed the direction of his eyes through the door and into the bedroom, and I saw what it was. That pile of things I had dropped on the bed, Julie's clothes.

"What are you going to do with that stuff?" he asked. His voice was rough and angry. There seemed to be a threat in it.

My courage failed me. I wanted to tell him then and there that he would have to send those things to Julie's parents, or get rid of them somehow. But I didn't. I couldn't mar our first day. I'll tell him tomorrow, I thought. I can't spoil our happiness now. Not today.

"I'm just putting things aside so I

Beloved!

can clean out the closet," I said with all the cheerfulness I could muster.

I didn't tell him the next day, nor the day after that. I kept putting it off, but I used to wince every time I went to that clothes closet. A week went by. Then one day I saw moths flying out of the closet and I saw where they were coming from. They were in Julie's woolen coat.

This has gone far enough, I thought. I pulled those clothes of Julie's out of the closet and shook them and brushed them furiously, then I wrapped them all up in brown paper and tied the bundles with twine.

I drew his head to my breast. "My poor darling," I said.

I waited until we were finishing our usual early dinner and were ready to leave for the printing plant. I had given my notice, and this would be my last night on the job.

"Michael," I said, "that closet in the bed room is full of moths."

He looked up from his coffee. "Who invited them?" he asked.

I tried to answer in the same playful spirit, but I was afraid of what was coming and I couldn't quite make my voice sound right.

"That woolen coat must have invited them," I said. "That coat of . . . Julie's."

He stiffened just a little at the mention of her name. His eyes met mine and I tried to face him without flinching. He had that sullen, stubborn look I had already come to know, and to fear.

It was Michael who turned his eyes away first. He looked down at the table, pushing a spoon aimlessly, nervously, back and forth.

"Isn't it about time we got rid of

Julie's things?" I asked trying to make it sound like a simple, normal question instead of the question on which my whole world might hinge.

"I told her I'd keep them until she came back." It was a flat statement, brooking no denial.

Until she came back! That was what he was waiting for.

"Michael," I said, trying to breathe evenly, "Michael, darling, aren't you being just a bit silly?"

"I told her I'd keep them and I will," he said.

"But how long?" I insisted. "It's been two years. Everything has to end some time." The words were out before I realized what I was saying. He glanced up at me sharply, then he looked down again at the table.

"There are some things . . ." he began. He stopped. "You wouldn't understand."

He can't possibly know how deeply he is hurting me, I told myself—he can't, or he wouldn't say it!

"Perhaps I wouldn't," I said, trying to keep back my tears. "Perhaps only Julie is capable of loving . . ."

"Stop it!"

HE jumped to his feet, as near to crying as I was. Oh, I wanted to go to him, to hold him in my arms, to tell him how I loved him, but there was no backing out now. Either I would have to go through with it or we were lost, both of us. We couldn't go on living together with Julie between us.

"Do let's be sensible," I said. "Can't we make a bundle of Julie's things and send them to her parents?"

"I don't want to have anything to do with them," he said.

Julie's parents, he had told me once, hated him for marrying her.

"Haven't you any idea where she is?" I asked.

"No." A short, bitten-off word.

"Then we must give her things away," I told him.

He swung around and glared at me. I thought he was going to shout whatever answer it was that trembled on his tongue. If it had been Julie, he would have shouted, I was sure. But I was sitting there quietly, with tears in my eyes. My head wasn't lifted in defiance, as Julie's probably would have been. He didn't say anything for a moment. Then when he spoke, he gave me back the quiet tone I had used to him.

"Ann," he said, "I'm sure she'll be back for them some day. And I can't bring myself to get rid of them, or let you do it. Don't ask me why. I just can't."

I didn't have to ask him why. I knew. And yet I wanted to hear him say it. I said, "Michael, tell me honestly, do you . . .?" Then I stopped. I couldn't ask him whether he still loved Julie. He would have to answer yes, and I told myself that he might be wrong, that it might be just the romantic Irish in him, fooling himself, dramatizing his lost love, making memory a reality.

"Never mind," I said.

Then I told him I had wrapped up Julie's clothes to keep out the dust, and that I would store them away in his old trunk in the basement. "There isn't enough clothes space for three of us," I said, "and her things will be waiting for her . . . if she ever comes back."

"Have you finished your coffee?" he said. "We'll be late for work."

We went outside and got in the car. And as we drove to the printing plant, we didn't have a word to say, either of us. We sat staring straight ahead. I knew what was in my mind—and I wished with all my heart that I knew what was in Michael's.

We passed Mr. Harry Bogart on the way into the office. Michael had only a curt nod for him.

I remember thinking then that it wasn't very wise, but it was so like Michael to be rude to the boss's son. And I could see as soon as we got into the plant that Michael was carrying his grouch inside with him. He was short with the men whom he looked on as his personal friends. One of them came over to me and joked about Michael's toast having been burned that morning.

I laughed it off, but it wasn't easy. I was glad it was my last day at my job, and that I wouldn't have to hear the men's jokes about Michael's married life any more. Sometimes those rough but good-natured jokes were too near truth for comfort.

It was later in the evening that Harry Bogart came into the shop. Michael had been wielding a wrench and swearing at a Mehlie press that was giving trouble. He saw Harry Bogart standing at the other end of the plant, but he paid no attention. Finally the boss's son called to him. He already had a chip on his shoulder where Michael was concerned, and instead of going to Michael, he wanted Michael to come to him, just to make sure Michael understood who was boss.

He called a second time, and waited. And finally he came over to Michael, his face red. I watched the two of them, my heart sinking. There had been trouble brewing between them for a month and now it was coming to a head.

"Didn't you hear me calling you?" Harry Bogart said. His voice sounded like tearing paper.

Michael was still bending over the press. Slowly he stood up straight. Terrified though I was, I couldn't help feeling proud of his dignity. Both he and Harry Bogart were big, powerful men, but the boss's son seemed to shrink under his level eyes.

"Was that what that yelping was?" Michael said. "I thought a puppy had got in here by mistake."

Harry Bogart's face turned from red to white. One of the printers started to laugh, then put his hand over his mouth.

And then young Mr. Bogart said something foolish. "When a man talks to me like that," he announced, "it means he wants a punch in the nose."

It was all the invitation Michael needed. Without another word, he swung at Harry Bogart's jaw.

A typesetter was just coming by with a galley of monotype, and as Harry staggered and fell over backwards, the galley went out of the man's hands, and the type and Harry Bogart were scattered in a heap on the floor.

They picked Harry Bogart up and brushed him off. Michael went slowly to the locker rooms, without even looking over his shoulder. When he came out, I thought he was going to ask me to leave with him, but he didn't.

I got up then and came across the room to him. People were staring at us, but I couldn't help that. "Michael," I cried, "where are you going? What are you going to do?"

He didn't answer my question. "I'm sorry you had to see it, Ann," was all he said. And he walked out.

I knew he didn't want me to go with him, wherever he was going, and I felt somehow that if I stayed I might help to keep him from losing his job, that there might be some one I could talk to. But I couldn't talk to anyone. I was too frightened. I had a hard enough time trying to concentrate on my work until it was time to leave.

Michael wasn't home when I got there. I sat up waiting for him; I couldn't sleep. When it got to be light outside, I was still on the couch in the living room, thinking, thinking, hoping to find a way out of the mess Michael and I were in.

I knew what was at the bottom of it. Julie. Julie's shadow was with us, just as surely as her clothes and her possessions were still in our house.

I lay on the couch and tried to doze. And after another hour I heard Michael open the door softly, and come quickly into the room. He stood looking down at me as I lay there, fully dressed, my head on my arm.

When he sat down on the couch beside me, I sat up and rubbed my eyes.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"It's morning," he said. He had been drinking, but he could talk clearly. That was one thing about Michael. He sat with his head bowed. "Go on," he said finally, "I know what you want to say to me."

But he was (*Continued on page 82*)

Harry James, at the age of six, was playing hot drums in his father's circus band . . . at fifteen, he was trumpeter with Ben Pollack's orchestra . . . and then with Benny Goodman's . . . he formed his own band in 1939, and since then Harry James has become the Pied Piper of hepcats and jitterbugs. His radio program is heard Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, at 7:15 P. M., over CBS . . . his new picture will be MGM's "A Tale of Two Sisters!"

Harry James

"OUR TOWN"

It's just the right tune for a handsome man with a voice and a band—Radio Mirror gives you Bob Allen

Slowly with expression

Lyrics by
BOB REED

Music by
HARRY MILLE

inf

Verse

Ev' - ry - thing here looks the same, dear, b

I know that you won't think it strange, At the end of each day when I come home I say:

Chorus

Gee, how the old place has changed. OUR TOWN — is a lone-ly old

blue town, — it's a lone-some for you town — There's no need to ex - plain,

p mf

Copyright 1943 by Music Products, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Main Street ___ is a cheerless and plain street, ___ it's a haunt-ing re - frain street, ___

___ just a mem-o-ry lane; ___ But OUR TOWN ___ is as proud as can be ___

___ of you, dear, ___ and the boys who are fight-ing for lib-er- ty till

OUR TOWN ___ is a grand wed-ding tune town, ___ Just our own honey - moon town ___

___ in a world that is free. ___ free. ___

The Adventures of the Thin Man

Here are your favorite radio sleuths, happy-go-lucky Nick and Nora Charles, who take baffling mysteries in their stride Friday nights on CBS

Ebenezer Williams is the sheriff of Crabtree County. Long ago, Nick and Nora inherited some property and when they went up to claim it, they met Eb. Since then, the three became fast friends and have been solving mysteries ever since.
(Played by Parker Fennelly)

NOT only are Nick and Nora Charles radio's most happily married couple, but beyond the shadow of a doubt, they lead the most exciting lives of any married couple in radio. It is a rare Adventures of The Thin Man script in which at least two murders don't occur, and every now and then things end up with everybody dead. Everybody but Nick and Nora, that is. During the two years they have been on the air, Nick and Nora have been in plenty of tight places, but up to the present writing, never one that has been too tight. Nick gets an occasional mild attack of petticoat fever which Nora has to cure. And Nick has good reason to question some of the more startling of Nora's steady flow of zany ideas. But the sun has never set on an Adventure of The Thin Man broadcast leaving Nick and Nora at odds with each other. On the contrary, every script ends with the weekly meeting of the Charles Mutual Admiration Society. The Charleses regular Friday night game of cops and robbers leads them into gambling places, courtrooms, morgues, opium dens, swami lodges, gangster hideouts, jails and similar spots usually not visited by the average American couple. But listeners know to begin with that Nick and Nora can pull out of any difficulty and that the murderer or murderers are bound to be caught. It's fun finding out how—which makes good listening. The Adventures of The Thin Man is written by Dashiell Hammett, creator of the famous couple known as Nick and Nora Charles.

Nick and Nora Charles have been called, and rightly, the most happily married couple in radio. Whereas most radio marriages are rocked by a thousand tricky cross currents, the Charles' marital ship sails across glass-smooth waters with never a harsh word passing between two people very much in love. Above, the lovable Nick and Nora in the living room of their penthouse apartment.
(Played by Claudia Morgan and Les Damon)

Please

After the years of heart-break she waited to hear Laurence say "I love you." But he only said, "I am afraid I don't want to know the girl you are now"

WHEN I dressed for the party at Dr. Laurence Martin's grand white-pillared house on Chestnut Hill, each step was part of a ceremony, as important as my graduation from Normal the day before. No, more important, for my graduation had meant the end of a life I hated, and the party was a symbol of a bright new beginning.

When I looked into the mirror I hardly knew myself, my reflection was so different from the Franny Lane I'd always known.

"But that's what you want," I told myself stoutly. "Tonight no one will look at you and think how poor and noble you've been, getting yourself and your crippled brother through school on your dad's insurance and what you could earn by singing. Tonight no one will feel sorry for you, not even Laurence Martin. Especially Laurence Martin."

But when I thought of Laurence I wanted to run from my reflection, rub off the lipstick and get into my shabby little gray flannel suit and be the meek small person Laurence had taken on so many walks up to our special lookout on the bluff over the Mississippi.

How often I was to wish I had.

But I didn't. I clenched my fingers on the lipstick and made my mouth a darker red. All right, so he had walked with me in my little gray suit. But that was only because he was a sweet man who happened to have a cousin named Sandra who made a point of snubbing me. Tonight was to be different. Whatever he felt about me tonight, it wouldn't be pity. Not in this dress.

It was very red, the dress, its taffeta very shiny, and the pleated ruffles outlined a heart-shaped bodice that was low, without a sign of a shoulder strap. Above it my skin was gardenia-white, and my pale golden hair, drawn smooth from my forehead, shone with rainbows like you see in oil on water, falling soft and smooth until the end sprang into light, loose curls. Oh, yes, the new Franny Lane was pretty!

Still, I covered my shoulders with a Spanish shawl that had belonged to my mother and went out to the fragrant dimness of the porch to wait for Laurence. I wasn't ready to have him see me yet. Wait till I came down the great curved stairway and stood beneath the crystal chandelier in the hall of his home. That would be the background for the new Franny Lane, a background to which the invitation from his mother had given me the right. To me that little folded card meant more than an invitation from the wife of one of the two great surgeon brothers who had put Stillmeadow on the medical map of the world. It was like a door opening to vistas I had hardly dared to picture in my dreams. What had Laurence told his family about me when he asked them to welcome me in his home? Enough, at least, to make a sudden change in Sandra's attitude. For she had made her first friendly gesture to me since she had come to Stillmeadow. Without her tip I might not have had the courage to buy my evening dress.

But when I saw Laurence coming up our walk, his blond hair shining in the moonlight even brighter than his white linen jacket, I forgot my dress. I almost forgot the party, everything but the sweetness of being with him, of walking along the road with my arm touching his.

I had worshipped Laurence all my life, it seemed to me. Ever since he had brought his father to examine my brother Ronny, I had thought he was the most beautiful person I had ever known, though I guess most people would not have thought him even handsome. He was always too thin for his height, his features were irregular, and sometimes his face looked all chin and cheekbones. But the light in his blue eyes when he talked of his work at the Medical Center would dazzle me until I'd feel almost sick with love for him. Tonight he spoke quickly, as if he couldn't wait to tell me, of the Children's Wing that would open tomorrow. "The carpenters are gone, and the boss painter swears everything will be dry enough by morning to start moving in the kids." His voice broke in the eager way it had. "Franny, I can't believe it's really going to open."

I had shared his dream, which now in only the second year of his internship at the Center was coming true. I said, "I knew it would, Laurence. I knew it the day your dad said it was too late to help Ronny. You clenched your fists and you frowned so I was almost scared of you. But I knew you'd fix things for a lot of other kids some day."

take me back

All the tenderness I had felt for all unhappy children I put into the song I sang for him.

He said, "You've helped, too, Franny." His voice was husky, as he went on. "I guess it's sort of sentimental to talk about inspiration, but having you there singing for the kids every Saturday, rain or shine, has kind of kept me fighting."

Words didn't come easy for Laurence; like his father and his uncle, he put his feelings into curing people of their ills. And now to hear him speak of what was in his heart was part of my dream of what tonight should be. I held my breath for what might come next. But it was not what I had hoped.

"About your singing," he said, "I almost forgot to tell you. The radio station's told us half an hour of the dedication's going to be hooked up on a national network."

Even that didn't seem strange or surprising. It was just part of the magic of tonight. Yesterday's graduation, my brother's new war job, the party, Sandra's friendliness, the dedication tomorrow—they were all omens of the new life opening up for me.

But actually stepping into it was something else again. When I entered the vast hallway of the Martin home, my knees nearly gave way beneath me. The butler indicated the stairway, but the carpets seemed so thick that it was like wading through deep grass that clutched at my feet to get there. The humming in my ears drowned out his murmur, and I had no idea where I was to go upstairs, or what to do.

But an elderly maid in gray silk was waiting in the open door of a bedroom that seemed full of apple blossoms, with pink walls and a white rug and pink and white chintz hangings on the great four-poster bed. I handed her my shawl and sat down at the dressing table trying to find things to do to my face and fingers until the other girls should arrive. I could not go down and greet Mrs. Martin all alone.

At last I heard them coming up the stairs, the voice of Sandra gay and shrill among the others. I stood up and faced the door, my features set in a smile very bright, very confident. This time things would be all right, I told myself. The school years Sandra had made miserable for me were over, she had shown her willingness to be my friend. And tonight I was wearing an evening dress as good as she or her friends would wear.

That was true enough. Because they weren't wearing evening dresses at all.

Does it seem a small thing to stand there, my shoulders white and naked above the bright red dress, facing those girls in fluffy pastel sweaters and light short skirts above their bare legs and ankle socks and saddle shoes?

Well, to someone else it might have been a small thing, a minor incident easily carried off. But I had been hurt too often. My clothes had been a cause for shame too long. My pride was raw and tender.

Sandra said, "Why, Franny darling. What a luscious frock!" Her tone made me see my dress suddenly as garish, cheap. She added, thoughtfully, "But I do hope none of the boys start getting playful and tipping over canoes."

"Canoes?" I echoed miserably.

"Didn't Larry tell you?" she asked in wide-eyed surprise. "We're going on a moonlight paddle up to Gerry's landing."

I could only shake my head numbly.

Afterward, I thought of all the smooth ways I could have handled it. In the long sick hours of the night I imagined myself saying brightly, "Well, Sandra, you'll have to pay for your misinformation with the loan a sweater and skirt." Or I could have worn my dress, my head held high, sending my laughter and my songs proudly across the water, so that the boys would have found my costume an asset after all. But in that moment all I could manage was to hold my lips firm against their trembling and to wink back tears. I had to listen to (*Continued on page* 60)

For lunch, or even for Sunday night supper, try grilled eggs with curry, along with tomatoes and eggplant.

NOT ONLY FOR BREAKFAST—

WITH meat and many cheeses rationed and with poultry and fish supplies subject to regional and seasonal variations, eggs are rapidly coming to be our most dependable source of the protein we need daily. They have moved from breakfast to the other meals of the day and there are so many nourishing and appetizing ways of serving them that they undoubtedly stay popular for main course dishes long after our meat and cheese supplies have returned to normal abundance.

Hard-cooked eggs form the basis of so many recipes that it is impossible to include more than a few in one article. Even deviled eggs, so dear to picnickers, now come to the table seasoned with curry and hot from the grill, along with tomatoes and eggplant, as illustrated.

Curried Eggs Grill

3 hard-cooked eggs
½ tsp. curry powder
2 tsps. vinegar
2 tsps. lemon juice
2 tbls. cream or top milk
Eggplant slices (unpeeled)
Tomato halves
Cracker crumbs
1 tbl. butter or margarine
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut eggs in lengthwise halves, remove yolks and rub smooth with a fork. Add vinegar (flavored vinegar from sweet pickles is good) and lemon juice and mix well. Blend in cream which has had the curry powder stirred into it. Stuff eggs with curry mixture, sprinkle with crumbs and place on grill with eggplant slices and tomato halves. Dot with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper (a little bit of dried basil on the tomatoes will help) and cook under broiler flame until tomatoes and eggplant are tender and eggs golden brown (15 to 20 minutes), turning eggplant once during the broiling. Mushrooms may also be used, either in place of one of the other vegetables or in addition to them.

Peanut Butter Creamed Eggs

4 hard-cooked eggs
1½ cups hot medium white sauce
2 tbls. peanut butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Add peanut butter to hot white sauce and beat until smooth. Add salt and pepper to taste, then the hard-cooked eggs, sliced crosswise, or cut the eggs into halves and pour the sauce over them. Serve with noodles or rice. Diced pimiento or minced pimiento may also be added just before serving. This is especially good served with watercress or dandelion green salad.

Another appetizing sauce to serve with eggs is puree of peas.

Puree of Peas and Eggs

1 cup quick cooking dried peas
liquid to cover
1 tsp. minced onion
1 tsp. minced carrot
1 tsp, minced parsley or celery leaves
Salt and pepper to taste
6 hard-cooked eggs
Few drops lemon juice

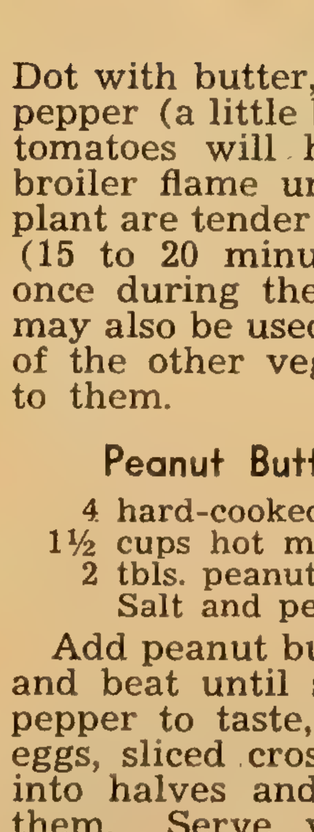
Cover peas with liquid (water or stock in which meat or vegetables have been cooked), add onion, carrot and parsley and simmer until mixture is the consistency of medium white sauce. Add salt and pepper to taste and sliced eggs and continue simmering until eggs are hot. Remove from heat and stir in lemon juice just before serving.

There is no limit except our own ingenuity to the ways in which scrambled eggs can be varied, but one of my favorites is made with rice.

Rice Scrambled Eggs

4 eggs
1 tsp. minced onion
2 tbls. butter, margarine or drippings
1 cup cooked rice
½ cup shredded lettuce
Salt and pepper to taste

Sautee onion lightly in butter. Add rice and cook slowly, stirring frequently, until rice is piping hot, adding more butter if it tends to stick. Add shredded lettuce. Beat eggs lightly, add salt and pepper, and pour over rice. Cook over low heat until egg mixture is set.



BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night variety program, but broadcasts her daily talks at noon on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News and Organ
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS:	Musical Masterpieces
		8:30	Blue:	The Woodshedders
8:00	9:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
8:00	9:00	9:00	Blue:	Robert Bellaire—News
8:00	9:00	9:00	NBC:	News from Europe
8:15	9:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
8:15	9:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	9:15	NBC:	Commando Mary
8:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Marcia Nell
8:45	9:45	9:45	CBS:	English Melodies
9:00	10:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	10:00	Blue:	Fantasy in Melody
9:00	10:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
9:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
9:30	10:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
		8:00	NBC:	Warren Sweeney, News
	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Guest Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Egon Petri, Pianist
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Josef Marais
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Olivio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	SALT LAKE TABERNACLE
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Hospitality Time
9:30	11:30	12:00	CBS:	TRANSATLANTIC CALL
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Stars from the Blue
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	That They Might Live
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	This is Official
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Rupert Hughes
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC:	Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Quincy Howe
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	We Believe
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Kidoodlers
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Stoopnagle's Stooparoos
		1:45	Blue:	Martin Agronsky
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	University of Chicago Round Table
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	Blue:	Sammy Kaye's Orch.
11:30	1:50	2:55	CBS:	Aunt Jemima
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	New York Philarmonic Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Moylan Sisters
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Reports on Rationing
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	Wake Up America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Sunday Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Green Hornet
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lands of the Free
		5:00	NBC:	Summer Symphony—Dr. Frank Black
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Gunther & Vandercook
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Ella Fitzgerald
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Shadow
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Here's to Romance
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Irene Rich
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Arch Obeler Drama
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Chips Davis, Commando
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Those We Love
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS:	Stars and Stripes in Britain
	6:30	7:30	CBS:	We, the People
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Roy Porter, News
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Paul Whiteman, Dinah Shore
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
6:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Reader's Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Old-Fashioned Revival
7:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin St.
8:15	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Man Behind the Gun
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
		11:10	CBS:	Larry Lesueur
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Tommy Tucker Orchestra
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Saerchinger
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Unlimited Horizons

PERPETUAL YOUTH . . .

Most young boys live for the day they can "grow up" and be a fireman, a cop, a ball player or any one of the professions which seem glamorous to the young mind. The boy you see above is the exception. His name is Walter Tetley and he hopes he'll never grow up. He has had such fun playing kid parts on the radio that he hopes it will never end.

Walter is now tickling the funny bone of the nation in the role of Leroy Forrester in the Great Gildersleeve program, heard Sundays on the Blue, 6:30 P.M., EWT. He is Uncle Mort Gildersleeve's famous nephew, the wonderful brat who brings that yowl "Lee—Roy!" from way deep inside his frustrated and blustering uncle.

Young Tetley has been a professional entertainer ever since he was five years old. His mother, who came from Scotland, had a particular fondness for Sir Harry Lauder and the famous Scot's records were played continually in the Tetley household.

Walter began to imitate Lauder. It so delighted an uncle of his that he gave him a miniature set of bagpipes. By the time he was four, Walter was giving out with Scotch dialect and playing his pipes at lodge meetings and gatherings of the clan. The demand for him became so great that managers of professionals heard about him and persuaded his mother to put him on the stage. Walter, therefore, played his first theater date at the Loew's Capitol in Jersey City. He had just passed his fifth birthday.

A short while after this vaudeville debut, Madge Tucker had Walter appear on her Children's Hour program. Young Tetley was so self assured and confident at the microphone that Miss Tucker hired him to go on another show she had written called "The Lady Next Door." That almost ruined Walter's career. The show necessitated a script and Walter was at an age when reading was a tough assignment. "The only thing I could read," Walter laughs, "was the first grade primer, the comics and Variety."

What he did was to toss the primer and comics aside and learn how to read from scripts. It got so he spent more time at NBC than he did at home.

Fred Allen heard about Walter and hired him to play "brat" roles. For the next five years, Tetley was the boy stooge of the Allen Company.

There is hardly a big name in radio with whom Tetley has not played. He has been a "brat" on the air with Walter O'Keefe, Ted Healy, Joe Penner, Jack Benny, Fibber McGee, Ken Murray, Eddie Cantor and now Hal Peary, "The Great Gildersleeve."

Next to acting, Walter likes to jitterbug and knows all the latest steps which makes him an average American kid, with exceptional talent.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Chapel Singers
	8:45	9:30	CBS:	This Life is Mine
		9:45	CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45	NBC:	Robert St. John, News
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
		10:15	Blue:	Roy Porter, News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	The Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
2:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	God's Country
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Jack Baker, Songs
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
1:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Vincent Lopez Orch.
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
		2:45	Blue:	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Martin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
2:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Johnny Gart Trio
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:25	3:25	4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Perry Como, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Archie Andrews
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Keep the Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Lulu Bates
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Today at the Duncans
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
		7:05	Blue:	Coast Guard Dance Band
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Ceiling Unlimited
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	GAY NINETIES
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	True or False
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Doctor I. Q.
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
8:30	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Three Ring Time
		10:30	Blue:	Alec Templeton

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Melodie Moments
	8:45	9:30	CBS:	This Life is Mine
		9:45	CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45	NBC:	Robert St. John, News
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
11:15	10:15	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:15	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	News
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:30	CBS:	Johnny Gart Trio
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:25	3:25	4:25	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
		4:30	CBS:	Perry Como, Songs
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Mountain Music
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Archie Andrews
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You A Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Keep The Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Lulu Bates
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	John B. Kennedy
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love A Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue:	Men, Machines and Victory
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	Salute to Youth
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Lights Out
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Al Jolson
9:00	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Noah Webster Says
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Suspense
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Passing Parade
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Jazz Laboratory
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Beat the Band, Hildegarde
		10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks

DOLL FROM DALLAS . . .

Margaret "Honey" Johnson is not the girl on our cover, but she has much in common with our cover girl, Georgia Carroll. Both girls were raised in Dallas, Texas, both have blonde hair and blue eyes and both have been models and—believe it or not, both are five feet, eight inches tall. We might add that both are beautiful, but you can see that for yourself.

"Honey"—her real name is Margaret, but nobody ever calls her anything but Honey—is now Wally Butterworth's partner on the Mutual Take A Card quiz. Not only is she a comedienne, but also a writer, a singer, an actress, a musician, an arranger and sometimes still a model.

Honey's domestic and professional life run hand in hand, since she works on some of her shows with her husband, Travis Johnson. The Johnsons form half of the Song Spinners Quartet on Mutual. They have two children, a boy aged three and a half and a girl a little less than a year old.

Born in La Grange, Missouri, "Honey" spent most of her early life in Dallas, where her father, Dr. Walter Bassett, is pastor of the biggest Baptist church in the South. He wanted Honey to be a concert pianist and her years of music lessons show in the way she now plays piano and arranges.

With her two sisters, one of whom is now the famous model Elaine Bassett, "Honey" formed a trio on WFAA in Dallas. That was her start in radio and the trio was a favorite of Dallas listeners, until "Honey" decided to come to New York to study piano with Josef Lhevinne.

She might still be studying, or perhaps she might be a concert pianist, if it hadn't been for Bob Hope. Honey heard that Hope was looking for a Southern girl to play as a comedy aid. She telephoned Robert and began giving him a line in Southern dialect which had him choking with laughter. He signed her as "Honeychile" on the strength of the telephone audition. For several years, she was one of the highlights on the Hope show until he left for Hollywood.

Since then, "Honey" has played leads in such radio shows as Meet Mr. Meek, the Dick Todd show, Vaudeville Theater, the Frank Fay show, two years on the Kate Smith show and her current Song Spinners and the new Take A Card show on Mutual, Wednesdays at 8:30 P.M., EWT.

"Honey's" chief hobby is collecting old, out of print books of rare songs. Among her collection, one of the largest privately owned ones in the East, is one volume printed by hand in 1558.

"Honey," amazingly enough, hasn't a Southern drawl. She has a Southern accent all right, but she keeps trying to cure herself of talking too fast. She likes tennis, golf, swimming, anything that will keep her on the move. She makes friends easily, always has a crowd around her in the studio and, as the photograph of her reveals, she has one of the nicest smiles ever to come from deep in the heart of Texas.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Time
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Chapel Singers
		9:30	CBS:	This Life is Mine
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	News
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Johnny Gart Trio
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Your Home Front Reporter
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Perry Como, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Archie Andrews
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Keep The Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Today at the Duncans
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
		7:00	CBS:	I Love A Mystery
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Sammy Kaye Orch.
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Take A Card
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Manhattan at Midnight
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	The Mayor of the Town
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	John Freedom
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	A Date With Judy
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Jack Carson
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Cresta Blanca Carnival
		10:30	Blue:	Alec Templeton

For Thursday's and Friday's Programs Please Turn to Page 54

SHE'S ENGAGED!

CAROLEE'S RING is set exactly like her mother's engagement ring. "I wanted it to be just the same," she said, "because Mother and Dad are the *happiest* people I know."

ENCHANTING is the word for Carolee Arnold! Whether she's gracing a social function in Washington, where her father served in Congress, or getting right down-to-earth on one of the family's mid-west farms—her artless, chiseled beauty is captivating. Her pale gold hair is like corn-silk. Her complexion so wild-rose sweet.

Carolee says she depends entirely on Pond's Cold Cream to help keep her skin dewy-fresh and soft.

This is her Pond's Beauty Care . . .

Every night and *every morning* she slides Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats with quick, gentle finger-tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues it all off. "Rinses" with more Pond's to make her skin *extra* soft and clean. Tissues off again. "My face feels *just gorgeous!*" she says.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream. Use Pond's yourself—*every* night and for daytime clean-ups! You'll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Rodman de Heeren and Mrs. Charles Morgan Jr. are so devoted to it! At your favorite beauty counter. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

EXQUISITE CAROLEE ARNOLD, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Laurence F. Arnold of Newton, Illinois, engaged to Corporal Patrick Coldrick of New York City. They make a striking couple—Carolee, slim and blonde—Pat, dark-haired, tall. He is now at Fort Eustis, Va.

CAROLEE CAN BOSS A TRACTOR! Out on her father's big Illinois farms, Carolee has learned how to run the farm machinery with masculine ease—and feminine charm! She says, "This year I expect to be a land army girl and right on hand to help with the crops. I'll be counting on my Pond's Cold Cream more than ever to help me keep a soft-smooth face while I'm working in all that sun and wind!"

Today—more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	The Sophisticators
		9:30	CBS:	This Life is Mine
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		9:45	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Johnny Gart Trio
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:25	CBS:	News
		4:30	CBS:	Perry Como, Songs
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Archie Andrews
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Keep the Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	The Three Sisters
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	John B. Kennedy
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
4:05	6:05	7:05	Blue:	Those Good Old Days
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	That's Life—Fred Brady
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue	Earl Godwin, News
		8:00	CBS:	Astor-Ruggles-Auer
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	ALDRICH FAMILY
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Stage Door Canteen
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
M 7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Garry Moore
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Talks
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News

THE GREAT GROUCHO . . .

If you know anyone who doesn't like Groucho Marx, send him to a psychoanalyst —something must be wrong with him. For Groucho, with that bounding walk, the revolving eyes, the large stogie, the trick mustache is one of the most beloved comedians in America. There was a great shout of joy when it was announced that he planned to star on a radio show, because everyone thought they had heard and seen the last of the great humorist. A few years ago, the Marx Brothers decided to break up; Chico took to leading a band, Harpo and Groucho took to the hill—for a rest. But an old trouper like Groucho couldn't stay under cover very long. As head man of Blue Ribbon Town, heard on CBS, 10 P.M. EWT, Saturdays, he's now back sending us into hysterics again.

Much has been written about Groucho, but here are some fairly new things about him that most people don't know. His real name is Julius. He earned the nickname of "Groucho" as a boy, as he was forever imitating crabby old men. Most people think he is the oldest of the Marx brothers, actually, he's the youngest. And, in typical Marx Brothers tradition, being the youngest he ran the act and was the official executive for the family.

An Episcopal church choir started Groucho out in business. They dismissed him from the choir for puncturing the organ bellows with the alto's hat pin. Groucho promptly teamed up with two other incorrigible boys and set out on a vaudeville tour at five dollars a week and expenses. They were known as the LeRoy Trio. A week after the act started, Groucho's voice changed and the act was stranded in Denver. After that, Groucho was stranded all over America until he teamed up with his three other brothers and became an overnight sensation on Broadway.

In his early comedy days, Groucho used a crepe hair mustache. But one night his cigar set fire to it and Groucho has been using a smear of grease paint ever since. "I know when I've been burned," he says. "I catch on quick."

Groucho's wedding almost gave the onlookers nervous prostration. At a given signal, Harpo dived under a rug, Zeppo went into a song and dance and Chico kidnaped the bride. Mrs. Marx has been living in that atmosphere ever since and seems to enjoy it. She says she knows what to expect of Groucho, which is the worst.

The Marxes have two children, Miriam and Arthur, the latter a well known tennis player. For relaxation, Groucho plays ping pong with his wife "for the championship of the world." She always beats him, which makes him sulky for days. Groucho also plays tennis, likes to read while playing on an ancient guitar. He and his brothers are the best of friends and the only reason the Marx brothers broke up is because they were all tired.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:15	2:15	9:15	CBS:	Chapel Singers
		9:30	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		9:45	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	The Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Landt Trio and Curley
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Johnny Gart Trio
12:30	2:30	2:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Perry Como, Songs
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
		4:45	Blue:	Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Archie Andrews
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	If It's a Question of Music
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Keep the Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Today at the Duncans
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Our Secret Weapon
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cities-Service Concert
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Parker Family
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	The Thin Man
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
	7:30	8:30	NBC:	All Time Hit Parade
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Philip Morris Playhouse
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gang Busters
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Camel Caravan
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	John Gunther
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
		10:30	Blue:	Alec Templeton
		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
		10:45	Blue:	Elmer Davis

For Saturday's Programs Please Turn to Page 56

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SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:30	CBS:	Odd Side of the News
		8:15	NBC:	Dick Leibert
		8:30	Blue:	United Nations, News Review
		8:45	CBS:	Woman's Page of the Air
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Red Cross Reporter
	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Garden Gate
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	NBC STRING QUARTET
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Nellie Revell
	8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Warren Sweeney, News
	8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Game Parade
			11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
	8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Fashions in Rations
	8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Little Blue Playhouse
	8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	U. S. Coast Guard Band
	9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
	9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Music by Black
	9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
	9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
	9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
	9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
	9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Columbia's Country Journal
	10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	News
	10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Beverly Mahr, vocalist
	10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC:	Melodies for Strings
			1:15	Blue:	Vincent Lopez
	10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Adventures in Science
	10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	All Out for Victory
	10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Highways to Health
	10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	War Telescope
			1:45	Blue:	Singo
	11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	News
	11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Musette Music Box
	11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Roy Shield and Co.
	11:05	1:05	2:05	CBS:	Serenade from Buffalo
	11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Spirit of '43
			2:30	Blue:	Tommy Tucker
	11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	People's War
	12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
	12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
	12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	F. O. B. Detroit
	12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	News
	12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Lyrics by Liza
			4:00	Blue:	Saturday Concert
	1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Report from London
	1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Matinee in Rhythm
	1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Bobby Tucker's Voices
	1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Calling Pan-America
	1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC	Minstrel Melodies
	2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	To be announced
	2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Horace Heidt
	2:00	4:00	5:90	NBC:	Doctors at War
	2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Three Suns Trio
	2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	News, Alex Drier
	2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Country Editor
	3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Korn Kobblers
	3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Gallicchio Orch.
	3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
	3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Message of Israel
	3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Religion in the News
	3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
	3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Paul Lavalle Orch.
	4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Report to the Nation
	4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Adventures of the Falcon
	4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	For This We Fight
	8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
	4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Enough and on Time
	4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Ellery Queen
	5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Crummit and Sanderson
	8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Roy Porter, News
	5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Boston Pops Orchestra
	8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
	5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
	9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	YOUR HIT PARADE
	6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
	6:15	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
	6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
	6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Band
	6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
	7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	John Gunther
	7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Million Dollar Band
R			10:15	Blue:	Talley Time
M	7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Blue Ribbon Town
	7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
			10:45	Blue:	Dixieland Capers
	8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News

I Dared Not Marry

Continued from page 21

more and more of those early years.

And then after high school and business school, after beaus and dates and dances, I met Tom Byrnes and knew I was in love for the first time. He was an orphan, too. With each other, we each *belonged* to somebody.

Then war came. I stood by and watched while Tom gave up his mechanic's job, and enlisted, and I thought that I had conquered the old fears completely. I stood on the station platform the day he went away and watched him shoulder his way through the barrier, watched his back mingle with and disappear into the mass of other olive-drab backs moving toward the train. Oh, I cried then, but they were only the tears that any girl sheds when the man she loves goes away—they were not signs of unreasoning fear. I remembered Mother's words and I reasoned against them, and won.

I WAS happy when Tom came home on his first leave, bringing with him the modest little ring which was more important and more beautiful to me than any prince's jewels of state. I thought there was no happiness in the whole world like mine when he slipped the ring on my finger and whispered "That means I've marked you for my own, sweetheart. No one will ever take you away from me!" You see, there was no *difference* then; just as it had been for so long, Tom loved me and I loved Tom, and the ring was only a symbol of a strengthening of that love and not a change in our relationship.

But now! Tom was back home—he was asking me to marry him *now*—now, when he was about to be sent away, perhaps for years, perhaps—forever. The old, familiar fear came rushing back, smothering me so that I could not fight it off.

". . . Useless murder . . . Killed your father without a trace . . . " I could hear mother's voice, for years only a hazy memory, clear again now and saying those words. Here was the old pattern once more. Here was Betty, mourning for Sam, missing in action, carrying a child who might never know its father. And here was Tom, whom I loved above life itself, pleading with me to marry him while the memories, long past but indelible, rushed back filling my heart with the old fear.

"Mary—change your mind," he was saying. "There's so little time!"

"When you marry, Tom," I told him, "you become a part of someone else. When my father died in France, part of my mother died with him, and that was why she never was the same again.

"It's not that I'm afraid for myself alone, Tom," I cried, feeling a dreadful need to make him understand, make him believe in the horrible reality of my fears. "It isn't fair to you, going to some unknown place, into unknown danger—and knowing you've left behind you a wife who can't believe you when you say that you'll be back!"

"You're asking too much, Mary," he said, desperately. "You want life tied up with ribbons, with nothing ever happening and everybody living happily ever after. Life isn't like that, honey. Why, if there wasn't any war, if we just got married, I might leave for work someday and not come back. We all take chances just being alive."

"But that's different," I pleaded. "Oh, darling, please, please understand!"

"Maybe you're right," he said slowly. "I don't know. I'll see you tomorrow."

He saw me tomorrow, of course, and all the tomorrows of those two weeks which seemed at once the longest and the shortest weeks in all of time. Oh, we were happy, of course, just being together, but it was a quiet, restrained sort of happiness.

We spent as much time as we could with Betty, of course, doing all we could to help ease her misery.

"When it comes, it'll be as if Sam were here again," she told Tom and me one afternoon. "Because the baby *is* Sam, don't you see?"

I marvelled at her sweet, quiet courage while I went through my own private torment, for Tom's time with me was growing shorter and shorter. Each day brought the separation closer to us. That night, after Betty had said that about the baby really being Sam, I lay awake for hours simply because, for the first time since the nightmares of childhood, I didn't dare to close my eyes and go to sleep for fear of the horrors that I knew would close in around me. I knew that I would dream the kind of dreams you can't fight off even when you awaken from them—that I'd see mother's tragic face once more, hear her voice. I knew I'd dream of Tom, lying dead, his blood on the soil of some strange and lonely place. I'd dream of a telegram of my own like the one Betty had received, and the wrenching, tearing hurt that would come after, when I began to realize that in all of the world there was no Tom anywhere, anymore.

Next day—two days before Tom was to leave—was November 11. That always had been a lump-in-the-throat sort of day for me, and this time it was almost unbearable when, at eleven in the morning, we stopped work in the office for the customary two minutes of silence to honor the dead of this war and the last. For me it was two minutes of prayer—and two minutes of peace in the whole of the torment that the days of Tom's leave had been. But when the silence was over I remembered Tom's arms around me, and my heart cried out, "What right have I to deny him?"

IT was raining by the time Tom picked me up at the office after work. We walked silently, side by side. I didn't know what he was thinking, but there was pain in his eyes. As for me, I was sick at the whole idea of this day of commemoration. What a mockery it was! Services in the churches, speeches over the radio, wreaths on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier—all to commemorate the Armistice of the war to end all wars.

And so we walked along, Tom and I, saying nothing. There didn't seem to be much to say anymore. Even the house, when we got there, was silent.

Suddenly Tom's hands reached out for me in the dimness and his voice beat in my ears with a new, imperative urgency that had something of despair in it, too.

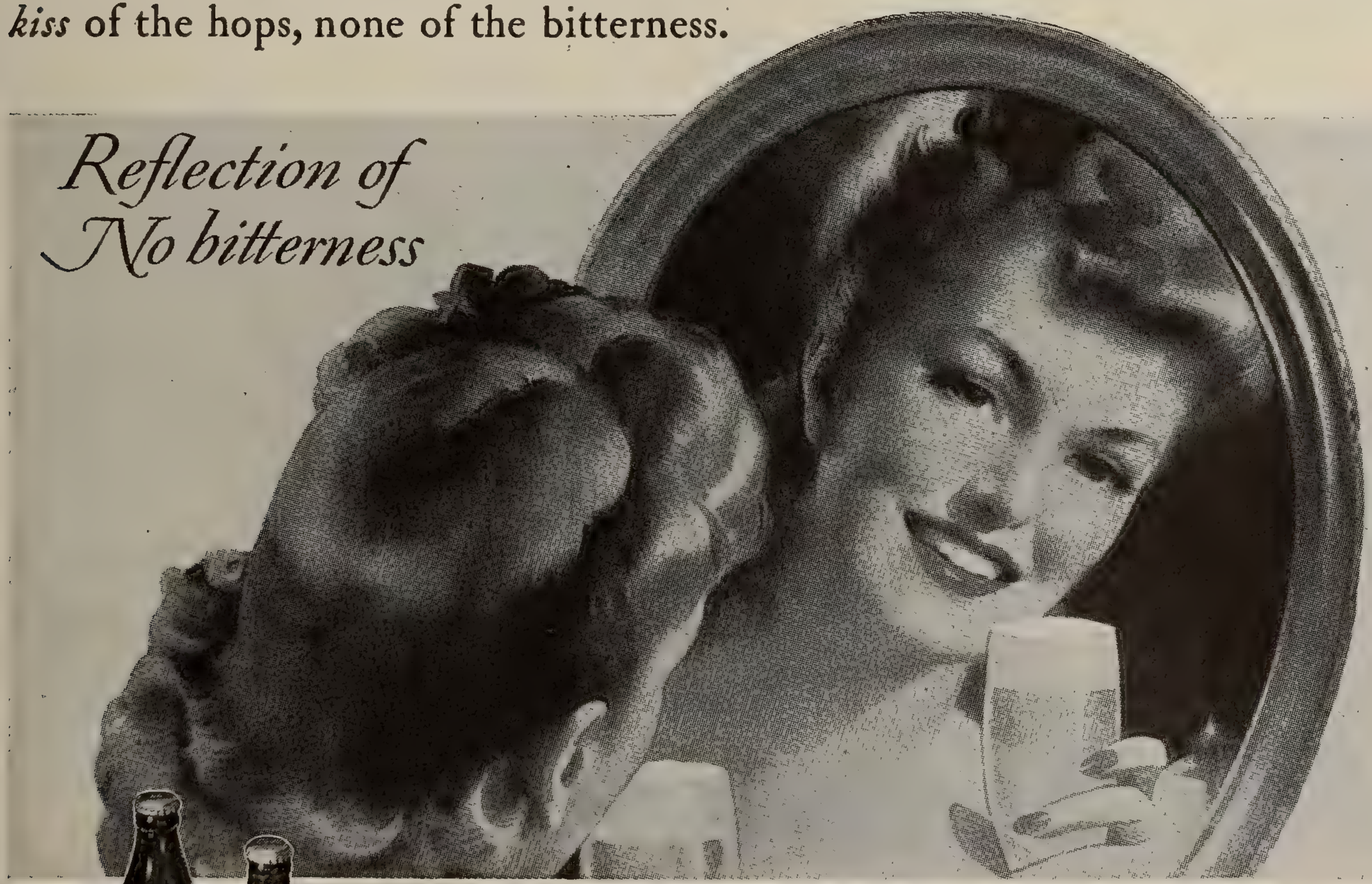
"Mary—Mary, darling—we've been over it and over it, but time's so short—only two days. Won't you marry me now?"

I stood in the circle of his arms, feeling the desperate urgency of this last plea—and knowing, too, my own an-

Continued on page 58

Just to share our thoughts with somebody else—or our picnic lunch with a friend—helps us to keep our balance in a topsy-turvy world. For millions of Americans the simple joys of companionship are made deeper, richer, more satisfying with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ...truly the beverage of moderation...brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Reflection of
No bitterness



Just the KISS of the hops...

Schlitz

—all of the delicate hop flavor — none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

R M

Continued from page 56

swering need of him. Two days, we had —two days when there would be no torturing doubts, no unanswerable questions. Two days of heaven, belonging to Tom, safe and secure in his arms. Oh—it was worth it!

"We could go away," I said, slowly.

His arms tightened, and his voice was an incredulous whisper. "You mean you will?"

Of course he didn't understand—but I must make him understand. I had to, for now, almost mad with my fears of the future, I felt that I must, I *must* give to both of us the wonderful gift of shared love before we were torn apart once again.

"I can't marry you, Tom. You know why—I've told you too often. But—" and now it was I who was pleading—"we could have our two days together anyway. Darling—no one would ever know. It would be—it would be *right!*"

For a long time he stood motionless. Then he stepped away from me.

"No."

My eager hands reached out to clutch at him, as if I could, by physical contact, will him to my will.

"Tom—we must, don't you see? It's our little happiness, probably the only happiness the world will let us have."

His voice cut sharply across mine. "No, Mary. Mary, if we did that, it would be just the same as if we were married, don't you see that? Stop to think—you'd be my wife. If you can't marry me, then how can we do this other? I want you, God knows, but with us it's got to be all or nothing."

"But Tom—"

"No." He turned and picked up his hat and overcoat. "There's no use talking any more. And there's no use drawing out our goodbye, either. I'll go on back to camp tomorrow."

And he left, without looking back.

I sank down in the chair. I was drained of everything, too empty even for tears. This was it, then. This was the end. For a long time I sat still, not even thinking. After a while I reached over and turned on the radio. Some music—anything—to help me somehow face reality of the life that must go on without Tom.

But there was no music. Only voices —Armistice Day voices, mouthing words that didn't mean anything. Too miserable to make the effort to turn them off, I just huddled in the chair.

How long I sat there I don't know. But after a while I was aware of a man's voice. Not an announcer, not a news reporter. Just a man. Somehow it was a soothing voice, and unconsciously I began to listen.

He was telling a story, this man—his own story, the tale of a boy who lived in a small town before the last war, who fell in love . . . Half dreaming, half listening, I saw the little town as he described it. It was like the town where I was born, the town where my mother and father had grown up and loved each other and married. It all came back to me, the memories of that town, clearer than ever.

The voice on the radio went on, telling how he had married the girl he loved. *We always knew we'd get married,* his easy, quiet voice said. *So when the war came and I enlisted—well, we just up and got married suddenly, before I was due to go to camp.*

I SAT up, startled into awareness. I knew the story. It was the story in back of my own, the story of my father and mother. Oh, of course this was a play on the radio, but it was like mother's and father's story. There must have been millions of young men going away then, and millions of girls learning what heartbreak was, just as my father and mother had—just as Tom and I were feeling our way through our own taste of the hell of war.

I felt for the first time in my life close to my father, for that might easily have been his voice coming to me from the radio, telling his story. Telling of the goodbye at the station—bands playing, speeches, the brave promises of "I'll come back" and "I'll wait for you."

And then he told of France, and of how lonesome he had been for the girl who had been his wife so short a time, and how he felt when he got her letter saying that they were going to have a baby. And he told how he wondered, all that time, what war was all about, and how he came to be there, and what he was fighting for. And then, *One night, standing guard, suddenly I knew what it was all about. It was like the people who used to live in that wrecked village came up and spoke to me. There was the French grocer and his wife, just like the Barnes back home. There was the pastor of the church, and you could tell just looking at him that he preached as good a sermon as old Dr. Craig. They were like my own people. And I knew then I was fighting for all of 'em—all over the world, the little people and their right to live their lives and love each other and have their children.*

Yes, it could have been my father talking. I'd never known him. But he'd have felt that way. I knew it.

The man was telling then about how he'd got a letter just before they went over the top—a letter telling him that he was a father. It was so real to me that I rejoiced with him at the news, and then felt his mingled fear and exultation when the drive was on. He and two others had fallen into a shell-hole, he said, and after a little something landed, and he didn't see anything else. Nobody ever found the two who had been with him. *They got themselves nice plain crosses because nobody could identify them. But I—I came back.*

Suddenly I put my head down on my arms and wept. Difficult, hurting, tears. And tried to stifle the tears, too, because I didn't dare to miss a word.

The war was over, he was saying. *I never did go back to my home town and Mary and little Mary. Not that I didn't want to. But there was work to be done—everywhere. Hard work, with hardly anybody to listen to me.*

For I became a crusader, a kind of evangelist. At first nobody was interested. "The war's over and what good did it do?" they'd say. "Men killed, and all for nothing." And when they saw this war coming they'd say, "So here it is again, with more boys killed and it's useless murder." Well, we didn't do a good enough job, that's all. And now the youngsters were starting out again, and this time they'd finish it. They'd do it for the little people all over the world.

The room was completely dark. I felt as if I were all alone in the world, for that moment, but I was not afraid. There were no fears left in me, because this man had explained what was in the heart of a soldier and in the heart of a world fighting for freedom. And my heart seemed to stop perfectly still, and then beat again with a new, steadier rhythm, as the voice on the radio spoke the final words.

My name—well, it's Joe, like I said. But they don't call me that. They carved out some nice words on a block of stone. The words say, "Here lies—in honored glory—an American Soldier —known but to God."

There was silence.

The tears that came now were healing, cleansing, unashamed. They asked forgiveness and they found peace. There was no longer any doubt or any fear. For there was a reason—as Tom said, as the voice on the radio said. Bigger than any of us, and yet in the heart of each of us. My mother hadn't understood. But Betty understood, and others did, and now at last I did. And somehow I couldn't help but feel that mother did, too, after all this time.

I got up. The voice was gone now. But there was a singing inside me. I snatched up my coat and ran, bareheaded, out into the rain. The streets were dark and almost deserted. Way down at the end of the block, there was a light in Mrs. Hewlett's boarding house, in what was Tom's room. A special license, he'd said. Happy and unafraid, I ran on toward the light.

Vera Vague and Ransom Sherman, two of radio's daffiest laugh-provokers, team up for more fun in the new Republic picture "Swing Your Partner," which boasts a full cast of radio stars.

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .

Look to Dura-Gloss, to help keep things on the bright side. Its glorious colors are a sight for tired eyes. There's a lift in regarding your own pretty fingers so gaily bedecked. So sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. It goes on so smoothly, each firm stroke is a satisfaction. It will stay on, too — wears exceptionally well because there's a special ingredient in it (Chrystallyne) to accomplish this. A big help these days because it makes DURA GLOSS go farther.

10¢ PLUS TAX

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Dura-Coat

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

Copr. 1943, Lehn Laboratories • Paterson, N. J.
Founded by C. T. Reynolds

Please Take Me Back

Continued from page 49

the girls' little murmurs of false sympathy, crowned by one from Sandra that was more than I could take.

"It's perfectly all right," she said sweetly. "The entertainers always wear evening clothes. And Auntie asked you here to sing for the guests."

My fists clenched at my sides. "No, she didn't." I marched over and picked up my shawl, flung it about my shoulders. "And anyway, I shan't be here!"

I walked out of that room. I tried to walk down the long carpeted stairway, but before I reached the bottom I was running. I dragged the front door open and raced across the lawn.

I DIDN'T know Laurence had followed me until I felt his hands on my shoulders jerking me to a standstill. "Franny, stop! What are you doing, plunging along like a crazy person, tearing your dress . . ."

"I want to tear it," I cried out at him. "I hate it! And I hate Sandra for tricking me into wearing it!"

"Frances!" Laurence spoke sternly. "Nothing Sandra could do would justify your speaking that way."

"Oh, wouldn't it!" The tears were streaming down my face, but I didn't care. "Tell me one thing. Did she ask you to tell me this was a canoe party?"

"No, but . . ."

"There! She's always made my clothes look funny, but this was the best laugh yet!"

Laurence drew his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped my face. "Let's look at this straight," he said slowly. "I know Sandra's thoughtless sometimes, but maybe she didn't intend this. Perhaps she did remind me to tell you. These days with the new Wing opening, I've probably forgotten a million things people told me to do. Give her a break, Franny."

"Why should I?" I stared at him dully, still hardly able to believe that he was defending Sandra. "Why are you asking me to give her a break, when she's never given me one in all the four years she's been in town?"

"That's a long story, Franny," he said gently. "And some of it I haven't the right to tell." He had taken my hand and placed it in the crook of his arm. Now, unwillingly at first, I was being led along the moonlit road. "The point is, Franny, that when a person is inconsiderate of others, it's a safe bet they've been pretty badly hurt themselves. Sandra can't even remember her father, and there were a couple of other divorces before her mother married my uncle. It must have been a tough life for a kid. The way I figure it, Sandra needs everything we can give her to make up for the kindness and affection she missed."

I wasn't really listening. All I knew was that he was taking Sandra's part! This was a fine outcome of the evening which was to mean so much to me. I swallowed and said, "I see."

He said, "Do you, Franny?" He took my two hands and stood looking gravely down into my face.

I couldn't stand the touch of his hands on mine. I'd surely weep again. I drew my hands away and told him brightly, "Of course. And now you must go back. Please give your mother my apologies. Goodnight."

It was his father's chauffeur who came in the morning to take my brother and me to the hospital for the opening. I could hardly expect Laurence to come for me himself at a time like this, but my throat was tight and dry as I got into the car. I didn't see how I could sing this morning.

But once I was standing on the improvised platform, looking into the children's faces, I felt better. I had sung to the children every Saturday morning for years. Here I felt sure of my place, my power, and myself.

If I kept my eyes on the children, I could forget the crowd, the row of frock-coated dignitaries—and Sandra in a place of honor among them.

I looked into the face of little Bart Thurston and I sang him the story of the Big Brown Bear. I watched his blue eyes widen and grow brilliant with delight, and I put everything I had into the final glorious "Woof!"

And then I turned away from the microphone and found my hands in Laurence Martin's. "You were wonderful, Frances," he whispered. "Listen to those kids!"

One-Minute Prayer

Merciful God, we pray Thy blessing on our loved ones who have joined the armed forces of our country. Grant them the strength and courage to endure and the grace to fight against the forces of evil without hatred. When righteousness and justice shall have won the victory, may our loved ones return to their homes, to their Church, and to all of us, sound in body, mind and spirit. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The text of this prayer has been submitted by the Rev. Dr. Melville Hugh Way, Minister of the United Church of St. Luke and St. John of Baltimore, Maryland.

Broadcast Over Mutual

They would not stop until I had slipped out of the door so that Dr. William could introduce the Governor.

Laurence followed. "Shouldn't you go back?" I asked him.

"No, this is more important," he said, speaking rapidly, as I had never heard him. "I've been thinking about it for a long while, and it's time to get it settled. Franny, you're free from responsibility, now your brother is working. Your life's ahead of you. Have you thought what you'd do?"

In spite of the sick doubts of the night my hopes came rushing up again. I said, "Yes, Laurence, I have, but I don't know . . ."

"Well, I know. Stay here, Franny! Come on and get in the old fight!"

"You mean, go into nursing?"

"Yes, and more than that." His blue eyes were shining, holding mine. "Nursing is basic, of course, but with what you've got besides, Franny, there's no limit . . ." His voice was husky, and I was suddenly certain that my hopes had not been wrong. "Franny, look, I don't want to rush you into this. You're young, you haven't had a chance to choose, really. I shouldn't try to influence you by telling you how much I—I want you here—" He broke off, his fingers rumpling his blond hair.

It was then that Sandra spoke beside us. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything important."

I wanted to shout at her, "You are! You stopped him saying the most important thing a girl ever hears from any man!"

But Sandra had slipped her arm into his and smiled possessively up into his face. "The idea seems to be that the Governor might find it strange if you didn't turn up to see him to his car, after missing his speech—"

And he let her lead him away, his face as dazed as I felt.

My daze lasted twenty-four hours. I sang at my housework, I forgot to put baking powder in the cake I made, and when Ronny came home dripping with rain I was amazed because I'd thought the weather perfect. For there was only one thought in me: any minute the phone would ring and Laurence would finish what he had started to say in the hospital corridor.

But it didn't ring. Sunday passed without a word from Laurence. The doubts came back, one by one, stealthily. I remembered that he had left me willingly to go with Sandra. The words he had said in her defense the night of the party echoed in my ears with a new ominous ring: "Sandra needs everything we can give her to make up for the kindness and affection she missed . . ." *Everything.* What did he mean by everything? And then at the end he'd said, "I hoped you'd understand, once you knew how things were . . ." *What did he want me to understand?*

I couldn't stand the doubts any longer. I couldn't bear another night of sickening somersaults from hope into despair. I would go and see him, learn once and for all where I stood.

Gwynnie Jones, the operator at the reception desk, hailed me as I went into the hospital. "You're in the wrong pew. Registration's over at the Nurses' Building."

"I'm not registering," I told her. "At least not now. But—how did you know?"

She winked. "A very big little birdie told me. He said be sure not to let you slip through our fingers when you came in. It's the last thing he told me before he left—"

"Left?" My heart had come alive.

YES, for the North Lake. Some trapper's kid way up at the upper end of nowhere seems to have diphtheria, and of course . . ."

She chattered on, giving me the hospital gossip I had always loved, but today I didn't wait to hear it. I had my answer. I ran out the great door and fairly skipped down the broad wide steps outside, aware of nothing but the glowing future ahead. I did not even see anyone until I heard Sandra speak and realized that her slender, tall figure blocked my path.

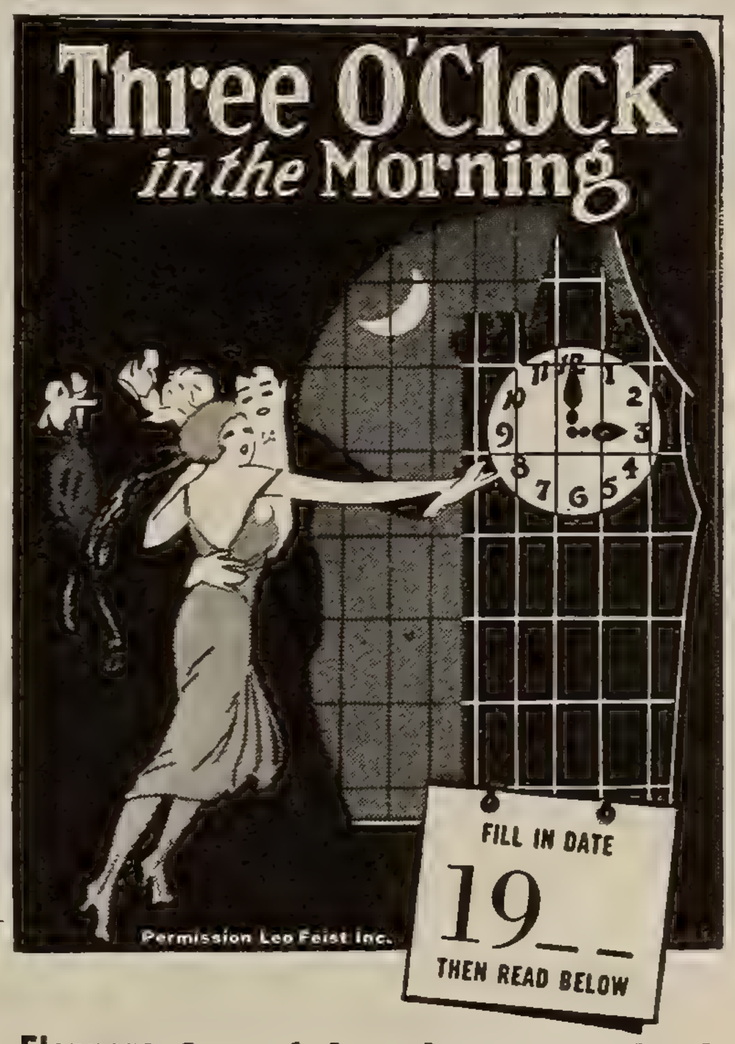
As if she read my mind, she asked, "On your way to register?"

I nodded, but I did not want to talk

Continued on page 62

Can you date these songs?

War songs, war shortages. Even skirts were shortened—to the ankle! Shapeless fashions. High buttoned shoes, spats. First permanent waves. It was 1918, and army hospitals in France—short of surgical cotton—welcomed a new American invention . . . Cellucotton* Absorbent. Soon nurses began using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Flappers flaunted first champagne-colored stockings. Everything smart was "the bee's knees." People mad over radio. Mah Jong. And women everywhere enthused about the new discovery in sanitary protection . . . disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. In 1922, millions of women gladly paid 60¢ a dozen for this convenient new product.

"Flaming Youth." Women plucked eyebrows; discarded corsets. "Collegiate" slickers; knickers (baggy plus-fours for golfers). The Charleston. Famous "Monkey Trial" in Tennessee. As the silhouette became slimmer in 1925, Kotex laboratories planned an improved, *narrower* pad with new rounded ends replacing the square corners . . . softened gauze, for greater comfort.

Empress Eugenie was everywoman's hat. Transparent mesh made stocking history. "I'll Tell The World" was current slang. Challenged by the clinging fashions of 1931, again Kotex pioneered—perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands of pads, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby . . . don't cause telltale outlines.

Jitterbug Era. A king and queen ate hot dogs in America. New York's World's Fair: parachute drop and Aquacade. The Conga. Bustles. Wasp waists. "Cigarette silhouette," and women in 1939 grateful for the latest Kotex improvement: a snug, softer, *cushioned* pad with a double-duty safety center to prevent roping and twisting—to increase protection by hours.

It's a Woman's World today. Women are working for Victory. Far more active, yet far more comfortable in *this* war, for today's Kotex provides every worthwhile feature. Choice of more women than all other brands put together, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Not that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Continued from page 60

about it to her.

But she placed a hand on my arm. "What's the rush? Once you're signed up, you're in for a long time."

"What do you mean?" I stared suspiciously into her eyes.

"Why, it's hard work, isn't it?" Those eyes were innocently wide as she smiled at me. "They say nursing calls for the muscles of a horse and the nerves of a cow. I don't qualify, apparently. For Larry can't see me going into training."

"Did you want to?" I asked, amazed.

She shrugged. "I had the romantic notion that I should share his whole life, do you see?"

I didn't. I wouldn't! I asked flatly, "Why should you?"

"I shouldn't, I gather. The idea seems to be that a doctor should come home and find a quite different world waiting for him. And in that case, I think I'll make Larry rather a good wife, don't you?"

I don't know what I answered. Up to that final word of hers I had held to my new certainty; I had not let myself be frightened by the subtle triumph of her smile. But when she said that word, I knew at once that my hopes had been absurd, based on nothing. This was what Laurence had wanted me to understand. He might ask me to share his workaday world of the hospital, but he did not think me worthy to entertain his guests, to be the mistress of his great house and the mother of his children.

Well, I wouldn't stay in either of his worlds, then!

It was hardly a thought that possessed me. I wasn't capable of thinking, as I ran home that day. I was responding to an instinct as primitive as a fleeing animal's. I wanted only to hide my wounds from the sight of curious eyes. But home was only the first stop. I must get clear away from Stillmeadow. Where, I didn't know.

THE phone was ringing when I got in. I picked it up, my heart beating even then with hope that Laurence would tell me something that would turn the scene on the hospital steps into an unreal dream. But I heard a man's voice that was quite strange to me.

"This is Barney Whiteman," he began. "Name mean anything to you?"

I had to admit it didn't. And after he had translated his odd jargon into ordinary speech I gathered that he had heard my songs at the opening of the Children's Wing. "Understand, it's not your voice that got me on the phone. It's a nice sweet little voice but it'll take a lot of coaching before you give Lily Pons any worry. No, it was the noise those kids made that got me wondering if I couldn't sell you for a thirteen-weeks tryout on a new kids' radio program coming up. How's about it?" he asked. "Want to come to Chicago and see if I can build you into something?"

I began to laugh. I guess he thought I was going to be difficult and temperamental, having hysterics over the phone the first time he ever talked to me. But it seemed so funny that this call should have come just when I was wondering where to go. I knew now. "I'll be there tonight," I told him, tears streaming down my face.

That was how I left Stillmeadow.

I went to dress designers who brought out the lines of my figure with clothes as startling but far more subtly effective than that first pathetic red evening dress, and I wore them with the assurance I had lacked that awful night. For now I had been walking many miles up and down platforms and stairways learning the art of moving, breathing, of getting up from chairs and sitting down in them. All this besides my voice lessons and my studies of dramatic technique.

And always someplace in the background or beside me at the table there was Barney. He took me to restaurants and night clubs where columnists would see us, he told me who to smile at and who responded better to a haughty stare. He arranged publicity incidents that happened so naturally that even I was fooled.

He had not been so hopeful in the first weeks. My voice had come out very small and scared and thin, I could not swallow the lump of misery in my throat. Everything was so strange —the inexorable studio clock, the dead cold microphones, the sound engineers behind their plate glass windows frowning over their dials— Oh, it was a lonely nightmare, until Barney thought of the most obvious solution. From the day he brought in a studio audience of children, the program was a success. Within a month an evaporated milk company had become our sponsor. After that, my salary went into a dizzying spiral upward.

I suppose it would sound better to say that the money meant nothing to me. But it would not be true, and I want this to be an honest record. No, I had been poor too long, and poverty does bad things to the human soul. I could not forget Sandra's taunting, scornful smile.

Oh, I made sure Stillmeadow didn't forget me. Barney took care of that. Station WSTM had been carrying my program for over a year now, and once in a while Barney would bring me a sheaf of evaporated milk labels on which were printed in cramped young letters the names and addresses of children I had known.

I'd look at those names and I'd tell myself, "Every one of those means a home where there's a book with my picture on the cover—"Franny Lane's Songs for Singing Time."

And I'd try to gloat. But when I saw the label that gave the address as Ward A-4, Children's Wing, Martin Medical Center, I guess I lost the art of gloating. I just cried. I sat there with the label in my hand and wondered if Laurence had bought the radio for the children to hear.

BARNEY came into my apartment and found me sitting at my window in the dark, looking far down at the dimmed-out streets, at the faint tiny glow of the traffic lights on the pavement wet with autumn rain. He came and drew the curtains, switched on lights, and leaned over my shoulder to read the label in my hand.

"How's about a little trip back there?" he asked me suddenly.

I jumped. But before I could speak, he went on, "I been thinking of starting a series of your programs broadcast from hospital wards, and the Martin Medical Center would make a swell start."

I shook my head. "I'll never go back there. *Never.*"

"Not even as an extra special favor to old Barney?"

I looked up at him. He was standing there, his thick figure set so solidly on my rug that he looked as if he were rooted in the white lamb's wool. That was Barney—reliable, a man to lean on, to help you through anything. But I had never seen him with this expression on his face before, his brown eyes liquid and soft.

I asked, wonderingly, "Why a favor to you, Barney?"

He said, "Well, that was where you sang when I heard you first. And I've never been the same since." He laughed, but his round face didn't look mirthful. "I dragged you out of that whistle stop, but you didn't come all the way. Most of you's still back in Stillmeadow."

When I tried to interrupt indignantly, he raised a big, thick-fingered hand. "It's the truth, baby. You've shot ahead in radio, but not because you liked the game. You've just been trying to prove something to the folks back home."

"Maybe you're right," I told Barney slowly. "But I still won't go home."

"Not even for my sake?"

I tipped my head, looking at him questioningly.

He said, "I'll never have a chance with you till you go back there and get someone out of your system."

"A chance with you, Barney?"

"That's what I said." His discomfort would have been funny if it hadn't been so touching. "Didn't you know I want to sign you for a life contract?"

"Why—Barney—" I was genuinely startled.

"I don't get this surprise act," he said gruffly. "Haven't I taken time over you I never gave to any of my other talent, built you up till you're the biggest value on any daytime program?"

"I appreciate all you've done," I said gently. "But as to marrying—" I hesitated, and something inside me be-

Continued on page 64

SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR
On Sale Wednesday, August 11th

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort we are scheduling coming issues of RADIO MIRROR to appear upon the newsstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for September will go on sale Wednesday, August 11. On that date your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with your copy. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.

How to Win Out in your BIG MOMENT

by

LORETTA YOUNG

Star of Paramount's
"CHINA"

1 When a girl knows she's met the man, how sad it is for her if carelessness has spoiled the soft, smooth beauty of her skin!

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3 This beauty facial's so simple. All you do is smooth lots of the creamy lather well into your skin, splash with cool water, pat to dry. Now skin feels smoother, looks fresh.

4 Its soft, smooth skin does the trick! In your big moment—your *tender* moment—smooth, adorable skin will make his heart turn over, make him whisper, "You're *beautiful!*"

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

R
M

HANDS OFF—

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ANTIPHLOGISTINE is ready-to-use. For best results, apply it early.

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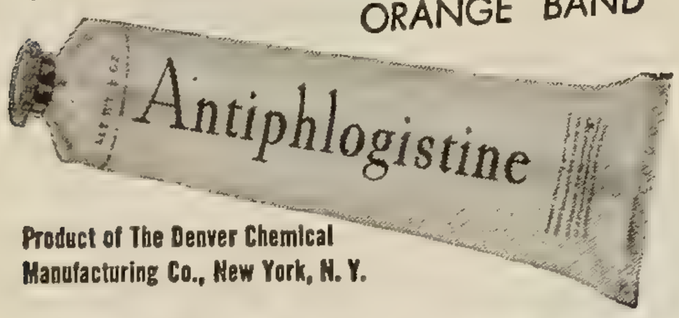

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The fragrance of living flowers. Bottles with elongated stopper encased in a polished maple case 4 times the size of the picture.

Send No Money

Pay the postman when he hands you the package or (*if you prefer*) send money order, currency, stamps or check for $1.00. Money back if not satisfied. (*Est. 1872.*)

PAUL RIEGER, 295 Art Center Bldg., San Francisco

Continued from page 62

gan to hurt. I felt choked up.

"That's what I say," Barney said urgently. "You've got to see that guy before you'll be rid of him for good."

"All right," I said slowly. "I'll go."

And that was how it happened that I went back to Stillmeadow. Barney arranged everything, and the publicity was even better than he had hoped. Stillmeadow was more than glad to go halfway. I had had a letter from the Medical Center Auxiliary saying a reception committee, headed by a Mrs. Sprague, would meet me.

I WAS prepared. I had memorized the speech I would make in answer to the greeting of the chairman of the committee, and I had been repeating it for the last twenty miles:

"Mrs. Sprague, you and your townspeople quite overwhelm me—"

I had said that much when I really saw Mrs. Sprague, and then I stopped in mid-sentence. Mrs. Sprague was Sandra!

I had been terrified of meeting Mrs. Laurence Martin, Junior. But now I wouldn't. I was sure of that. If she had not married Laurence, was it because of me? Was it because he would not marry anyone else?

I realized that Mrs. Sprague was looking a little apprehensive, a little pinched with tension about the nose and mouth. I smiled brilliantly at her. "This is a real reunion, isn't it?" I asked sweetly. And her relief was funny.

I had never felt so sure of myself as in that moment. I blessed Barney for making me come back. Why, Sandra was just a stiff, unsure nobody, overdressed and selfconscious as any small-town matron.

Triumph was sweet. It was wonderful to step out and go up the walk to Dr. William's house which was ugly and ornate and not as big as I remembered it. I sat before my dressing table in the best guest room while a maid brushed my hair and I looked out the window across the sweep of broad lawn to the twin mansion of Dr. Laurence Martin, Senior, and I remembered the night I had run across that lawn through the June evening two years ago. "Poor little Franny Lane," I whispered to the memory, "we'll make it up to you tonight."

The reception would be the biggest social affair that had ever taken place in Stillmeadow. Trust Sandra to make the most of a celebrity. And to have her the one to give this party for me made the picture perfect.

When I started down the stairs and saw all the faces turned to watch me make my entrance, I knew this was my moment. For one of them was the face of Laurence Martin.

My eyes met his and I read the message in them that I had dreamed so long of reading, and I knew why I had come. Laurence loved me.

But I didn't stop. My feet went down the stairs in unbroken rhythm, and I didn't let my heart miss a beat. I kept on drawing steady deep lungfuls of air and pushing it out from my diaphragm in firm clear words of greeting. I held to the knowledge that I was no longer the little Franny Lane who had to hope against hope for a kind word or an approving glance. I told myself that it was only natural that Laurence should love me. Why shouldn't he? Wasn't I even richer and more famous now than he?

I wanted to walk up to him and put my hands in his, but I didn't. I waited for him to come to me, and when he asked to see me after the reception I told him coolly that I thought I could arrange it. And when Sandra led me off to meet her husband, a middle-aged banker who had come to town after I left, I went with her. Though the evening seemed to last forever, I took care not to glance too often in search of Laurence.

I answered every question I was asked. I had never given as generous interviews to any magazines as to each awed matron of that town.

Why not? I didn't want anyone in Stillmeadow to miss a single detail of my success. And most of all I wanted Laurence to be sure that I was a girl any man would be lucky to get. I wanted that quite clear before I walked out into the moonlight with him. This walk would be different from the other ones we'd taken.

It was. To begin with, Laurence did not talk.

I said, "Well, has the new Wing been a big success?"

He said, "If success means money to you, then it hasn't. It has a thundering deficit this year."

"Well, perhaps I can help you lift it tomorrow at the Benefit," I told him lightly.

"I'm sure you will," he said. His voice was stiffly formal. "I hope you know how grateful the Board is, and the town."

"I've been duly notified of that by your uncles," I told him, trying to laugh. "And by the Mayor. But how about yourself, Laurence? Weren't you a little pleased that I wanted to come back and sing again?"

Continued on page 66

WOMEN WILL HELP STAFF AIRBASE CONTROL TOWERS

At radio control towers of airbases on both coasts, enlisted members of the WAVES will soon be helping direct the take-off and landing operations of fast Navy fighting planes and huge four-motor bombers.

These women are prepared by a four month's training course, consisting of one month's indoctrination followed by three months of specialized schooling. Similar opportunities await thousands of young women from 20 to 36 years of age who will be enlisted as WAVES in the Navy or SPARS in the Coast Guard.

WAVES and SPARS are now serving as storekeepers, yeomen, radio operators, and in many other capacities. Full information is contained in the new booklet, "How To Serve Your Country in The WAVES or SPARS." Write to Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., for your copy of this booklet.

Last Chance! Genuine $4.50 Value Simulated Pearls-Beautiful Sterling Silver Clasp

"Close Out" Only $2.98

Beautiful Gift Box FREE!

These Exquisite Pearls Reflect The Rich Color And Exquisite Beauty of Precious Orientals

Ladies! If you have always longed to own a lustrous set of creamy white single-strand pearls, don't pass up this sensational limited offer. So closely do these exquisite pearls simulate genuine precious orientals, that your friends and admirers will positively believe that you might possibly have paid a fabulous price for them. Each strand is expertly matched in size and color and is superior in luster and tone. The strands are strung by hand and finished with a tiny tip to protect them for longer wear. The brilliant Sterling Silver clasp gives these sets an unsurpassed appearance of true elegance. Each set is packed in a handsome gift box. If you rush the coupon below, you may wear them for ten full days on our generous money-back inspection offer. If you are not positively thrilled and delighted with these pearls, you may return them and you won't lose a single penny.

Hurry! Simulated Pearls Are Becoming Virtually Impossible to Obtain!

When our limited supply of these exquisite pearls are gone, we have no more to offer you, as the manufacture of these pearls has definitely been discontinued until after the war. There is no sense denying yourself the luxury and real satisfaction of owning a set of these single-strand pearls when our close-out price of only $2.98 is so ridiculously low. These pearls are right for every age and are stylishly correct for both evening and daytime wear. Don't miss out on this "close-out" offer. Just a few thousand lucky ladies may now own these pearls at this low price. Mail the coupon below today while our limited supply lasts.

You Must Be Positively Thrilled or Your Money Back!

So certain are we that these single-strand pearls and matching Sterling Silver clasp will positively thrill you, that we want you to wear them—show them to your friends and examine them carefully for ten full days on our iron-clad money-back guarantee. Consider them sent on approval and if you don't agree that this is the greatest jewelry value you have ever seen, you may feel free to return the Pearls and Free Birthstone Ring to us, and we'll refund your money in full.

Send No Money to Get These Glamorous PEARLS and FREE BIRTHSTONE RING!

FREE!

$1.00 STERLING RING

This Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING!

If you send your order at once, we will include absolutely free a regular $1.00 value simulated genuine sterling silver birthstone ring in this smart new design. These beautifully colored simulated birthstones are highly faceted to bring out their beauty and brilliance. Be sure and state the month you were born on the coupon at the right.

January .....Garnet	July .....Ruby
February ..Amethyst	August .....Peridot
March ..Aquamarine	September..Sapphire
April.....White Sapphire	October ....Rozicron
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June ....Alexandrite	December ....Zircon

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Dept. 1303, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

Please rush to me at once the set of single-strand pearls with genuine matching Sterling Silver clasp. Include one simulated Birthstone Ring absolutely free. I will pay the postman the amount indicated, plus postage, on arrival with the absolute understanding that I can return them to you in ten days and you will cheerfully refund my money in full.

☐ Send pearls and free Birthstone Ring c.o.d. for only $2.98, plus 10% Federal excise tax and postage.

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ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

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for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex* Tissues better than any other brand.
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I'm no fisherman!

Why fish for tissues so hard to get out of ordinary boxes? With **KLEENEX*** it's pull a tissue and up pops another, ready for use!

(from a letter by **M. T. T., Long Island, N. Y.)**

WHAT! NO KLEENEX?

IF YOUR DEALER IS OUT OF *KLEENEX*, PLEASE BE PATIENT—HE'LL HAVE SOME SHORTLY. QUANTITY IS SOMEWHAT CURTAILED, BUT WE ARE DETERMINED, REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO, TO MAINTAIN *KLEENEX QUALITY* IN EVERY PARTICULAR!

VITTLES FOR VICTORY

No more stained dish towels at canning time since I wipe the top of each filled jar with clean, absorbent **KLEENEX!**

(from a letter by **C. F. C., Prineville, Ore.)**

Continued from page 64

"I was," he said slowly. "I can't tell you how glad. In fact, though the days usually haven't enough hours for what we have to do, the last month has gone by in slow motion. But—" He stopped and stood there in the road, his hand rumpling his light hair in the old familiar gesture.

"But what?" I asked, unable to keep from asking. "But what, Laurence? When I saw you first today, you looked so glad to see me. I thought—"

I couldn't go on. I had to hold on to some of my pride.

He said, "I don't know what you thought, Frances. But I know what I thought, and I guess we were both wrong."

"Laurence!" My voice was like a wail. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I don't feel as if you were the Franny Lane who went away."

"But of course I'm not!" I cried out. "I've changed, I've grown up, *I've succeeded!* You just don't know me."

"You're right." He shook his head. "And I'm afraid I don't want to. I'd rather keep the Frances Lane I remember."

Oh, that was what I had come back to! The first night in Stillmeadow I was doing as I had done so many other nights there. I crept to bed to hide my wounds from the world. Of course I hid them better. I finished my walk with dignity, I excused myself with the explanation that I must rest my voice for tomorrow. For of course I would sing, would finish my schedule as planned. My career was all I had—my career and Barney! I might as well take the logical step and marry him.

IT was the hardest thing I ever did, to enter that hospital again, to see Laurence standing at the back of the ward when I went to the microphone.

But then I looked into the children's faces, and I picked out a tiny girl with a pointed white small face and I looked into her big eyes circled with blue shadows and sang to her. Oh, I would make these children forget their troubles even if I could not forget my own. And even when I saw Laurence disappear through the door in the middle of my story of the Big Brown Bear, my voice did not waver. I watched the little girl's eyes light up with joy as I gave my last big satisfying "Woof!"

The children screamed and laughed and beat their feet and hands on floor and bedsteads, and the old familiar tightness clutched my throat.

A nurse came up and whispered that I was wanted in another ward. I followed her, still dazed with the new knowledge that had come to me, that had eased the self-pitying misery in my heart. She led me along a row of beds empty except for one in which a tiny figure lay hunched and still, his eyes turned to the wall.

"He wouldn't let us take him to the concert," she told me. "We thought maybe you could do something for him. He was in an accident that killed his mother, but his injuries are practically healed. It just looks as though he couldn't take the loss of his mother so soon after his father went down on the Lexington."

I gazed in horror at the child, as unchildlike as a stone statue. "Is he always like this?" I whispered.

She nodded. "He hasn't even cried once. It would be better if he did."

Then suddenly my horror left me. For I knew what I must do. Without even thinking what to sing, I started singing to that boy. Very softly, I began the sweetest lullaby I knew.

As I sang, the unbearable sadness and sweetness of life brought my own tears to my eyes and they flowed down my cheeks. I remembered the beginning of my own singing when I was only a child myself and sang to comfort my little brother in his long hopeless hours. All the tenderness I had felt for him I put into the song I sang to this child.

Then suddenly I saw his face turn from the wall. He was looking at me with great gray, black-lashed eyes. His thin tight mouth was moving a little, tightening convulsively, his lips stiffened and quivered, and then suddenly he was crying—desperately, stormily, his arms held out to me. And I had taken his thin little figure in my arms and held it close against my breast, feeling his tears hot on my neck, murmuring senseless and incoherent words that were only sounds meant to comfort a child.

After long minutes of slowly ebbing sobs, the little body relaxed and I laid him against the pillow, deeply asleep. I stood up, cramped and weary in all my muscles, and sighed. My feet were heavy as I turned to leave.

But I stopped, with a little gasp. Laurence was in the door, watching, his eyes grave on me—and sweet. In them was the look I had longed to see. His smile yesterday when I arrived had been but a dim foretaste of the radiance in his blue eyes now. His arms came out to me, and I went into them. He whispered against my hair, after a long moment, "You are the same. You have come home, after all."

I whispered, "I have come home."

Say Hello To—

NADINE CONNOR, lyric soprano star of the Metropolitan Opera, and featured soloist with Raymond Paige's 40-piece Young Americans orchestra on Salute to Youth, heard over NBC Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M., EWT. Born in Los Angeles, Nadine still regards that city as her home town, though she lives in New York during the musical season. Since her graduation from high school in Compton, Calif., she has studied voice and consistently won every singing contest in sight. A series of Hollywood Bowl appearances led to her radio debut when a network manager promptly signed her for a commercial show. Before long she was guesting on the Bing Crosby, Nelson Eddy and other air shows. An audition for Bruno Walter brought her an invitation to make her Metropolitan debut in "The Magic Flute." In private life, she's known as Mrs. Lawrence Heacock, wife of a noted West Coast physician.

Toward Victory

Continued from page 38

baby, to care for the sick and wounded.

Then I turned to my farm with a vengeance, realizing the feeding of these people in sudden emergency must also rest with me. I bought pigs and more pigs, cows and chickens. I planted truck gardens and learned not only how to milk cows but to churn butter.

Of course, I realize all women can't be farmers or defense workers, but think of those wonderful organizations that are crying out not only for young women but women in their middle years, the Red Cross, the Nurse's Aid, the Canteens and the U.S.O. rooms. The woman with time and leisure, who goes on with her bridge playing and parties salving her conscience with gifts of money, is the real slacker in this war. "Put me to work," should be her motto, sincerely meant and put into immediate action.

THAT such organizations as the WAACS, the SPARS, the WAVES are open to young women of America should inspire a prayer of thanks. For years women have struggled to attain a place, not just of equality with man's place, but of equal usefulness in good citizenship. With humbleness and gratitude we should now accept our Government's offer. In fact, it's as much the duty of a woman, who is free, as a man, to enlist in one of these branches of the service. To take a man's place, one who is so badly needed in combat action is an honor, a privilege and a duty. I, who have no son to give, feel just as proud of my daughter's contribution to the war effort as mothers of sons must feel, for through her efforts, boys are freed for important duties elsewhere.

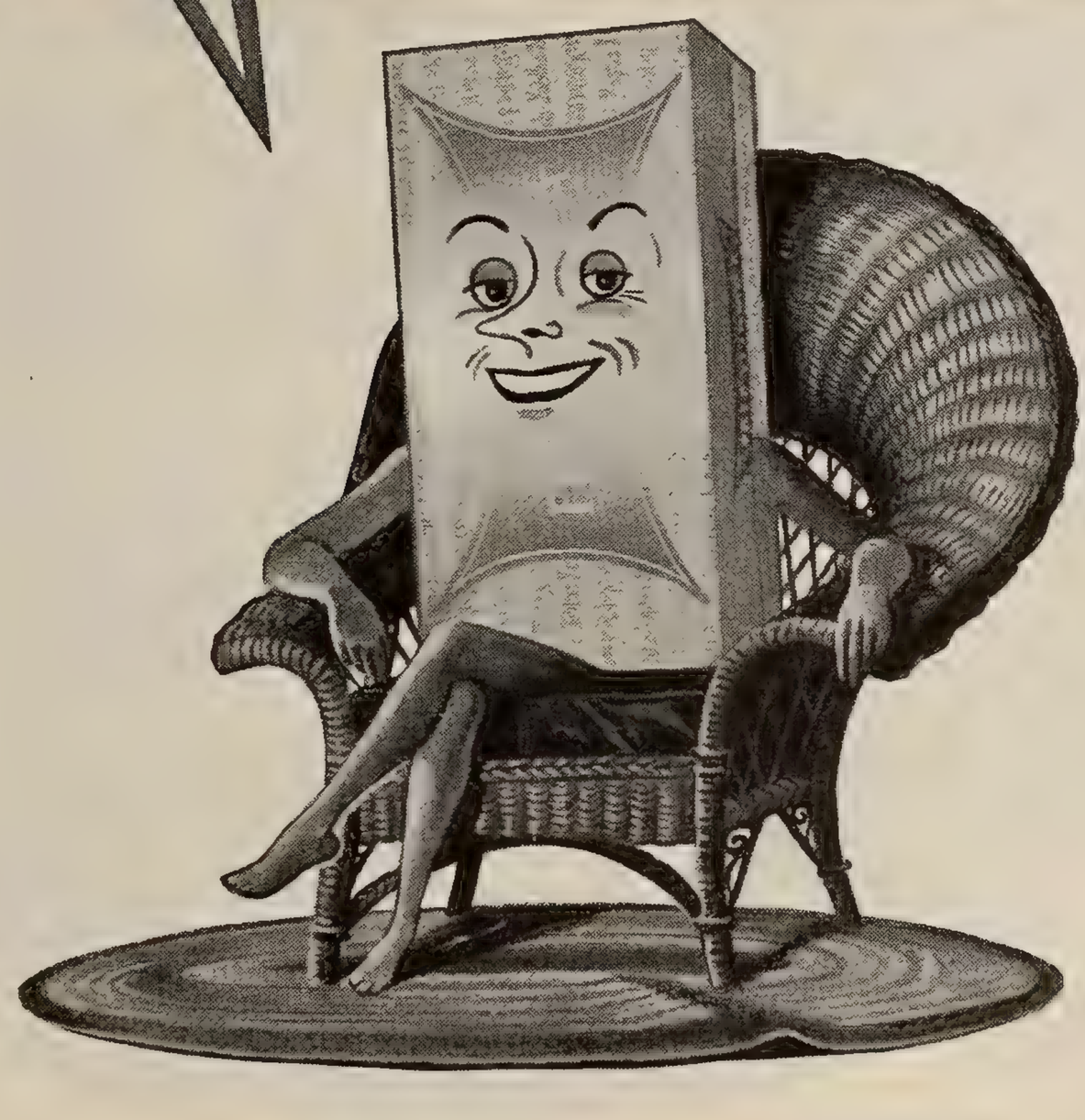
There should be no question of sacrifice. At the time Frances closed her Santa Barbara studio to enter a defense plant, she was obtaining prominent recognition in her work as a sculptor after years of work and study here and abroad. Her monument, the memorial to the Army and Navy Nurses in the Arlington National Cemetery at Washington, D. C., was outstanding among successful sculptors. Other young women I know have made equal and even greater adjustments in their lives and not one of them deem it a sacrifice to serve their country in these branches of service.

I consider my work on the radio important as a morale builder. Since the war began I have never gone on the air without first offering this silent prayer—"Dear God, please let what we're going to do take someone's mind off troubles and heartaches. Let them be released through our efforts."

Sometimes my mind goes back to the days when Will Rogers and I were making pictures together and I often wonder what Will's reactions would have been to this awful struggle. I think I know, in part, what Will would have done. I really believe had he been spared he certainly would have helped to lighten the grim side of war; surely he would have done more than just his bit. At any rate, I know how proud he would have been of women in America today.

We have, each one, found our place, we are seeing our duty and we are performing it. American womanhood has finally come into its own through this adversity and sorrow. I, for one, am proud to be a part of it.

Now...let's talk about you

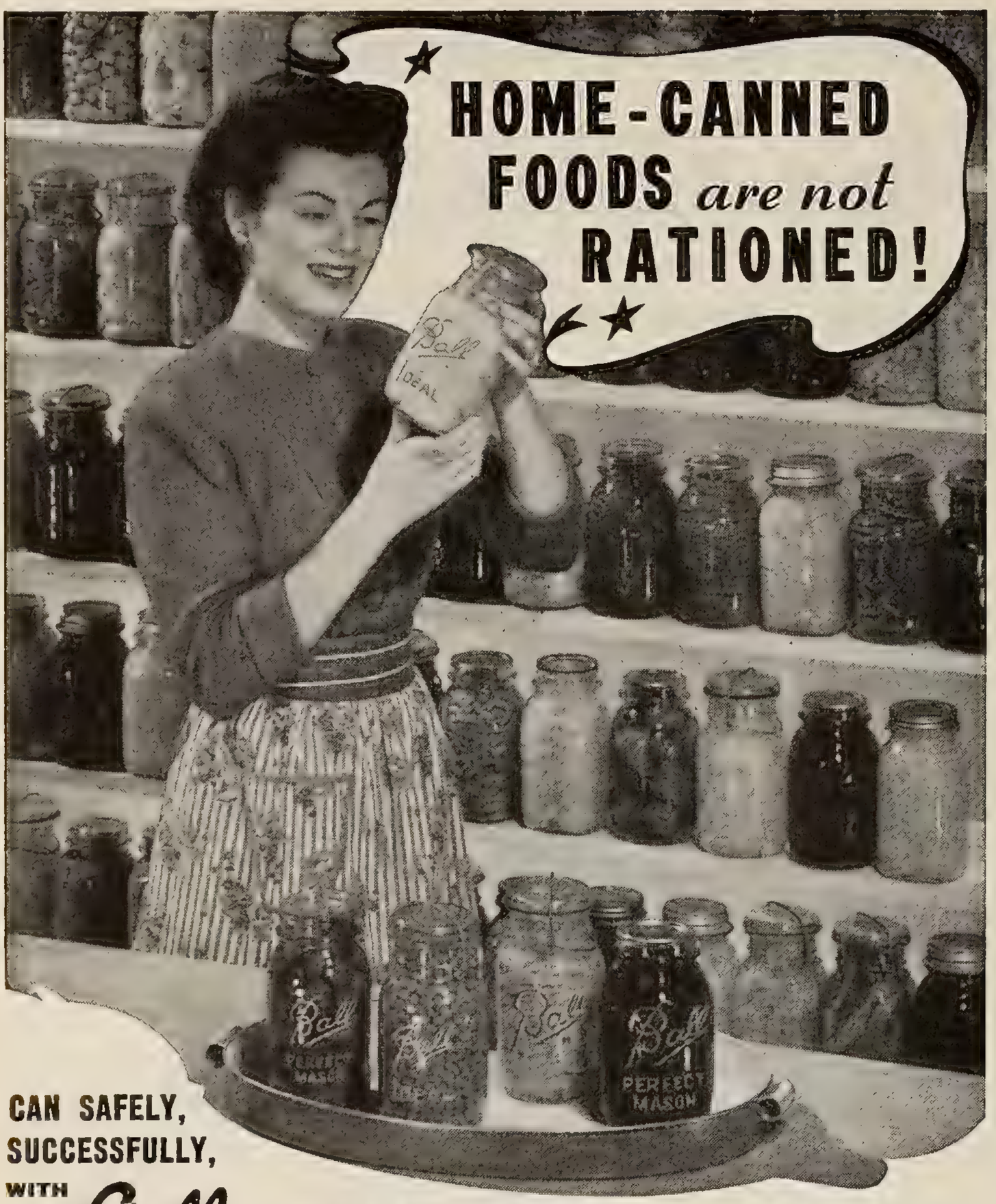


You've had your share of worries lately . . . what with shortages and soaring prices, saving 'points' and stretching pennies . . . it's a full-time job just to keep your family clothed and fed.

Then there's the weekly wash. More than likely you're doing it yourself. And now—the last straw—you can't always get your favorite laundry soap!

It's hard to be patient about these things. But—please believe that the makers of Fels-Naptha are doing everything they can to keep you supplied. Working day and night at it. If your grocer doesn't have Fels-Naptha Soap in stock today—he *will* have it soon. *So please keep on asking.*

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



CAN SAFELY, SUCCESSFULLY, WITH Ball ... JARS, CAPS and RUBBERS!

Save ration points for foods you *cannot* can at home. Meet this emergency by canning fruits and vegetables from Victory Gardens. It's easy to do! Just follow instructions and use BALL jars, caps and rubbers. If your dealer hasn't the type of BALL jars and caps you prefer, buy with confidence any style bearing the name BALL . . . BALL IDEAL or BALL Mason jars with VACU-SEAL or GLASS TOP SEAL closures. When you taste the delicious, home-cooked flavor of home-canned foods, you'll resolve to can *every* year.

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Send 10c for BALL BLUE BOOK of canning and preserving recipes. Includes instructions for canning vegetables and fruits in hot water bath and pressure cooker.

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Just to get acquainted we will make a beautiful 5x7 enlargement of any picture or negative. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing and get our bargain offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil and mounted in your choice of handsome frames. Please enclose 10c and your original picture or negative will be returned with the free 5 x 7 enlargement postpaid. Act now! Offer limited to U. S.

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Money Back If FRECKLES Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores or send 50c, plus 5c Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock Co. Inc., Dept. MW, Paris, Tenn., for regular 50c jar, postpaid.

Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME
25 Million Jars Already Used

She Loved Him Enough—

Continued from page 37

day he took her to a dance at one of the hotels. She never had gone out alone with a boy before. She wasn't quite at home in her first evening dress. Frank's tuxedo awed her somewhat. She didn't have a chance with all the girls who swarmed around Frank and turned arrogant young backs upon her. And Frank, caught up in the gay current these girls created, soon forgot her for long stretches of time. During one of these stretches she went home.

When Julie, who also was there, told Frank Nancy had gone he was furious. "She's a pain!" he protested. He danced faster. He laughed louder.

Before Frank fell asleep that night he planned the challenging, annihilating things with which he would answer Nancy's criticism. However, when he faced her soft eyes the next day his memory did a back flip. Not that it mattered, for he was given no reason to defend himself. Not by word or look did she refer to the previous evening. But he couldn't get her to say she would come to the beach later on and he couldn't beguile her into inviting him up on the porch to sit down.

THE next day, however, he walked a mile down the beach and found Nancy. There he sat beside her, possessive and triumphant.

Nancy knew what she wanted. And even that first summer, when she was only sixteen, she knew, unconsciously perhaps, that it was Frank Sinatra she wanted. She knew this just as surely as Frank, also unconsciously, knew it was her he wanted, always, above all.

At the summer's end they returned to towns several miles apart. Actually, then they saw very little of each other. There were weeks when they didn't even talk on the telephone. They were occupied with their respective high schools. For Nancy there was also extra study and housework. For Frank there was also his broken-down jalopy and the parties at which he and his uke were the younger set's piece de resistance.

At intervals Frank got tired of all this. It was then he called Nancy. She never seemed surprised to hear his voice, even that time he hadn't called for three months. It was as if she always knew he would call again eventually.

Night school, following graduation from high-school, threw them together once more. There was only one night school in their part of New Jersey. "I have a chance to write sports for my paper," Frank explained, driving Nancy home.

No explanation as to why Nancy was going to night school was needed. She was studying shorthand and typing, English and composition. It was, all of it, completely in pattern with her deep, driving wish for more knowledge and her deep driving urge to be the kind of person she would like to be.

One Sunday afternoon Frank and Nancy went to a movie. Bing Crosby —in person—was the star attraction. The Crosby nonchalance and the easy warmth with which Bing sang hypnotized Frank. He left the theater like a man in a dream.

Nancy nudged him. "Is anything wrong?" she asked.

"I've just found out what I'm going to be," he answered, still dazed, "I'm going to be a singer like Crosby!"

She didn't tell him he was mad. She just said, "If that's what you want to be that's what you should be, of course . . ."

He began by singing with a small local band. He figured this was the best way to get experience behind him. Then he sang "Night and Day" on the air on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. And because of the way he sang it to Nancy, who was listening, he was chosen to go on tour with the Bowes troupe.

Before going away with the troupe Frank held Nancy against his heart. "You're going to have so much money one day you won't know what to do with it," he promised. "Just wait!"

They stood then staring at each other, seeing nothing beyond each other's eyes.

"Wait for me, Nancy," he implored her. "No matter how far I go or how long I'm away I'll come back . . ."

"I know," she said.

Every day he wrote to her. All the emotion and energy and drive he previously had spent being wild and having fun now was directed towards her. One day, when he had been away almost a year, he was so utterly homesick for her that he quit the troupe.

In the railroad station the sight of a telephone booth reminded him of what he, incredibly enough, hadn't realized before—that he could call Nancy, hear her voice . . . He only hoped he would be able to hear her, over the pounding of his heart . . .

"Nancy," he called into the 'phone, "I'm so lonely for you . . ."

Her voice came a quiet caress. "Keep your chin up and you'll be home, before you realize it . . ."

"Before *you* realize it, you mean," he shouted. "I'm on my way!"

She started to cry. She knew at last how completely he loved her.

IN 1937 things were black. Frank haunted CBS and NBC. "But you've got to hear me sing," he told a casting director. Eager to be rid of the boy whose persistence had made his life miserable for weeks the director said, "I've warned you—many times—to stay out of here. The next time you barge in unannounced I'll have you put out!"

Frank laughed in his face. "I'll tell you something . . ." he said. "Before you know it you'll be out of here and I'll be in . . ."

There were occasional dates to sing with small bands and clubs. But often it was Nancy, who had a good steady job, who kept Frank in pocket money.

Frank wrote the small radio stations offering to sing on their sustaining programs free. In this way he hoped to make an impression. In this way the public would hear his voice and his name over and over. Soon enough so many stations wanted him that he had difficulty getting from one program to another.

Nancy was pleased. "Don't worry about the money," she said, "That will come, in time. We're young. We can afford to wait."

Frank's eyes adored her. "I have a hunch I'll be landing a job soon. Then we can be married," he said. "It will be so wonderful, Nancy, never to have to tell you goodnight and leave you . . . never to be lonely the way I am unless you're around . . ."

That same month the Rustic Cabin, a local night club, engaged Frank to sing at twenty-five dollars a week . . .

Italians love a fete. Immediately Frank and Nancy set their wedding date, and the families on Nancy's block began preparing for the celebration. The men made wine. The women baked cakes. The children cut streamers and flower decorations. For several years now the neighbors had watched Nancy and Frank walk by holding hands, to remember days past when they had walked with love too.

The first months Nancy and Frank were married they saw very little of each other. He worked most of the night and she worked most of the day. But the few hours they had together were sweet . . .

"Good luck," the sentimentalists say, "comes with a new baby . . ."

Harry James, hearing Frank sing, offered him the soloist spot with his band. Nancy gave up her job to go on the road with him. This was the beginning of the good fortune that crowded the next three years. Before that year was out Nancy Sandra was born, dark and lovely . . . Frank was signed by Tommy Dorsey . . . He sang at the big Paramount Theater in New York for a young fortune and broke records . . . On the air he was starred on the Hit Parade . . . He was booked at the swanky Riobamba . . . Now Frank sings on the Saturday Night Hit Parade at 9:00 P.M., EWT, over CBS, and he also has his own program on Friday nights at 11:15 over CBS. And he's in pictures, too.

Maybe Frank is right— Maybe miraculous good fortune is only what should be expected . . . especially when, like Frank, you meet and marry a girl who loves you enough.

"THE BEST TUNE AT THIRST TIME"

Johnny presents GINNY SIMMS and EDGAR FAIRCHILD over NBC, Tuesdays.

Two of radio's top tunesmiths tune in on America's top drink—Pepsi-Cola. It's the big drink with the better flavor . . . once you taste it you'll sing out, "*Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot*".

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Tayton's Techna-Tint Cake Make-up is made with a special non-drying base. Easy to apply in a new way that prevents any harsh or streaked effect. With tiny blemishes concealed your complexion looks flower-fresh and smooth for hours without retouching. Six truly flattering shades. Choose yours today.

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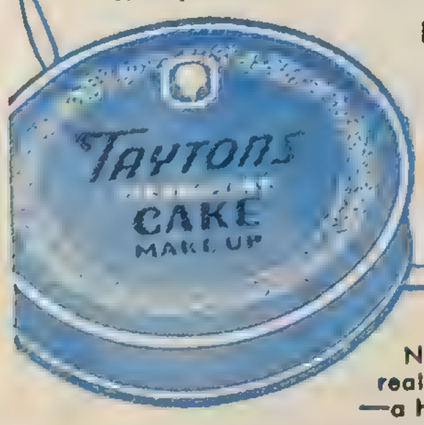


Guest Sizes 25c and 10c at your 10c counter.

NOTE: For lipstick that really stays on, get Tayton's —a Hollywood favorite.

TAYTON
HOLLYWOOD • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Shy Girl

Continued from page 25

was on my leave of absence. I was good at excuses, but my excuses had always before been designed to keep me from seeing people, not to help me meet them.

The next day was hot and humid, with a threat of rain. I set out an hour earlier than I'd intended, as if—illogically—by getting to the park before it rained, I could keep the rain away. There was no familiar figure in khaki in sight, and I sat down on a bench—the one on which he'd sat feeding the squirrels—to wait. The sun grew hotter; what little breeze there was died completely, and I began to wonder if the soldier had been kept away by the thought of rain. It was getting late, and I realized that the man I waited for wouldn't come.

I KNEW that I ought to go back to my aunt's, that there was no reason for my staying in the park, but I didn't have energy enough to leave. The blue-eyed soldier had put more interest than I knew into the past two days, and when there was no longer any use in thinking of him, I had no great interest in anything. I turned sideways on the bench, crooked my arm over the back of it, rested my chin on my arm, and stared blankly at a line of trees.

So sitting, I heard footsteps on the walk. I paid no attention until a voice said hesitantly, "You oughtn't be sitting in the direct sun."

It was a voice I'd heard before, the voice I'd awaited, and yet I felt trapped. After a second I turned and, slowly, looked up at him. There were fine beads of perspiration on his forehead, and his shirt clung damply to his chest. He looked as if he'd been running or walking very fast. My imagination said that he'd been hurrying to meet me. I said, "I don't mind it." And then, "You look warm."

"I am." He took out a handkerchief, wiped his face, and sat down gingerly.

There was a thick silence while I, mortified and desperate, struggled to find something to say.

A maternal voice called, "Maryeeee—" and the little girl in the yellow dress flashed past us.

"I see the children have been at it again," the soldier said.

"Yes." I waited for his grin, the engaging smile, at the memory of the other day. But he stared straight ahead, and there was another dreadful silence.

I shifted, and he said suddenly, "My name is Jeff Kendall."

"I'm Jane Matthews."

"Do you live around here?"

"I'm visiting my cousin. My home is in Wilmont." I searched helplessly for all of the friendly, and fascinating, things I'd planned to say to him. We were saved by a familar sound, the jingle of an ice cream vendor's bell.

"Would you like some ice cream?"

"I'd love it." I'd have said I'd love a white elephant, had he offered it to me.

I rose, and together we approached the vendor. He beamed at us. "Ice cream cones, sandwiches, Jolly Pops . . . Jolly Pop, lady?"

"A Jolly Pop," I assented weakly, and regretted it a moment later. Jolly Pops, thin bars of ice cream coated with waxy chocolate, weren't designed to last outside a refrigerator. A trickle of melted cream ran down my chin, and while I tried to catch it with my free hand, another overflowed the paper and traced a ziz-zag course to my elbow.

Jeff flushed and dabbed with his handkerchief. "Darned stuff doesn't last long in this heat," he apologized.

There are limits to one's self-importance. I, who had been too self-conscious to dance with as good a partner as Bob Travis, was suddenly able to laugh at the picture I made running small rivers of ice cream. "It's the sun," I laughed. "It's as hot as Texas."

"Texas! What do you know about Texas?"

"I lived there for a year, in San Antonio."

"San Antonio—that's my home town!"

AND then I saw his smile, the grin that made his eyes into half-moons and changed him from an awkward and uncomfortable-looking boy into a young man thoroughly delighted with life and—at least at the moment—with me.

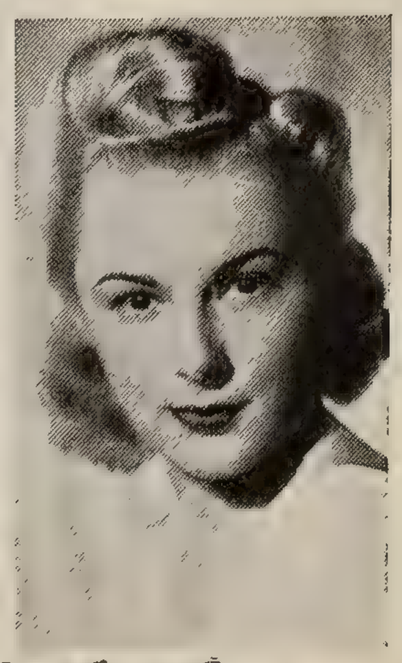
I was late getting back to the house that afternoon. Aunt Ethel looked up from the dinner table, her anxiety fading as she saw me. "Janie! What on earth—"

"I met a man from Texas," I explained. "From San Antonio, where we used to live—"

My aunt and my cousin exchanged glances which said, "Well! Janie finally found a man she could talk to!"

I didn't care. I was too happy. I had found more than a man to talk to; I had found the one person in all the world who was like me. We had not talked long about San Antonio that afternoon. We had talked about ourselves, trying to cover my nineteen years and Jeff's twenty-four in an afternoon.

Say Hello To—



ELAINE VITO, 18-year-old harpist with Raymond Paige's Young Americans' Orchestra on the program known as Salute to Youth, heard over NBC Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M., EWT. Elaine is the daughter of Edward Vito, harpist with the NBC Symphony. She was taught by her father and also studied under Tibor Serly. Elaine is occasionally loaned out by Paige to the NBC Symphony Orchestra. It was on such an occasion that Toscanini pinched her cheek and affectionately called her "my little jewel." Actually Elaine has two careers, although music is her first love. She is a face and figure model for Walter Thornton in between professional music activities. She hopes to get married by the time she is twenty-one. At the age of 14, she was chosen by Walter Damrosch as soloist with his symphony orchestra.

I had been right about him—he had been lonely, not only because he was a stranger in a strange city, but with the terrible loneliness that I knew, the self-imposed loneliness which shuts you away from the people you see every day, from your family, from those who would be your friends. His father had died when Jeff was small, and Jeff had worked most of his life to support himself and his mother, and later when his mother died he put himself through engineering school. He'd had no time for play, no time to learn the little amenities which make a man feel at ease with women and with other men.

I had found a place in the world, finally. I meant something to someone. To Jeff I was everything I'd never been before—I was attractive; I was the girl he looked forward to seeing; I was someone to dream about as I dreamed about him.

His eyes gave him away, and the little half-restrained movements he'd made toward me—the way he'd taken my arm to link it in his and then had let go, quickly, self-consciously, as if he'd just remembered we'd just met.

His eagerness gave him away—the way his words tumbled over each other in his haste to tell me all about himself, and to make plans for seeing me again. "Janie, look—we're not busy at camp right now. Most of us are here awaiting orders. I've nearly every other afternoon and every other evening free, and it doesn't take twenty minutes to get into Hampton from camp. Do you think you can stand seeing me that often? I'd like to take you to a show tomorrow night—"

HE called for me at the house the next evening, and I saw the approval in Aunt Ethel's eyes, the approval in Rosalie's, as I introduced him to them. "Rosalie liked you," I told him as we left the house. "She'll be asking us out with her friends. Her crowd has a lot of fun—"

As I spoke, I realized that it would be fun—the picnics, the swimming parties, the dances Rosalie was forever arranging—with Jeff. With Jeff along, I'd have a place in the group; I wouldn't be the odd girl, the wallflower everyone had to exert himself to be nice to.

Jeff caught my hand, tucked it firmly in the crook of his arm. "I'm happy to be alone with you, Janie."

We walked in happiness that summer evening, along the quiet neighborhood streets, down toward the town. When we reached the loop, the lights were garishly bright; the crowds outside the theaters jostled noisily against us. We decided against a movie and stopped instead at a small cafe where, except for a yawning waiter, we were alone. We ordered food and forgot to eat it. We talked interminably. And we sat silent, our hands touching across the table.

And there was no need for words later when Jeff brought me home, when we stood for a long moment at the gate, looking at each other and beyond to all of the things life had come to mean.

"Janie—" Our lips met in a kiss that was more than a kiss, that was a pledge of the deep bond between us, an affirmation of our love. "Janie," he whispered as he released me, "is it too soon? Should I have waited, and sent you candy and flowers? Should I have gone through all of the motions people make before they admit what's happened to them? You know that I love you, Janie."

They were the words every woman waits for, the words that are her birth-

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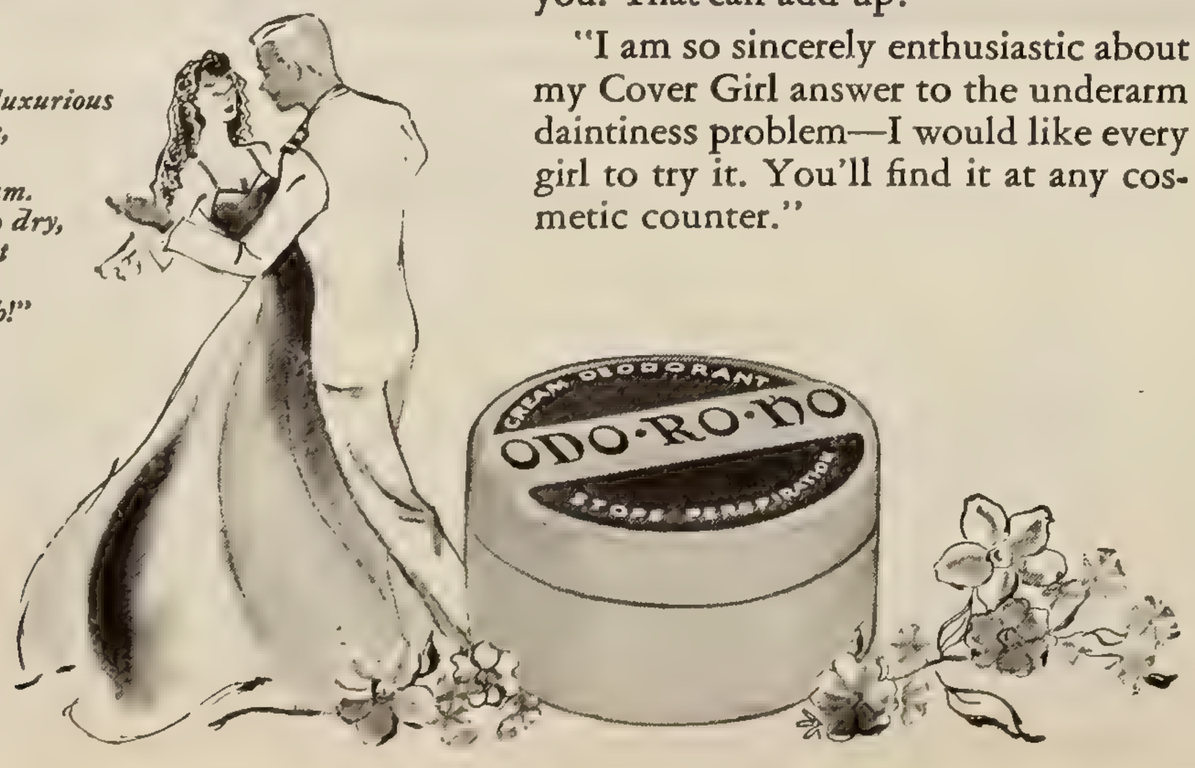

Continued from page 72

would be because he didn't want to, because he cared so little about me that he could stand me up, that he could break his word to me.

"Why worry about this Jeff?" urged Bob Travis, "Let's dance."

"It's *my* dance," interrupted Roy Price, coming up and taking my other arm. "Janie, you know you promised—"

"There he is now," said Rosalie suddenly, and I looked away from Roy to see Jeff standing at the other end of the porch near the steps.

He gave me a long, curious look, a look that took in Bob and Roy, then he nodded stiffly, and went on into the house. I broke away from the boys and hurried after him. He wasn't in the living room, nor—one panicky glance told me—in the dining room. But one of the French windows in the dining room was open. Following my instinct, I stepped through.

Jeff was standing in the shadows of the side yard, leaning against a tree, lighting a cigarette. The face he turned to me was strained and distant. "Poor little Janie," he said, "who'd be all alone in a crowd if I weren't around!"

I felt my own face whiten at his tone. "Jeff, what do you mean? And you were late—"

"I'll say I was! I shouldn't have come at all. I've never felt like such a fool in all my life!"

"Jeff, what's the matter? What have I done?"

HE swung around, his eyes blazing. "Done! You've made a fool out of me for the past two weeks, that's all! I was silly enough to believe everything you told me. You were shy. You were lonely. You couldn't get along with people. Until I showed up, you'd never found anyone in the whole world to talk to!"

"Listen to me, Jeff—" My fingers dug into his arm, and my voice, to keep from shaking, was a flat monotone. "I haven't lied to you, not about myself, nor anything. You're upset because you walked into a lot of strangers and found no one to greet you—"

He interrupted furiously, "Don't try to tell me about myself—"

"I *will* tell you about yourself, because I *am* enough like you to know. I should have watched for you tonight, but I was busy. I'm sorry—"

He threw away his cigarette. "That isn't the point. It's your being different—"

"Maybe I am different. I hope I am." I caught the flash of surprise in his eyes, and I knew that he wouldn't break away, that he'd hear me through. "I *was* having a good time tonight, Jeff—a good time in a crowd for the first time in my whole life. And I've been having a a good time ever since I met you—because I've had someone besides myself to think about. I was sure you'd come tonight, sure you'd enjoy yourself after you got here, so I was relaxed; I didn't get all tied up in knots worrying that I might do or say the wrong thing. I found that the people were gay and interesting, and interested in us—in you and me. And if you'd stopped to meet them, if you'd been thinking less of yourself you'd have found out the same thing."

"Janie, what's the use in talking about it—"

But his objection was weak, and I hurried to keep my advantage. My thoughts unfolded as I spoke, and phrases I'd heard often before became truths as I uttered them. "That's all

there is to getting along with people, Jeff—forgetting yourself, being natural, assuming that what you have to say is just as important as what anyone else can say. We have to live with people, always, and when we keep silent, and shut them away from us, and leave them to guess what we mean and what will please us, we ask too much of them. It's childish of us. It was childish of you to walk out tonight, and selfish. You knew how much I wanted you here—"

I talked fast, fluently. I knew the words by heart. I'd heard them all of my life, from my mother.

He was silent after I'd finished. "I'm sorry, honey," he said finally. "Maybe you're right. I'll have to think it over. Anyway, I'm sorry I made things uncomfortable for you. What can I do to make up for it?"

"Come back to the party."

"If it will please you."

"Believe what I say."

He gave me an odd glance. "No one believes by being told to believe. Everyone has to find out for himself."

HE was right, of course. I'd had to find out for myself. "There's another thing, Jeff—" I was afraid of what I was going to say, and yet I had to say it.

"That bond between us, Jeff—I I thought it was partly the things we've enjoyed together, everything we've planned and mean to do. If it means only that we're going to cling to each other because we're afraid of everyone else, then it's just admitting a weakness. If that's all it is, I don't want it."

His voice was strange. "Janie, do you know what you're saying?"

"Yes, I do. And I mean it."

His face was unreadable. I waited, hearing the music and the sounds of dancing grown suddenly loud, emphasizing our own silence. I waited until I could stand it no longer, and then I turned and walked away, already regretting my words, afraid I had lost.

I loved Jeff, and I wanted him, even if being with him meant that we could never see anyone else. And yet I wanted him the right way, too, wanted to be able to live with him as other people lived.

I heard his footsteps behind me on the grass. He caught up with me, took my arm, and I looked up to see his old smile.

"It's a big order, Janie. I'll try to change. If I begin right now, will you trust me to do it my own way?"

I nodded mutely, shaken with relief, but a little apprehensive. He led me across the lawn, up on the porch, over to the musicans. He tapped the violinist on the shoulder. "I'm sorry to interrupt you, mister—"

The music and the dancers stopped abruptly, and Jeff took advantage of the surprised silence. "Mrs. Webb—Rosalie—everybody— I'd like to tell you all something you might want to hear." His arm was around me, holding me close against him, so close that I could hear the rapid beat of his heart. But his voice was steady. "This looks like a good party, like a celebration. I'd like you all to know that I'm one person who has a real reason for celebrating. Janie and I are going to be married before the month is out."

In the midst of all the rest—the congratulations and the good wishes and an inspired fanfare from the orchestra —I held tightly to Jeff's hand, although I didn't need the reassurance of his touch. We had found ourselves, and each other.

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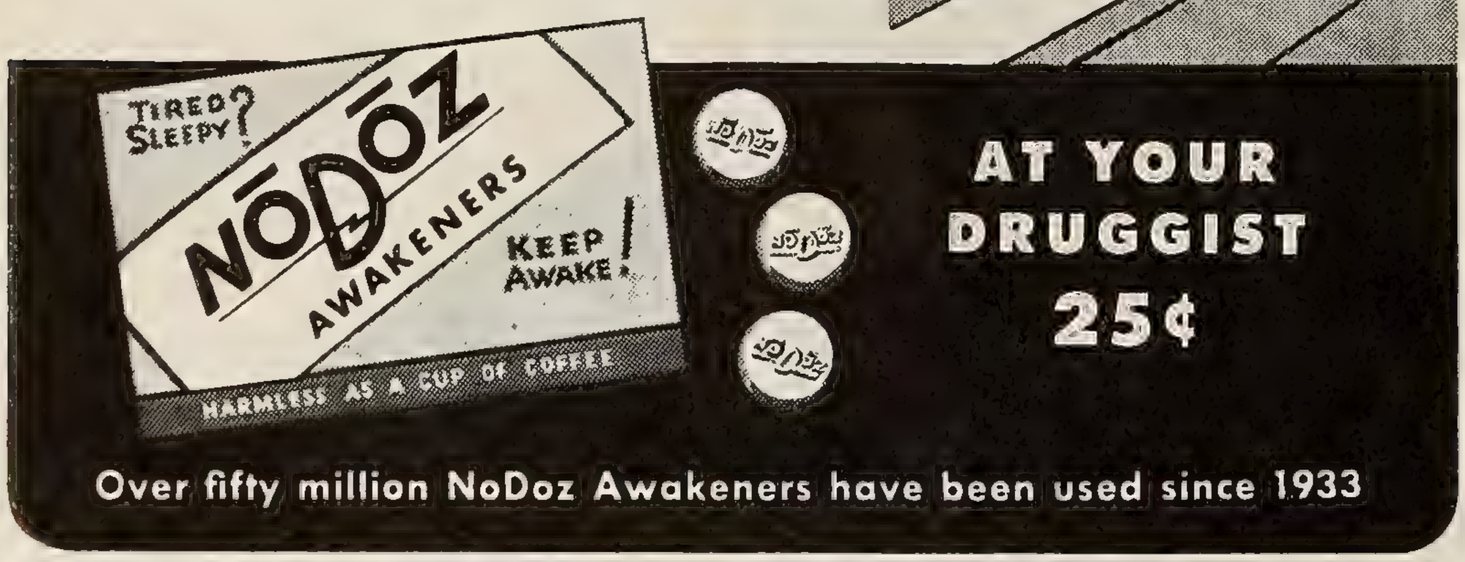

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I Belong to You

Continued from page 29

coming, will it?" he asked anxiously, and there was such disappointment in his face that I couldn't say anything but:

"No—I don't see why it should. You said there was a cabin where I could live?"

"Yes ma'am—across the ravine from my place. It's real nice, up there in the mountains," he said with a kind of pathetic eagerness. "Clean and quiet, and lots of fresh air and—" He stopped, and for a minute we looked at each other in silence. Then—"My name's Jud Williams," he said.

"Mine's Florence Rollburn." Quickly, I said, "When would you want me to start?"

"We could go today," he said eagerly. "Start right after noon and we'd be there by supper-time—that is, if you don't mind such short notice."

"I don't mind," I said. "I'll be ready to leave as soon as I've packed a few things."

"That's swell! This is sure my lucky day, Miss Rollburn."

"And mine too," I said—and was surprised to realize that I meant it.

WE went out of the office together, leaving the woman staring after us, and parted on the sidewalk. He wanted me to tell him where I lived, so he could pick me up there in his car, but I said I'd meet him downtown. I didn't want him to see, and wonder at, that huge place on Sacramento Street.

On the way home I reflected that if, as I'd said the night before, I didn't really know what kind of a person I was, I was learning fast. An impulsive person, for one thing. But I was glad I asked him for the job. He was the only bit of friendliness I had seen all morning, and he was, really, as lost in this world of cement and steel and noise as I was myself. I had talked to him only a few minutes, but I understood him.

It didn't seem at all strange to me, somehow, that I should be willing to go with him to a lonely mine in preference to facing another employment agency woman.

I telephoned Mr. Elverson to tell him I'd found a job that would take me out of town, and to ask him if he would take care of everything connected with clearing up Mother's debts. "I'll write to you," I promised, "and give you my address so if there are any papers to sign you can send them."

I didn't call Chad. I didn't dare, because I knew he'd tell me I was mad to take a job with a man I'd never seen before. I wrote, instead:

"Dear Chad—I have a job. I'm leaving town this afternoon to begin it. I know you won't approve, but please try to understand. If I am ever going to grow up, I must do things like finding jobs and working at them entirely on my own. I don't know how it will work out—I'll write you when I do. Meanwhile, thank you for everything."

I hesitated before sealing it into the envelope. Sending it was like putting aside my last hope of retreat. Quickly I sealed the envelope, filled two suitcases with clothes and toilet articles—and Mother's picture—and called a taxi to take me to the downtown corner where I had promised to meet Jud Williams.

He was there, waiting anxiously, and didn't even try to hide his relief

when he saw me. His car, old and caked with dust, was parked on a side-street, and soon we were driving up Market Street, up the Twin Peaks road and south along the coast. We didn't talk much—the noise of the motor would have made talking difficult anyway—but he did tell me that Petey was seven years old and that the little boy's mother had died when he was born; that he'd had the mine for three years and it was just beginning to pay now.

It was late afternoon when we got to the mine. It didn't seem possible that only ninety miles from San Francisco there could be a place so lonely.

We'd turned off into a narrow road, washed out in spots to the bare rocks, twisting its way around and up the mountain, past chapparral and manzanita. Suddenly it turned sharply and dipped into a cleft where water gurgled and trees grew. For a while it followed the line of the cleft, climbing all the way, and then, rounding another curve, it came to an end in a little clearing perched midway up the flank of the miniature canyon.

"This is it," Jud said with bashful pride. "This is the mine."

AT first I saw nothing but trees and low-growing scrub, and a swaying suspension bridge across the narrow canyon. The plank cabin at the far end of the clearing was so much a part of the scene, so natural there, that I discovered it, finally, with a feeling of surprise.

"The diggings're in back of the shack," Jud explained. "And your house is over there—" he pointed—"across the bridge."

I took a deep breath of the cool, scented air, filling my lungs with it as my ears were filled with the soft whispering of the pines and the distant chatter of the water at the bottom of the ravine. "It's lovely," I said.

"It's not so very fancy," Jud said, getting out of the car. "But I like it." Shyly he added, "And I hope you will."

"I will—I know I will."

"Guess you'd like to see your own house," he said, picking up my suitcases. "Come on across the bridge and I'll show you."

He went ahead of me, stepping lightly and surely. But just as I put my foot on the weathered boards a gust of wind came down the ravine, setting the flimsy affair of thin steel cable and creaking wood to rocking. I had a glimpse of water foaming white over rocks below, and I drew back.

"Scared?" Jud said with a chuckle. "Don't worry. Old bridge looks as if any minute it might blow away, but it's safe as a church." He put down one of the suitcases and gave me his hand, and we went across. It was like walking on air.

Jud went back for the other suitcase, and then led the way a few dozen steps farther to my new home. It was a cabin—one room, its walls lined with tar-paper and a few pictures cut from newspapers; an iron stove and a few shelves; a table and two straight-backed chairs; a low cot. That was all.

Jud set my bags down on the rough flooring and straightened up. "Got to run down to Farr's now," he said, "to pick up Petey. I'll buy somethin' to eat, too, and be back in half, three-quarters of an hour. You won't mind bein' left alone?"

"Oh, no," I said. "I'll unpack and—if you've got some spare bedding . . .?"

"Gee, sure," he agreed. "There's plenty up at my place." About to

I want to Join the W-I-V-E-S

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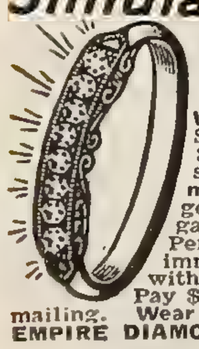

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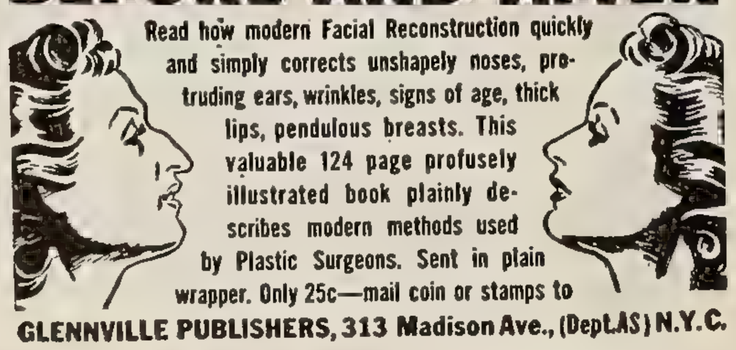

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leave, he cast a troubled look about him. "I didn't know this shack was so—well, so measly-lookin'. Always looked all right when Old Mike was in it, but seems like havin' a woman inside it shows up all its bad points."

I laughed. "In a day or so I'll get some curtains and maybe a new chair and a spread for the bed. It'll look different then."

"Ought to have wall-paper or somethin'," he worried.

"Later, maybe," I said. "If I'm successful at my job. Now go on and get Petey, and when you come back I'll cook supper for us all."

He left, and for a while I was busy hanging up my clothes on some nails I found driven into the studding of the wall. But that didn't take long, and I decided to go over and inspect Jud's cabin and the mine. Once outside the door, I stopped, suddenly remembering the bridge, afraid.

It was so fragile and unsteady. If I became giddy I could easily lose my balance and fall onto those wicked-looking rocks. Or one of the cables might snap . . .

I wanted to wait until Jud returned. But I set my teeth and lifted my chin. I couldn't call him every time I wanted to cross this bridge! And if I was going to stop being afraid, there couldn't be a better time than now.

I didn't look down as I went across, and I kept both hands on the low guard rails—but I went across.

BY the time Jud was back with Petey, I had a fire going in the stove and a light in the kerosene lamp—the latter at the cost of a handful of matches and a badly smoked chimney.

Petey was a thin, bright-eyed little boy, with curiosity and mischief written all over him. I felt strange and ill-at-ease with him at first, because he was actually the first child I'd talked to since I was very little older than Petey himself, but he was so frankly delighted at my presence that soon we were great friends.

He created one moment of embarrassment, though. Halfway through supper he stopped eating, fixed me with a hard look, and demanded:

"Are you Pop's wife?"

I saw Jud color, and felt myself doing the same. Jud said sharply, "Of course not, Petey! I told you her name was Miss Rollburn."

Petey said, remembering, "Oh, yeah, that's right. And besides, you're goin' to live over at Old Mike's, aren't you? If you were Pop's wife I guess you'd live here, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Petey, I guess I would," I said faintly.

We ate in silence until Petey suddenly remarked, with the air of one who is having the last word:

"Well, I wish you was. Pop's wife, I mean."

"Eat your supper," his father said sternly.

Jud's cabin was very much like mine, except that it was a little larger, equipped with a leanto for storage space, and had two cots in it instead of one. It was, I had noticed at once, scrupulously clean and tidy although, manlike, he had made only a few bungling efforts to make it attractive too. But in the mellow glow of the lamp, and with the wood in the stove chirping companionably, it seemed very cozy. We sat for perhaps an hour at the table, Jud telling me how mercury was mined, and then did the dishes together in water that had been carried up from the creek in a bucket

and heated on the stove. Petey, insisting that he wasn't tired, promptly went to sleep at the table.

When everything had been washed and put away, Jud tucked a load of blankets under his arm and produced a flashlight. "I'll go across with you," he offered.

I protested, but not very strongly, that it wasn't necessary—and when we opened the door and stepped outside I was more glad of his company than I wanted to let him know. For at night you saw just how lonely this little pocket in the hills really was. It was pitch black.

The thought crossed my mind, "I could scream at the top of my lungs—and there would be no one to hear."

It was an unhealthy thought, and a foolish one. I put it aside. Following the little bobbing guide of his flashlight, I went down the trail, across the bridge—here, at least, the darkness was a help—and along the farther trail to my cabin. Jud went in with me and lit the lamp. "Now, when you want to put it out, just turn it down as low as you can and blow down the chimney," he instructed me.

He stopped at the door, looking worried. "Sure you'll be all right—not scared or anything?"

"Quite sure, Jud."

"Because I could send Petey over. He could sleep on the floor."

"No, thanks," I said. "I'll be all right—really."

"Well— Good night."

"Good night, Jud," I said.

Then he had closed the door and was gone, and I heard the lonely sound of his retreating footsteps.

Yet the strange thing was that I really didn't feel afraid. I undressed and made my bed and got into it—first extinguishing the lamp according to Jud's instructions—and almost before I had time to think of the crowded day, I was asleep.

THE days at the mine fell into a pattern—a bright-colored pattern of sunlight and shade. Up at six—breakfast with Jud in his cabin—then to work at the mine-head, with intervals around mid-morning to prepare lunch—back to work from one until six, again taking time off to fix dinner—bed at nine or soon after.

Each day, you see, was like the one before or the one after, except on week-ends, when we drove to Pacific Ridge to get Petey and do the week's shopping. All the days were alike, but all were different, too. There was the day the red squirrel took a peanut from my hand . . . and the day Jud filled the flask of mercury since my arrival . . . and the day it rained . . . and the day it was so unusually hot.

One week—two—three. There were four flasks of mercury now, twice as many, Jud said, as he'd ever got out in the same space of time before. One more, and he'd have a shipment. He wanted to take them to San Francisco himself, instead of sending them by express, and he urged me to go along.

"We'll have plenty of money," he said, "and we can really have ourselves a time. We'll eat dinner in a swell place, and take in some shows, and buy some clothes, and— You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

His gray eyes had been shining, but now doubt clouded them. I said, "Yes, but I don't think you ought to spend all that money. You've got to save, you know, for Petey when he gets old enough to go to college." The truth, which I didn't want to tell him, was

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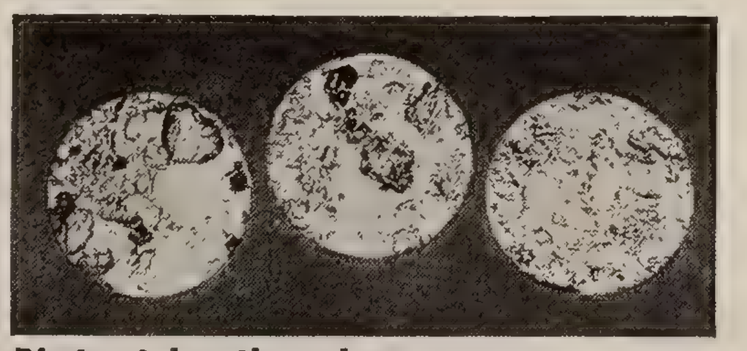
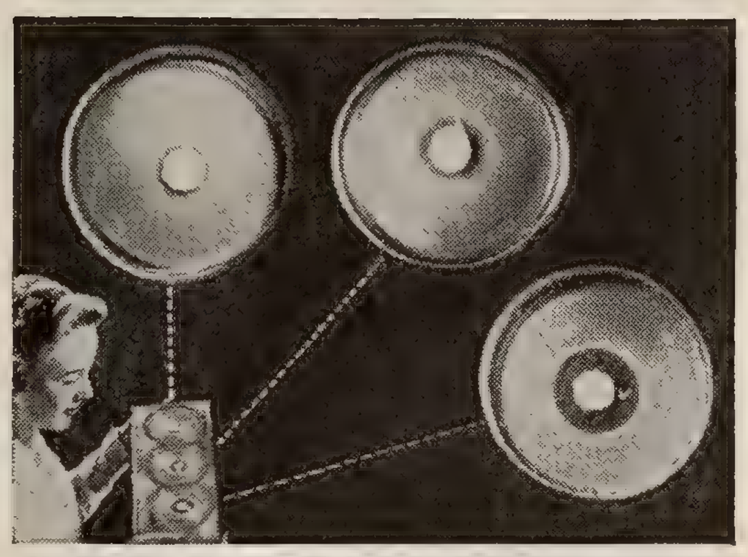


Photos taken thru microscope (above), compare 3 leading baby powders. The one at extreme right is smoother, finer, more uniform in texture. It is Mennen baby powder, now made in "hammerizing" machines in which millions of hammer blows pound powder to amazing fineness never possible before. Result: skin is protected better against chafing.



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that I never wanted to see the city again. At the mention of it, the old fear returned in all its full, stifling force. It had even been difficult—although I had finally done it—to write Mr. Elverson and tell him where I was.

"You don't like the city much, do you?" Jud asked keenly.

"Not—so very much."

"You like it here?"

I raised my head. It was dusk, and we were sitting together on the stoop of Jud's cabin. The ravine was filled with a soft, violet haze, the sky above it a flawless V of pure washed gold. There seemed to be no wind, but the tops of the pines moved gently and there was a light, cool breath on my cheek. The bridge was like a double strand of black silk thread flung across the creek.

"I love it, Jud," I said simply.

"It's done you good, too," he said with satisfaction. "When you come you was pretty peaked, but now you're brown and happy-lookin'." He glanced up at me from where he lay sprawled on one elbow, his long legs stretched out to the dust and pine needles of the path. Only for a second, and then he looked away again.

"I was thinkin'—" he said, "there's one other thing I'd sort of like to buy for you in the city. I didn't mention it before—and maybe I oughtn't to mention it now. But—well—don't you think we could find some kind o' use for a weddin' license?"

I didn't answer right away. His words seemed to flow through me, into my mind, my heart, my flesh. And with them they brought a sense of deep, sweet peace. I bent down to his questioning lips.

"Yes, Jud," I said. "I think probably we could."

For a second he didn't seem to understand or believe. Then he yelped in pure relief. "Gosh! I was scared to ask you—I figured you'd just laugh at me, or get mad and walk out and I'd never see you again. But I couldn't keep it bottled up inside me any longer or I'd bust . . ."

I said, laughing, "Aren't you going to kiss me, Jud?"

"Well—gee—"

IT was the first kiss of my life, and perhaps it was awkward and fumbling. But it could not have been sweeter to me.

Later, Jud said, "Now you'll sure come to town with me, won't you?"

"Of course." Because with Jud at my side I would find nothing there to fear—not even the time I must spend with Chad. Chad . . . it was strange to think of him again. Ever since I left San Francisco, he had been only a shadow in the back of my thoughts, like someone I'd known in another existence.

He would be hurt, I knew—probably was hurt already by my abrupt departure and long failure to write him. But I could not feel ashamed. There had been nothing to write him, nothing he could understand. How could I have made him see, in a letter, the deep satisfaction I had found here, working with my hands, helping Jud?

We planned on driving to San Francisco the next Wednesday. We would get married on Saturday morning and spend the week-end in the city, returning to the mine on Monday. Jud was full of plans for adding another room to the cabin, buying new furniture, new dishes, a radio . . .

"But the money!" I protested. "We can't afford all that, Jud!"

"Sure we can! We can afford anything." He laughed like a boy. "When you see how hard I'm going to work!"

THEN, late on Tuesday afternoon, we heard the growl of a high-powered car coming up the road toward the mine.

Its ill-tempered sound came ahead of it, and we were both at the door of the cabin when it swung around the bend and into the clearing. As it stopped the apprehension I had felt as soon as I heard it hardened into certainty. Here and now—not tomorrow or next day, not in the privacy of Chad's office—was the moment I must put my new-found courage to the test.

"What the—" Jud muttered as Chad got out of the car and came toward us, frowning.

"I know him, Jud—he's a friend of mine." And I stepped through the doorway. "Hello, Chad," I said.

He stopped, looking from me to Jud in angry incredulity. When he spoke his voice was curt, in spite of his efforts to keep it under control.

"Florence, what insanity is this?"

"It's not insanity, Chad," I told him. "I wrote you I had a job. I've been working here for Mr. Williams, helping him with his mine." I half-turned, indicating Jud, but Chad gave him only a glance.

"I've been trying to find you for three weeks," he said petulantly. "Elverson didn't know where you were either, until a few days ago. I managed to get away for a day, to come up here—and now I find you like—like this!" His eyes took in the primitive cabin, Jud standing beside me in his stained work clothes, my own checked shirt and dark breeches.

"Maybe it isn't very grand, Chad," I said, "but I've been happier here than I've ever been before."

"No doubt!"

I didn't understand at first. Then shame came burning into my cheeks.

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Jud stepped forward.

"Just what d'you mean by that?" he asked dangerously.

Chad ignored him. "I'm sorry, Florence. I shouldn't have said that."

"Darn right you shouldn't," Jud growled. "Florence, who is this man?"

Their voices, with fury held just in check, seemed to be battering me from both sides. I had to stop them, make everything clear.

"You shouldn't have come up, Chad," I said. "I was going to see you in the city tomorrow—to tell you I'm going to marry Jud."

Chad looked utterly amazed. "Marry him! Have you gone crazy?"

I PUT both hands behind me, flat against the wood of the cabin, as if by doing so I could keep a firmer grip upon reality. "Is—is it so crazy," I asked faintly, "to marry the man you love?"

"Love!" Chad said scornfully. "You told me yourself, only three weeks ago, you didn't know what love was. Do you think you've learned so fast?"

"Yes—I've learned a great deal in three weeks."

Chad stepped closer to where Jud and I stood together as if united against him. "But Florence, think!" he said in a different tone, almost pleadingly. "Don't let yourself be carried away by this—this infatuation! How can you be happy up here in the wilderness—never seeing anyone, working, slaving? You needn't hide your hands—I saw how rough they are."

I snatched them out from behind me. "I didn't mean to hide them," I said. "I'm proud that they're rough."

"Yes, perhaps you are—now! But don't you see how impossible it is for you to think of staying here? You gave up your life to your mother while she was alive, and now you want to give it up again! Well, I won't let you."

Jud said, "I don't just see how you're goin' to stop her, mister."

"By saying again what I said once before," Chad told him evenly. "I asked you to marry me, Florence. I'm asking you again, right now. I can give you a home, a real life. What can *he* give you—except work and a hovel to live in?"

"They're all I want, Chad."

"You don't know what you're saying, Florence," he insisted. "Every woman wants more from life than this—this poverty. By marrying this man you'd simply be turning yourself into a slave. Don't do it! Come back with me—let me take care of you!"

I saw Jud's hands clench—and slowly relax. And in his eyes there was defeat, the utter defeat of a proud man.

He smiled wearily—a crooked, sad little smile that lifted one corner of his mouth for an instant and then was gone. "I could've answered just about any other argument, I guess," he said, "but not this one. It's true I can't give you much of anything—no fancy house, nothin' but a chance to do a lot of work. I—I can't make up your mind for you, Florence. If you say you don't want to marry me, I'll understand, I guess."

I didn't speak, just then. I looked out, past Chad, to the narrow little ravine that had bounded my world for three weeks. And this time I saw it stripped of all its romance. It was only a place now, a tiny part of the world. I'd been wrong in thinking that in it I was escaping. Chad had shown me that there could be struggle here, too. Mercury was valuable now, because of the war, but what of afterward, when there might be no such ready market? Then Jud and I would toil from morning until night, and have little to show for our labors except weariness and discouragement.

All that could happen, so easily. And yet—

It didn't matter at all.

"Chad," I said, "you want to take care of me. You've said that so often. I think that with you, love is wanting to protect the person you love. And that's important, but it isn't everything . . . For eleven years I took care of Mother because I loved her—but I wasn't living. Now you want to take care of me—and that wouldn't be living, either, not for me and not for you. There has to be a little of both, in any real love; some giving and some taking. That's why I'm going to marry Jud."

THERE was a long silence. Then Chad took a deep breath. "All right, Florence," he said, and for the first time I heard humility in his voice. "I hope you'll be very happy. I rather think you will."

Without another word he went to his car and drove away. We listened until the sound of its motor dwindled away into silence. Quietly, Jud took me into his arms.

The night breeze swept down the ravine, setting the pines to nodding and the old bridge to creaking. It was so frail-seeming, that bridge—like the bond between the hearts of two people in love. And yet it endured. It endured.

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Come Back, Beloved!

Continued from page 42

wrong. You see, I'd had plenty of time to think it over. Julie would have been furious with him I knew. But Julie had failed with Michael. If her way had been wrong, then perhaps the opposite way would win him in the end.

So I didn't ask where he had been. I only said, quietly, "Michael, what are you going to do now?"

"About what?" he asked.

"About . . . what happened at the plant," I answered.

He looked steadily at me, and then dropped his eyes. "There's nothing to be done. I gave Bogart what he asked for. He's had it coming to him for a long time." His voice was low, sullen, like the voice of a little boy who knows he's done something wrong but won't admit it, even to himself.

"Michael," I said, "isn't it time you started to face things? You can't go through life getting into trouble and then just . . . walking out."

He shook his head, and looked down at the floor. "It's the way I am," he said. "It's the way it'll have to be. When I get excited I act. If it turns out to be something foolish . . ." He looked up. "What's one more foolish thing in my life?"

Doubt went through me like a sharp pain. Afraid of the hurt that might lie in his answer, I still had to ask.

I REPEATED, "One more . . . foolish thing? Do you mean, Michael, that getting married to me was . . . foolish?"

He didn't answer. I waited with my heart thumping. When I couldn't stay still any longer, I got up and walked to the window, to hide my eyes, and the pain in them from him.

"I won't stand in your way," I said. "You can get a divorce, if you're still that much in love with Julie."

There was a second's silence, and then he got swiftly to his feet. He strode across the room to me and took hold of my shoulders. "Ann honey," he said, "I didn't mean it. Don't ever leave me. I need you. Some day I'll get over this . . . this feeling I have, and I'll be a good husband to you then."

He swung me around, pulled me back across the room to the couch, and flung himself down beside me. We were quiet for a long time then, each of us busy with our own deep thoughts. But at last he began to talk—talk about his life with Julie, and I felt, now, that I could listen.

I began to see what life had been like for them. Julie, with her cultured background, and her circle of "arty" friends, had tried to "raise him to her level." And Michael, who had run away from home and school to become a printer's apprentice . . . well, he wanted to be Michael.

Julie had kept her job at first. Michael hadn't liked it, but he couldn't ask her to give it up, for he knew what it meant to her. And for a while, when she had tried to make him a part of her family and circle of friends, there had been embarrassment and heartaches. For Michael was a printer, and proud of it, and he couldn't have changed his language and his manners if he'd tried.

And there had been jealousy, too, because Julie had lots of friends, young women who thought it was smart to flirt, even with another woman's husband—and Michael's looks and charm were a combination hard to resist.

As an advertising girl, Julie had

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known of Michael's skill as a printer. And one day, unknown to Michael, she had talked to her parents about getting the money to set Michael up in business for himself. Their first bitter quarrel had come when Michael had flatly refused the offer.

They had quarreled almost constantly after that. But when they weren't quarreling, they were passionately making love. There was no doubt about the physical attraction. They would have been a perfect couple, if there hadn't been the complications of money and ambition and social background.

Finally he had walked out of their smart, expensive apartment, and taken a little place of his own. Julie had stayed away for three whole days. Then she had given up her job and come to live with him.

But with Julie, it was only a temporary compromise. She hadn't given up her ambitions. And they hadn't stopped quarreling. Twice, Michael had simply walked out on his job, as I had just seen him do, and the second time they had begun to feel the pinch of poverty.

So it was Julie who had walked out on him then, and Julie hadn't come back.

I SAT beside him on the couch, letting him talk. This was what he had needed, I thought, some one to talk to about Julie. And although his words hurt, I felt somehow that things were going to be better, now that the bitterness was coming out.

How could I say anything more to him then about going back to the plant? Why, I didn't even think it was necessary. He needed sleep, he needed to get a bit farther away from that quarrel of last night with the bosses' son. He'd be reasonable—I was sure of that.

I lay back on the pillows, settling him more comfortably in my arms, resting his head against my breast. "My darling," I said, softly.

And that was the way we fell asleep.

It was very sweet, sleeping there, cradling Michael in my arms, and very sweet to awaken like that. Nice, too, to remember, when I awakened, my last thoughts before going to sleep . . . Michael would be reasonable. Everything would be all right.

But everything wasn't—everything was just as wrong as before. I didn't say anything about the plant until it was nearly time for Michael to leave for work, and then I tried the subject as tactfully as I could.

"Darling," I said, "it will seem strange, not going to work with you."

He looked at me, and he looked at the clock. I didn't say anything, but I held my breath, waiting. Finally he got up and put on his hat and went to the door. He yanked it open and went out without another word. I watched him go to the hall stairs and then I ran to the bannister.

"Phone me and let me know how things are," I called after him.

He didn't answer. I thought he didn't trust himself to speak, that what he intended to do took all the struggle he could manage.

It was an hour or two later that the telephone rang. But it wasn't Michael. It was one of the pressmen at the plant. They had a big color job to do and without Michael it couldn't get started. Obviously they hadn't gotten a new foreman, yet, and just as obviously, Michael wasn't going to show up.

I was wide awake when I heard his

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key in the lock, but I pretended to be asleep. He got undressed and came to bed and I knew he had been drinking. He fell asleep in a moment and because he was beside me at last, I slept, too.

The days passed drearily. Michael wasn't going back to the plant and he wasn't looking for another job. And our money was going fast. Michael had never been the saving kind.

I knew it would do no good to argue with him. Something would have to happen soon. So I just watched him and waited. I seemed to fall into the same kind of stupor Michael was in; it was as though neither of us cared what happened.

Then one morning I came to with a start. The landlord had just been in to see me about the unpaid rent, and when I went around to the grocer, he wouldn't give us any more credit.

I came back to the apartment and opened the door. And for a moment a wave of dizziness came over me, and I thought I was going to faint. I went unsteadily to the kitchen and got a glass of water. Well, I had to face it now. I knew what it was. I had suspected it for several days, though I'd said nothing to Michael. Now I was sure I was going to have a baby.

I pulled myself together. There was something I'd been planning to do, and now I was going to do it. I put on my best dress and fixed my hair. For once I was glad Michael wasn't there. I didn't want to tell him I was going over to the Interstate Press to have a talk with the president, old Mr. Bogart.

Mr. Bogart seemed glad to see me, when I walked into his office.

"I was expecting you," he said. "You, or Michael. I hoped it would be Michael."

I DIDN'T have the courage or strength to lead tactfully up to the subject. I just plunged in.

"Oh, Mr. Bogart," I said, "I know Michael is impulsive. But if you'll only. . . ."

He stopped me. "Don't apologize for your husband. I want him to apologize for himself."

He swung around in his swivel chair and looked at me steadily. "I'm holding Michael's job open for just one reason, young lady. It is because I'm a business man and I know Michael is the best printing foreman in the state."

Then his stern face relaxed. "I can't help liking that Irishman of yours," he said. "And from what I've been able to learn, my son had it coming to him."

I started to thank him gratefully, but he stopped me, holding up his hand. "That doesn't excuse Michael. Not for a minute. It's time he learned better sense. He'll have to come back and apologize, if he wants his job."

When I got back to the apartment, I looked in the kitchen to see what I could find for dinner. There was a can of spaghetti and some stale bread and jam. That was about all.

In silence—the dull silence of indifference—we sat down at the table. Michael looked at the spaghetti. He touched the stale bread.

"The grocer wouldn't give us any more credit," I said.

He started to eat the spaghetti, but it seemed as though he couldn't swallow it. Suddenly he pushed back his chair and got up.

"It isn't much of a meal for a big healthy man," I said, "but it's all we have." He could feel the light cruelty in my voice, I knew.

He came back and sat down quietly.

"Ann," he said. "why don't you get

mad at me? Why don't you yell and call me names? Why do you just sit—?"

"Because I don't happen to be Julie."

I saw him wince, and I didn't even care.

He started again to eat the spaghetti. I could see how hungry he was. After a while he stopped and looked at me. There was an apology in his eyes.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I'll look for another job."

"Another job?" I said. "How many foreman's jobs are there?"

"Ann," he said, "I know there's nothing I can say that will make you respect me."

"Yes there is, Michael," I told him. "You can tell me you're going to go back and apologize to Mr. Bogart. You can tell me you're going to try to get your old job back."

There was a long silence. I could see how he was struggling with himself.

"Will that win back your respect?" he asked, finally, in that funny, questioning, little-boy way of his. And then, of course, I couldn't be cold to him any longer. I reached across the table and took his hand.

"Oh, Michael," I said, "it will. It will!"

He got up and came around to me, and once more I was in his arms, where I had so wanted to be, trying to keep back my tears.

When I told him what I had done, about the talk with Mr. Bogart, and what he had said, Michael seemed terribly grateful. For the first time in much too long I felt the warm, sweet relationship between us coming to life once more.

HE reached out a big hand and ruffled my hair, and his voice was gruff the way it always was when he tried to thank you for anything.

"I don't know what I ever did to deserve such a wife," he said.

And so I was happy again. It takes so little to make a woman happy when she's in love—a word, a gesture will do it. And at once I was bursting with my news. I'd meant to keep it for a while, but now I couldn't hold back any longer. I'd wanted to wait until Michael got his job back, until he was on his feet again for his own sake, and not just because he was driven to it by the burden of responsibilities—not just because I was going to have a baby.

I put out my hand to him. "Michael," I began, "there's something I've been waiting to tell—"

And then the doorbell rang.

I glanced down at our meager dinner, and Michael's eyes followed mine. I knew that he was thinking the same thing I was thinking—that we were both ashamed to let anyone see that dinner table and what was on it. Michael stood hesitating, reluctant.

"I'll go," I said.

I went to the door and opened it. And when I saw that beautiful woman with the proudly tilted chin, saw the way she was dressed, so sleek and smart in the perfect suit, the perfect hat, I didn't have to be told who it was. I knew I was looking at Julie.

Just as Ann has managed to begin the salvaging of her happiness, Julie has returned to snatch it from her once more. The memory of Julie, like a shadow over their marriage, has been bad enough—but what can happen to Ann and to Michael now that Julie herself is back again? Don't miss the exciting instalment of "Come Back, Beloved!" in September RADIO MIRROR.

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You Held Me Close

Continued from page 36

of the brief case where he held it.

"What happened?" I asked as soon as the door had closed behind him.

"Nothing." He stopped beside my desk. Although he was looking at me I had the feeling that he didn't see me at all. "Nothing, except that he wouldn't even listen. I tried to tell him I didn't want him to lend me any of the bank's money, but he just passed over that as if I hadn't said it. Kept talking about his responsibilities to the stockholders—Lord! I hope he chokes on his money!"

"Mark—I'm so sorry!"

His eyes came back to me, from a tremendous distance, but there was still a tight, aching look around his jaw. "Sorry—" he repeated. "Yeah. Well, I shouldn't have hoped for anything, I guess . . . I'll call you tonight."

With a lunge, he turned on his heel and went out the little gate in the railing that separated my office from the rest of the bank floor.

HE didn't call me that night. Not that night, nor the next.

No one knew that I was listening for the telephone with not only my ears —with my skin, my muscles, my whole being. I would not let my family know I cared. I would hardly let myself know. I thought, what else could I have expected? In spite of anything he had said, there was only one thing he cared about—his invention, and getting money to finance its development. I tried to build the walls around my heart again, but the materials weren't there any longer. Indifference and distrust and cynicism were gone. There was nothing left but grief and humiliation and a crushed unhappiness.

I knew the telephone number of the rooming house where he lived, but I would not call it.

Then, on Thursday morning the thing happened that was so devastating, so dreadful, it drove even thought of Mark from my mind.

There is usually one time of day when business drops off at the bank—from a little after eleven until shortly before twelve. The morning rush has ended and the noon one hasn't begun. It was in this slack period that it happened.

The bank has two entrances—the main one, from the street, and a side door that opens into the lobby of the office building of which the bank takes up the ground floor. My desk was quite near this second entrance, between it and the street door, and I'd got used to having people walk back and forth, past me, to use it. That's why the first intimation I had that anything was wrong was the sudden hush that fell over the big room.

I looked up—to see a man standing outside my railing, and two other men farther down the room, by the tellers' cages. All three wore masks and all three carried revolvers.

For a paralyzed eternity I stared at the man near me. I wasn't frightened, but I was so shocked I couldn't move. His gruff warning to sit still and behave myself wasn't needed, really.

Then, in a rush, my senses returned to me. This man, I saw, was watching both me and the entrances. He was in the angle where my railing met the street wall, where he couldn't be seen by anyone entering the bank until too late for them to retreat and give an alarm. One of the other men had made the tellers leave their cages and was herding them into a group with the few customers present. The remaining man had entered one of the cages and was systematically putting money into a leather satchel.

Instinct told me that the one guarding me was nervous. It wasn't that his hand, holding the gun, trembled—it was just the tenseness of his attitude, the forward thrust of his head.

Without realizing that I did so, I moved my hand slightly, and he started and growled in an abnormally deep voice, "I told you to sit still, sister, and you wouldn't get hurt."

The man with the satchel was coming swiftly toward us now, and the other one was backing warily away from the group of people. The one near me shifted a step—

The door to Mr. Harrington's office clicked.

The man near me whirled to face this new threat to his safety, and as he did so I heard a soft sound, sharp and yet muffled, like the breaking of a tightly stretched string. The other two broke into a run. I turned and saw Mr. Harrington standing in the doorway of his office, a surprised look on his face and one hand pressed to his chest. While I watched, he fell slowly to the floor.

I remember nothing very clearly about the rest of that day. I knew the men had escaped; they'd had a car with another man in it, waiting outside the bank. And I knew Mr. Harrington was dead. Beyond that, everything was a jumble. I hadn't been frightened at the time, and now I was paying for it. The reaction set in, and I couldn't stop trembling, couldn't think clearly. The police asked me questions, but I had a hard time answering them, I was crying so hard.

"But you saw the man who did the shooting—can't you describe him?"

"Why, he—he was just a man with his face covered. He was—I think he was tall."

"Six feet?"

I—ABOUT that. Maybe not quite. I don't really remember."

"What was he wearing?"

"Just an ordinary suit—dark brown, I think it was."

"Hm," the policeman grunted, and made a note. "He spoke to you, you said."

"Yes." I pounced upon this one detail that I remembered. "He had a very deep voice. It sounded," I realized suddenly, "disguised."

"Why should he disguise it?" the policeman demanded. "Could he have been someone you know?"

"Oh, I don't think so—at least, I can't believe—"

"And that's all you remember? Nothing else, even a little thing?"

"No," I said, and he let me go.

But there *was* something else—in a way, that is. Buried far back in my mind, I had a feeling there was something else I'd noticed about the man, something that might be important. Whatever it was, it had been an impression so fleeting that now it was gone. If I could only put my finger on it!

When I went home I was very nearly in a state of collapse. My mother and father and brother knew about the

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robbery and murder, of course, and wanted to talk about it, but I couldn't bear to answer their questions. I ran to my room and locked myself in.

Sitting on the edge of my bed, my hands clenched until the nails scarred my palms, I knew there was one person I wanted to see—must see. Mark. I needed him. I flung open my door and ran to the telephone.

A few minutes later I hung up, slowly. I hadn't talked to Mark. I'd talked to his landlady, who said that he'd left town two days before, without telling her when he'd be back.

Suddenly, my home and all my accustomed surroundings were intolerable. I wanted to get away, to somewhere entirely new. Not for a long time; a few days would be enough. There was a little inn where the Prentices had gone for their vacation, up in the mountains. The vacation season was over now, and not many people would be there. It would be quiet, peaceful . . .

Hastily, I telephoned Mr. Richards, the cashier of the bank. He must have guessed from my voice how desperately near to breaking I was, because he immediately gave me permission to take a few days off.

Before I went to bed that night I packed a suitcase, telephoned the inn to make sure it was open, bathed—did everything, in fact, to postpone the moment when I must try to sleep.

AT last I took a sedative and lay down, and after a while I dozed. But I woke with a scream on my lips. It seemed to me that I was facing Mr. Harrington's murderer again, and that this time there was blood on his hands. "Who are you?" I cried. And he answered, lifting his hand to remove his mask, "Don't you know?" I knew I must not see the face under the mask, and that was when I screamed.

After that I didn't sleep any more.

Weariness and shock were like an anesthetic, the next day, drugging my mind so that I could dress and catch the train, sit in it with a magazine on my lap, get off at the right station and take a bus to the inn—all without thinking too much. The inn was beautiful—a white frame house nestled among autumn-blazing hills—and I said to myself that being here would do me good.

It was after dinner that I walked into the main hall and saw Mark standing there, smiling at me.

I couldn't believe it was he. This was an illusion, part of the unreality that had been wrapped around me like a smothering cloak. Then he took a step toward me, and an electric shock of joy ran through my veins. In an instant, the world came real again.

"Mark!" I said. "I—I called you, and the woman there said you'd left town—she didn't know when you'd be back."

"I know," he said, contritely, holding both my hands. "I deserve to be kicked for not calling you. But when I came home from the bank I found a message that—well, everything else just went out of my head. I've got some swell news, Elinor. I just got back to town this afternoon, and when I called your house and your mother told me where you were—well, I just had to get up here as fast as I could to share it with you."

He couldn't even wait to tell me until we'd sat down in one of the deep sofas near the fireplace, but blurted it out on the way. "I've got the money to develop the 'chute tester! It was just luck—one of those breaks that seem

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too good to be true. Long ago—oh, two or three months—I wrote to the Aeronautical Research Foundation in Chicago, asking for their help. I didn't hear from them, and gave it up as just another hope that didn't pan out. Then, when I walked into the house after seeing Harrington—just when I was lowest—I found this telegram.

"It was from a man in Chicago, asking me to come up and see him. He's not a member of the Foundation, but he knows one of its officials, and this official just happened to mention my invention to him one day. He was interested—he wanted to invest in something that would help the war, but he's sort of eccentric; he wouldn't have anything to do with guns or poison gasses or things of that sort. He liked the idea of the tester, he said, because it would save our men's lives, not kill the enemy."

"I'm so glad, Mark," I told him. "So very, very glad." And I added something that once I wouldn't have thought of saying to any man. "I've missed you terribly. Most of all yesterday."

"I know," he said, grave now. "I found out about it when I tried to call you at the bank, the minute I got in this morning. It must have been pretty awful for you. But for the next couple of days you're supposed to forget all about it—d'you hear?"

I smiled up at him. "That'll be easy—now," I said.

"Tomorrow we'll have the hotel put up a picnic lunch for us, and we'll go up into the hills and . . ."

His voice trailed away. He was looking at me with an intensity that made my skin tingle, and I thought of sunlit hours when we would be alone.

I struggled to free myself from the spell of enchantment. I remembered, just then, that I must not give anyone the power to hurt me—which meant, quite simply, that I must not allow myself to love anyone.

I forced myself to speak. "Tell me about your trip to Chicago," I said. "Who's the man that's helping you?"

"My backer?" Mark seemed to come back to earth with an effort, too, and he laughed a little. "That's one thing I'm not allowed to tell anyone. He doesn't want his name connected with it in any way—I gathered—because he was pretty outspoken about keeping out of the war before Pearl Harbor and hates to admit publicly that he was wrong. But I told you he was eccentric. And people get funny ideas. Like—" his eyes crinkled at the corners—"like I don't feel as if I even want to think about the invention right now. All I want to do is sit here and look at you."

THE log in the fireplace changed from a bright beacon of flame to a crumpled bed of coals while we sat there—sometimes talking, sometimes silent, and yet seeming to say more important things in our silence than we could have in words. When the grandfather's clock on the landing chimed eleven and we heard the middle-aged clerk fussing around in his cubicle at the end of the hall, Mark stood up and held out his hand to pull me up. "Time for bed," he said. "You look dead tired."

Upstairs, in the deserted corridor, we stopped in front of my door and he bent, without a word, to kiss me. Our bodies flowed together, our lips met as our hearts had all evening, in sympathy and understanding.

"Good night, dear," he whispered when at last we drew apart. "Sleep well."

I went in and closed the door behind me, knowing a tranquil happiness that was so strange and new to me that everything—myself, the room, my toilet articles on the bureau—seemed changed and unfamiliar. I was almost afraid to sleep for fear I'd wake up in the morning and find it had all been something I dreamed.

Just before I drifted into sleep, by one of those quirks of the mind when its waking reins have been slackened, I had a half-conscious realization of something unfinished . . . something not quite in order, something forgotten. In another minute I'd remember . . .

But sleep denied me that extra minute.

MARK and I had breakfast together, and then we set out through the golden woods, Mark carrying the picnic hamper slung over his arm. Perhaps we didn't really walk very far. I hardly noticed where we were going. But suddenly, when the sun was high overhead and we'd come to a grassy clearing, we both discovered we were hungry.

We were very gay as we ate, but afterwards, there in the bright, thin sunlight, came a silence. I knew Mark's eyes were on me, steady and demanding. I did not look up, but I felt the pull of his desire. In a moment he leaned across the spread-out table cloth between us and as if it were the most natural thing in the world I bent toward him, too, and our lips met in a long, sweet kiss. And when he drew me into his arms I nestled there with the feeling that it was there I belonged.

"Happy?" he whispered.

"Oh—so very happy!" I rubbed my cheek against the fabric of his coat. "Happier than I've ever been. I feel as if it's almost a sin to be so happy, only two days after poor Mr. Harrington—"

"You promised to forget that," he reminded me. "Forget it absolutely—wipe it out, just like that." He made the strange little dismissing gesture I'd noticed him make once before—a short, sharp movement of his left hand, clenched into a fist.

I didn't stir. I lay there, held by him, my eyes still on his hand, and everything clicked horribly into place in my mind.

Now I knew what it was I'd forgotten.

That gesture—it was precisely the one made by the murderer when I moved involuntarily and he ordered me to be quiet.

But what of it? What of it? my heart cried. Couldn't two people have the same unconscious mannerism? Yes, they could, although it would be a coincidence. But there were other things, too: Mark's fanatical determination to get backing for his work, his conviction that it was more important than the right of people to the money they owned, his rage when Mr. Harrington had refused him, his absence from town on the day of the robbery, and worst of all, his sudden return with the news that some mysterious and nameless benefactor had agreed to help him.

Involuntarily, I shivered, and Mark said, "Cold?"

"No, I—" I stammered. "Well, yes—maybe a little." I sat up, fumbled in the grass for my pocketbook—anything to keep busy, to act natural, to keep him from seeing the terrible suspicion

Continued on page 90

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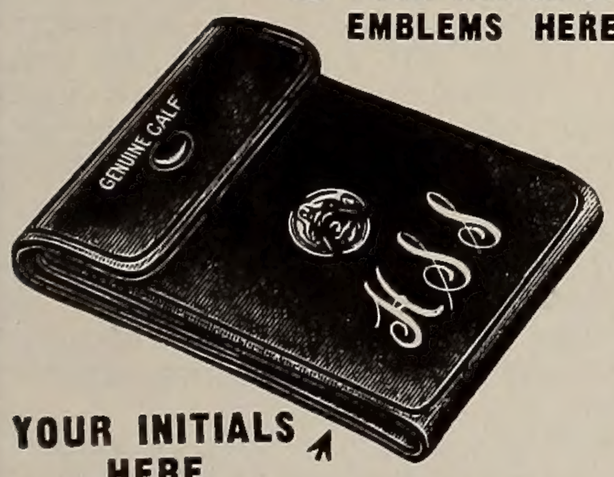

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Continued from page 88

that was in my mind.

Through stiff lips, I said, "You just got back from Chicago yesterday morning, didn't you?"

"Why—yes," he said in a puzzled tone. "I told you, didn't I?"

I nodded, still keeping my face a little averted, trying desperately to think of some way I could lead him into giving me proof it hadn't been he in the bank.

"Something's wrong," he said quickly. "What's the matter?"

"That way you moved your hand," I said, the words burning my throat. "Like this—" I showed him.

"Like— But what about it?"

"One of the robbers—the one that killed Mr. Harrington—made the same gesture. Exactly the same. I'd forgotten, until I saw you do it, just now."

He sat without moving a muscle, propped up on one arm.

"And you think I'm the man," Mark said finally. "Is that it?"

I PRESSED the back of my hand against my forehead. "Mark—I don't know! If it was just the gesture—but you were so angry at Mr. Harrington, and you left town so suddenly, and—and you won't tell me the name of the man who gave you the money for your invention. What else can I think?"

He pushed once, hard, with the arm that was propping him up, got to his feet. "Maybe we'd better start back to the inn," he said, and when he finished speaking his lips settled into a thin hard line.

"But Mark—aren't you going to tell me it *wasn't* you?" I cried.

"Do you want me to?" he asked. "Would it make a difference?"

"I—" More than anything, I wanted to say yes. But I couldn't. He had already told me he was in Chicago the day of the robbery and murder. If that had been a lie, a denial now would be a lie too.

He read my thoughts, and went back to packing the hamper.

I love this man, I thought. How can I believe he would do such a thing? But I had loved Bill, too. At the time, I wouldn't have believed him capable of callously throwing me aside when the chance came to marry another girl who would help him get ahead in the world. Yet that was what he had done.

The trip back to the hotel was an endless torture. The sunlight mocked me, and every step I took was a reminder of how happy I had been only a few hours before. Mark spoke only once, just before we got to the inn.

"Are you going to tell the police?"

"I—I don't know," I said lifelessly.

Without stopping, he went on into the inn. I ran up to my own room, flung myself across the bed.

While I lay there, the bright square of sunlight crept across the floor, narrowed, and vanished. Purple dusk sifted in at the windows, and still I did not get up. My eyes were open, but I didn't see the room. Instead, I was seeing a procession of pictures—pictures of Mark—as if by calling up his image so vividly I could learn to know it and the thoughts behind it. And I saw pictures of the murderer, too. Again and again I looked at him as he had stood there in the bank, and always he looked like Mark in my mind.

At last the picture wavered and blurred, to be replaced, strangely, by the memory-faded image of Bill—Bill, whom I was once supposed to marry. And suddenly my whole life was blocked out before me, like a picture puzzle with the pieces being automatically moved into their proper places. I knew, now, why I remembered Bill. I remembered him because, for the first time in my narrow mind, the thought had intruded itself that I might have been responsible for losing Bill.

My face burned hot against the pillow. Was it really the loss of Bill that had made me petty and suspicious? Hadn't I been that way before? Hadn't I always cross-questioned Bill closely, more like a lawyer than a sweetheart? Hadn't I always wanted to know exactly where he had been and what he had been doing, what the other end of a telephone conversation was, why he had thrown his money away on some foolish trifle, if it wouldn't be more sensible to go to the movies than to pay the minimum charge at the night club where he'd wanted to go dancing? Hadn't I always nagged a little, harped a little on insignificant things? And couldn't that be the reason—oh, a good part of the reason, at least—why Bill had left me and married Tess? Couldn't it have been more that Tess was gay and carefree and never questioning and suspicious, as much as the fact that Tess had money?

And now—about Mark. I knew, now. I knew that there was no faith in me. I must pick to the very bones every statement, every gesture, trying to find something wrong, reading in something wrong even if it were not there. I had lost Bill this way. Hadn't I lost Mark this way, too?

AT last the pictures wavered and blurred—and I sat up.

From somewhere deep within me there had come knowledge, certainty. It did not spring from any thought process. It was pure instinct, fighting its way past memory and doubt. I *knew* the murderer had not been Mark.

With one bound I was off the bed, running to the door and down the corridor to Mark's room. Fear that he might have left, gone back to town, almost choked me. With both hands I hammered on the wood of his door. When it flew open I stumbled and nearly fell into his arms.

"Mark!" I sobbed. "I came to tell you—I know it wasn't you! I don't know how, but I'm sure. Mark!"

He was holding me close, whispering soft, wordless sounds, kissing my eyes. my hair, my lips.

And then, after a while, he said, "It seems like a miracle that you came, of your own accord. I was just going to show you—this."

Taking one arm from around me, he held out what he'd been holding in his hand all the time.

It was a newspaper. Black headlines stood out. "BANK ROBBERS CAPTURED, CONFESS."

While I still stared at it, unable to speak, he said, "This would have convinced you—but it wouldn't have helped us."

"Oh, Mark," I cried, "there's been a devil in me—a kind of suspicious devil I couldn't get rid of—"

"I know," he agreed. "I've felt it. It was always there, or nearly always, trying to keep you from loving me."

"It's gone now! It won't ever come back!"

Mark put one hand under my chin, tilting it upward. "That's good," he said. "Very good. Because now there's nothing to stop us from getting married, is there?"

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